

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

A

P O E M,

IN

F O U R B O O K S.

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES:

AND

POEMS upon SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The AUTHOR

*J O H N M I L T O N.*

---

The THIRD EDITION,  
With NOTES of various AUTHORS,  
By THOMAS NEWTON, D.D.

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VOLUME *the* SECOND.

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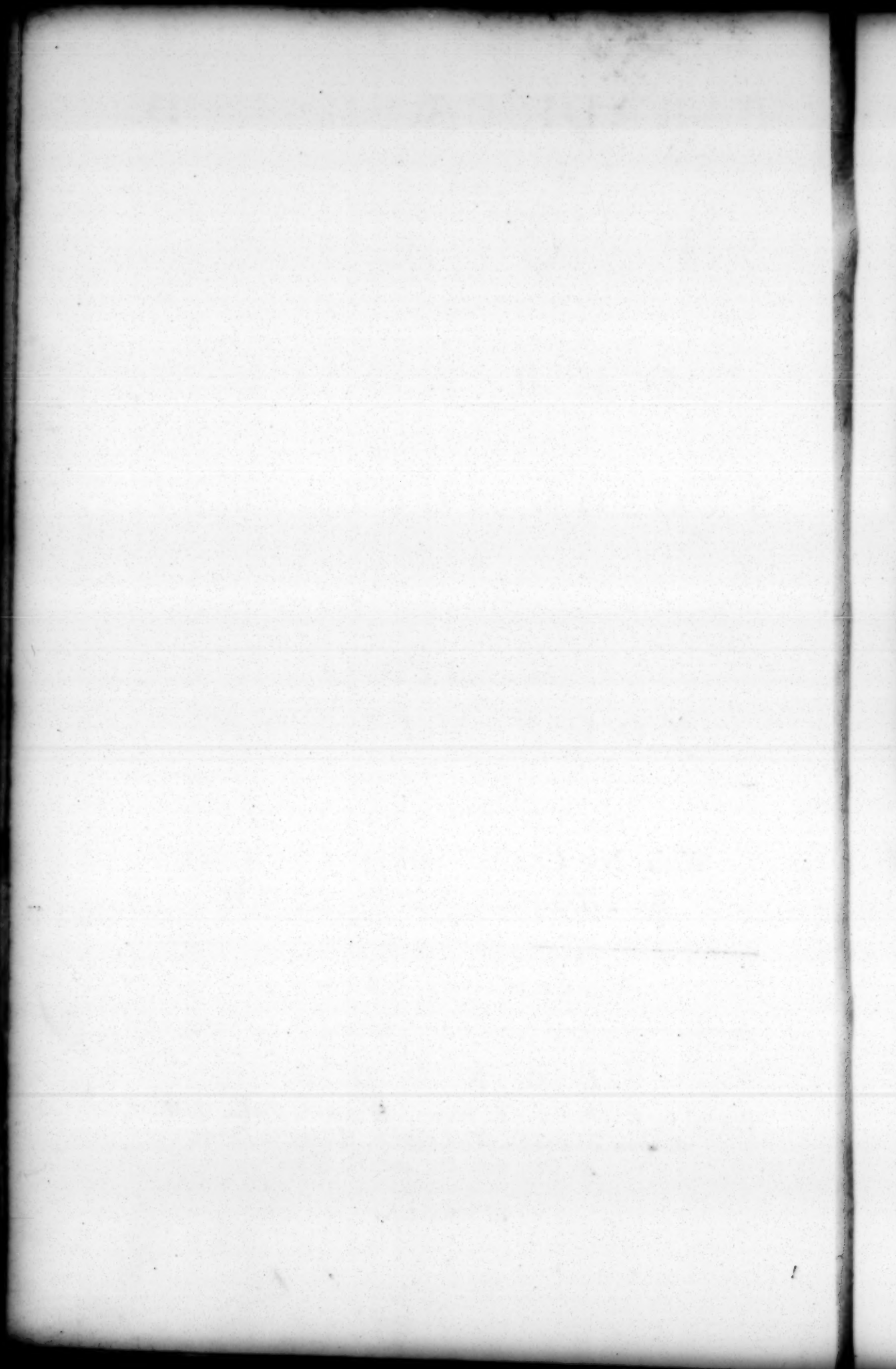
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P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Compos'd at several times,

B Y

Mr. *JOHN MILTON.*

— Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

Virgil, Eclog. 7.



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To the first edition of the author's poems printed in 1645 was prefixed the following advertisement of

The STATIONER to the READER.

**I**T is not any private respect of gain, gentle Reader, for the slightest pamphlet is now adays more vendible than the works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own language, that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such pieces both in prose and verse, as may renew the wonted honor and esteem of our English tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomiums that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest Academics, both domestic and foreign; and amongst those of our own country, the unparalleled'd attestation of that renowned Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. I know not thy palate how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller's late choice pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted laurels. The Author's more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to

solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spenser wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-ey'd to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to command,

HUMPH. MOSELEY.



# POEMS on Several OCCASIONS.

## I.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

On the death of a fair Infant, dying of a cough.

## I.

**O** Fairest flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,  
 Soft filken primrose fading timelessly,  
 Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted  
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
 For he being amorous on that lovely dye 5  
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kifs,  
 But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal blifs.

For

This elegy was not inserted in the first edition of the author's poems printed in 1645, but was added in the second edition printed in 1673. It was compos'd in the year 1625, that being the 17th year of Milton's age. In some editions the title runs thus, *On the death of a fair Infant, a nephew of his, dying of a cough*: but the sequel shows plainly that the child was not a nephew, but a niece, and

consequently a daughter of his sister Philips, and probably her first child.

6. ——— *thought to kifs,*  
*But kill'd, alas, &c.*] Copied probably from this verse in Shakespear's Venus and Adonis,

He thought to kifs him, and  
 hath kill'd him so.

B 2

8. For

4 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS: I.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer  
 By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,  
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near, 10  
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot  
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.  
 Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car, 15  
 Through middle empire of the freezing air  
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far;  
 There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.  
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,  
 But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace 20  
 Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

Yet

8. *For since grim Aquilo &c]* Boreas or Aquilo carried off by force Orithyia daughter of Erechtheus king of Athens. Ovid. Met. VI. Fab. 9. Milton hath invented this fine fable of Winter's rape upon his sister's daughter, on the same grounds as that of Boreas on the daughter of Erechtheus, whom he ravish'd as she cross'd over the river Ilyffus (as Apollodorus says

lib. 3.) that is, she was drown'd in a high wind crossing that river.

Richardson.

12. — *th' infamous blot*

*Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, &c]* The author probably pronounced *infamous* with the middle syllable long as it is in Latin. *Eld* is old age, a word used in innumerable places of Spenser and our old writers. And in saying

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;  
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
 Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,  
 Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand, 25  
 Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land ;  
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower :  
 Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30  
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb ;  
 Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom ?  
 Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine  
 Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine. 35  
 Resolve

*ing that long-uncoupled bed and child-  
 less eld was held a reproach among  
 the wanton Gods, the poet seems to  
 allude particularly to the case of  
 Pluto, as reported by Claudian. De  
 Rapt. Prof. l. 32.*

*Dux Erebi quondam tumidas ex-  
 arsit in iras  
 Prælia moturus superis, quod so-  
 lus egeret*

*Connubii, sterileque diu consu-  
 meret annos,  
 Impatiens nescire torum, nullas-  
 que mariti  
 Illecebras, nec dulce patris cog-  
 noscere nomen.*

*23. For so Apollo, &c.] Apollo  
 slew Hyacinthus by accident play-  
 ing at quoits, and afterwards  
 changed him into a flower of the  
 same*  
 B 3



6 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. I.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,  
 (If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear)  
 Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hoverest,  
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
 Or in th' Elyfian fields (if such there were) 40

Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight,

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof  
 Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof 45  
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall

Of

same name. The reader may see the story in Ovid. Met. X. Fab. 6.

39. — *that high first-moving sphere,*] The primum mobile, *that first mov'd* as he calls it, Paradise Lost. III. 483. where see the note.

44. — *didst fall;*] This is somewhat inaccurate in all the editions. Grammar and syntax require *did fall*.

47. Or *did of late earth's sons* &c.] For when the giants invaded Heaven, the deities fled and con-

cealed themselves in various shapes. See Ovid. Met. V. 319. &c.

49. — *nectar'd head?*] As in Lycidas ver. 175.

With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves.

50. — *that just Maid*] Astræa or the Goddess of justice, who offended with the crimes of men forsook the earth. Ovid. Met. I. 150.

Ultima cœlestium terras Astræa reliquit.

53. — *that sweet smiling Youth?*] At first I imagin'd that the author meant

Of sheeny Heav'n, and thou some Goddess fled  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,  
And cam'st again to visit us once more?  
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?  
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth? 54

Or any other of that heav'nly brood [good?  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
Who having clad thyself in human weed,  
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,

And

meant *Hebe*, in Latin *Juventa*, or *Youth*. And Mr. Jortin communicated the following note. "A word of two syllables is wanting to fill up the measure of the verse. It is easy to find such a word, but impossible to determine what word Milton would have inserted. He uses *Youth* in the feminine gender, as the Latins sometimes use *juvenis*, and by this *fair youth* he probably means the Goddess *Hebe*, who was also called *Juventas* or *Juventa*." But others have proposed to fill up the verse thus,

Or wert thou *Mercy* that sweet smiling youth?

For *Mercy* is often join'd with *Justice* and *Truth*, as in the Hymn on the Nativity. St. 15.

Yea *Truth* and *Justice* then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like  
glories wearing  
*Mercy* will sit between &c.

And *Mercy* is not unfitly represented as a *sweet smiling youth*, this age being the most susceptible of the tender passions.

8 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. I.

And after short abode fly back with speed, 60  
 As if to show what creatures Heav'n doth breed,  
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
 To scorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence, 65  
 To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart? 69  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child  
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
 And render him with patience what he lent; 75  
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give, [live.  
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to

Anno

68. Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,] It should be noted that at this time there was a

great plague in London, which gives a peculiar propriety to this whole stanza.

These



## II.

Anno Ætatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the college, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.

**H**A I L native Language, that by sinews weak  
 Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to speak,  
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,  
 Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,  
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door, 5  
 Where he had mutely sat two years before :  
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
 That now I use thee in my latter task :  
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee : 10  
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst :  
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
 The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.  
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15  
 For this same small neglect that I have made :

But

These verses were made in 1627, in the edition of 1645, but were that being the 19th year of the first added in the edition of 1673. author's age; and they were not



10 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. II.

But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,  
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,  
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight  
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20  
 But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire  
 Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire :  
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
 And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
 And weary of their place do only stay 25  
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;  
 That so they may without suspect or fears  
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;  
 Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,  
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :

Such

29. *Yet I had rather, if I were  
 to chuse,  
 Thy service in some graver subject  
 use, &c.]* It appears by this  
 address of Milton's to his native  
 language, that even in these green  
 years he had the ambition to think  
 of writing an epic poem ; and it is  
 worth the curious reader's atten-  
 tion to observe how much the Pa-  
 radise Lost corresponds in its cir-  
 cumstances to the prophetic wish  
 he now form'd. *Thyer.*

36. — *the thunderous throne]*  
 should it not be *the thunderer's ?*

*Jortin.*

I think I have seen the word *thun-*  
*derous* in other old authors, though  
 I cannot recollect the particular  
 passages.

37. — *unborn Apollo]* An epithet  
 by which he is distinguish'd in the  
 Greek and Latin poets. Pindar  
 Pyth. III. 26. ἀνερσινεμα φοῖβω.  
 Hor. Od. I. XXI. 2.

*Intonsum*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. II. 11

Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door  
 Look in, and see each blissful Deity 35  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
 List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
 Immortal nectar to her kingly fire:  
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
 And misty regions of wide air next under, 41  
 And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,  
 In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45  
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was;  
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told

In

*Intonsum pueri dicite Cynthium.*

41. *And misty regions of wide air  
 next under,  
 And hills of snow and lofts of piled  
 thunder,]* So Tasso describes  
 the descent of Michael. Cant. 9.  
 St. 61.

Vien poi da campi lieti, e fiam-  
 meggianti  
 D'eterno dì là, donde tuona, e  
 piove :

The fields he passed then, whence  
 hail and snow,  
 Thunder and rain fall down from  
 clouds above. Fairfax.

48. *Such as the wise Demodocus  
 &c]* Alluding to the eighth book  
 of the Odyſſey, where Alcinous  
 entertains Ulyſſes, and the cele-  
 brated muſician and poet Demo-  
 docus ſings the loves of Mars and  
 Venus, and the deſtruction of Troy;  
 and

In solemn songs at king Alcinous feast:  
 While sad Ulysses soul and all the rest 50  
 Are held with his melodious harmony  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way,  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:  
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments  
 his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance  
 with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

**G**OOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth  
 The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth; 60  
 Thy drousy nurse hath sworn she did them spie  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
 And sweetly fingering round about thy bed  
 Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.

She

and Ulysses and the rest are affected  
 in the manner here describ'd.

56. —of thy predicament:] What

the Greeks called a *category*, Boë-  
 thius first named a *predicament*; and  
 if the reader is acquainted with Ari-  
 stotle's



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. II. 13

She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still

From eyes of mortals walk invifible : 66

Yet there is fomething that doth force my fear,

For once it was my difmal hap to hear

A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,

That far events full wifely could prefage, 70

And in time's long and dark profpective glafs

Forefaw what future days fould bring to pafs ;

Your fon, faid fhe, (nor can you it prevent)

Shall fubject be to many an Accident.

O'er all his brethren he fhall reign as king, 75

Yet every one fhall make him underling,

And thofe that cannot live from him afunder

Ungratefully fhall ftrive to keep him under,

In worth and excellence he fhall out-go them,

Yet being above them, he fhall be below them ; 80

From others he fhall ftand in need of nothing,

Yet on his brothers fhall depend for clothing.

To find a foe it fhall not be his hap,

And peace fhall lull him in her flow'ry lap ;

Yet

Affle's Categories, or Burgerfidi-  
or any of the old logicians, he will  
not want what follows to be ex-

plain'd to him ; and it cannot well  
be explain'd to him, if he is unac-  
quainted with that kind of logic.

91, *Review*



14 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. II.

Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar :  
 Yea it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity.  
 What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ? 90  
 The

91. *Rivers arise ; &c.*] In invoking these rivers Milton had his eye particularly upon that admirable episode in Spenser of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, where the several rivers are introduc'd in honor of the ceremony. Faery Queen B. 4. Cant. 11. *Of utmost Tweed ;* so Spenser St. 36.

And *Tweede* the limit betwixt  
 Logris land  
 And Albany —

Or *Ouse*, either that in Yorkshire, or that in Cambridgeshire, both mention'd by Spenser. Or *gulphy Dun*, I find not in Spenser, but suppose the *Don* is meant from whence *Doncaster* has its name ; and Camden's account of this river shows the propriety of the epithet *gulphy*. " *Danus*, commonly *Don* and " *Dune*, seems to be so call'd, because it is carried in a *low deep* " channel ; for that is the signification of the British word *Dan*." See Camden's Yorkshire. Or *Trent*.

*who like some earth-born giant &c.* This description is much nobler than Spenser's St. 35.

And bounteous *Trent*, that in  
 himself enfeams  
 Both thirty forts of fish, and  
 thirty sundry streams.

The name is of Saxon original, but (as Camden observes in his Staffordshire.) " some ignorant " and idle pretenders imagine the " name to be derived from the " French word *Trente*, and upon " that account have feign'd thirty " rivers running into it, and like " wise so many kinds of fish swimming in it." However this notion might very well be adopted in poetry. Or *fullen Mole* &c. So Spenser St. 32.

And *Mole*, that like a nousling  
 mole doth make  
 His way still under ground, till  
 Thamis he o'ertake.

See the same account in Camden's  
 Surry.

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. II. 15

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then  
Relation was call'd by his name.

**R**ivers arise; whether thou be the son  
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,  
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads  
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,

Or

Surry. Or *Severn* swift &c. We shall have a fuller account of this in the *Mask*. Or *rocky Avon*, Spenser more largely St. 31.

See *Lycidas* too ver. 55. Or *Humber* loud &c. So Spenser speaks of this Scythian king, and of his being drown'd in the river, St. 38.

But *Avon* marched in more  
stately path,  
Proud of his adamants, with  
which he shines  
And glisters wide, as als of  
wondrous Bath  
And *Bristol* fair, which on his  
waves he builded hath.

And nam'd the river of his  
wretched fate;  
Whose bad condition yet it doth  
retain,  
Oft tossed with his storms, which  
therein still remain.

Or *sedgy Lee*, this river divides  
Middlesex and Essex. Spenser thus  
describes it, St. 29.

And the *Medway* and the *Thame*  
are join'd together, as they are  
married in Spenser. I wonder  
that Milton has paid no particular  
compliment to the river flowing  
by Cambridge (this exercise being  
made and spoken there) as Spenser  
has done St. 34.

The wanton *Lee* that oft doth  
lose his way.

Or *coaly Tine*, Spenser describes it  
by the *Picts Wall*. St. 36. Or *an-*  
*cient ballow'd Dee*; so Spenser St.  
39.

Thence doth by *Huntingdon*  
and *Cambridge* flit,  
My mother *Cambridge*, whom  
as with a crown  
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd  
of it  
With many a gentle *Muse*, and  
many a learned wit.

And following *Dee*, which *Bri-*  
*tons* long ygone  
Did call divine, that doth by  
*Chester* tend.

To

16 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

Or fullen mole that runneth underneath, 95  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,  
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame. 100

[The rest was prose.]

III.

On the MORNING of CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

\* Compos'd 1629.

I.

**T**HIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,  
 Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
 Our great redemption from above did bring;  
 For so the holy sages once did sing,  
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

that

\* To the title of this Ode we have added the date, which is prefixed in the edition of 1645, Compos'd 1629, so that Milton was then 21 years old. He speaks of this poem in the conclusion of his sixth



II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
 Wherewith he went at Heav'n's high council-table 10  
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15  
 Afford a present to the Infant God?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcome him to this his new abode,  
 Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,  
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
 bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
 The star-led wifards haste with odors sweet:

O

sixth elegy to Charles Deodati: is not only great learning shown  
 and it was probably made as an exercise at Cambridge; and there in it, but likewise a fine vein of  
 poetry.

VOL. II.

C

28. From



O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ; 25  
 Have thou the honor first, thy Lord to greet,  
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,  
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

## The H Y M N.

## I.

**I**T was the winter wild,  
 While the Heav'n-born child 30  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;  
 Nature in awe to him  
 Had doff'd her gawdy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize :  
 It was no season then for her 35  
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

## II.

Only with speeches fair  
 She woo's the gentle air

To

28. *From out his secret altar touch'd  
 with hallow'd fire.] Alluding  
 to Isaiah VI. 6, 7. Then flew one of  
 the Seraphims unto me, having a live  
 coal in his hand, which he had taken  
 with the tongs from off the altar.  
 And he laid it upon my mouth, and  
 said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips,*

*and thine iniquity is taken away, and  
 thy sin purged.* In his Reason of  
 Church Government our author  
 has another beautiful allusion to  
 the same passage, which we quoted  
 in a note upon the Paradise Lost  
 I. 17. — “ that eternal Spirit  
 “ who can enrich with all utter-  
 “ ance

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
And on her naked shame, 40  
Pollute with sinful blame,

The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease, 45  
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;

She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere  
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50  
And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battel's found  
Was heard the world around:

The

"ance and knowledge, and sends  
"out his Seraphim, with the hal-  
"low'd fire of his altar, to touch  
"and purify the lips of whom he  
"pleases." As Mr. Pope's Mes-  
siah is formed upon passages taken  
from the prophet Isaiah, he very  
properly invokes the same divine  
Spirit:

— O thou my voice inspire,  
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd  
lips with fire.

52. *She strikes an universal peace*]  
The expression is a little inaccurate,  
*Peace* to strike a *peace*: but other-  
wise it is classical, *scelus ferire*.

C 2

64. *The*

20 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

The idle spear and shield were high up hung, 55  
The hooked chariot stood,  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

V.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the waters kist, 65

Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze  
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze, 70  
Bending one way their precious influence,

And

64. *The winds with wonder whist*] and in Shakespear, *Tempest*, Act 1.  
*Whist*, silenc'd, as in Spenfer, *Faery* Sc. 5. Ariel's song.  
*Queen B. 7. Cant. 7. St. 59.*

The wild waves *whist*.

So was the Titanes put down  
and *whist* :

It is commonly used as an inter-  
jection commanding silence. And  
hence



And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame, 80  
As his inferior flame

The new inlighten'd world no more should need ;  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could  
bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn, 85  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;

Full

hence, I suppose, the game of *Whist*  
hath its name, as it requires silence  
and attention.

changed into *or* ; and there are  
frequent instances of it not only  
in all our old writers, but like-  
wise in the English translation of  
the Bible.

86. Or e'er the point of dawn,]  
Ere with e'er or ever following is



22 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

Full little thought they then,

That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below; 90

Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,

Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet

Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook, 95

Divinely-warbled voice

Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took:

The air such pleasure loath to lose, 99

With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly  
close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound,

Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,

Now was almost won

To

103. — *the aery region thrilling.*] Piercing the air. So in Spenser, Faery Queen B. 1. Cant. 3. St. 42.

With *thrilling* point of deadly iron brand: and Cant. 6. St. 6. *thrilling shrieks*: and in other places.

To think her part was done, 105  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their fight  
 A globe of circular light, 110  
 That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;  
 The helmed Cherubim,  
 And sworded Seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115  
 With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great 120  
 His Constellations set,  
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,  
 And

116. *With unexpressive notes* ] Job XXXVIII. 7. *When the morning stars sang together, and all the*  
 See Lycidas ver. 176. *sons of God shouted for joy.*

119. *But when of old the sons of morning sung,* ] As we read in

24 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye crystal Spheres, 125  
Once blest our human ears,

(If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so)  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow, 130  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold, 135  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,  
And Hell itself will pass away, 139  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea

131. *And with your ninefold harmony*] There being *nine* *in-folded spheres*, as in *Arcades* ver. 64.

where see the note.

143. *Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing*

Mercy



XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
     Orb'd in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing  
 Mercy will fit between,  
 Thron'd in celestial sheen, 145  
     With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,  
 And Heav'n, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,  
 This must not yet be so, 150  
     The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss  
     So both himself and us to glorify :  
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, 155  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through  
     the deep,  

With

*Mercy will fit between,*] The author thus corrected it in the edition of 1673: in the first edition of 1645 it was thus

Th' enamel'd Arras of the rainbow wearing ;  
 And Mercy set between, &c.

159. — and

26 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
 As on mount Sinai rang,  
 While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake :  
 The aged earth aghast, 160  
 With terror of that blast,  
     Shall from the surface to the center shake ;  
 When at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his  
     throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss 165  
 Full and perfect is,  
     But now begins ; for from this happy day  
 Th' old Dragon under ground  
 In straiter limits bound,

Not

159. — *and smouldring clouds*] A word that I find neither in Junius, nor Skinner, nor Bailey, but in Spenser and Fairfax. Faery Queen. B. 1. Cant. 8. St. 9.

Inroll'd in flames, and *smouldring* dreariment :

B. 2. Cant. 5. St. 3.

The *smouldring* dust did round about him smoke ;

and Fairfax, XII. 46.

A mass of solid fire burning bright  
 Roll'd up in *smouldring* fumes there bursteth out :

and XIII. 61.

And in each vein a *smouldring* fire there dwelt.

172. *Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.*] These images are plainly copied from Spenser's description of the old dragon : and no wonder Milton was fond of it in

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III. 27

Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170  
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine 176  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell  
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er, 181  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;

From

in his younger years, for he was still pleased with it when he was older, and had his eye upon it several times in the *Paradise Lost*.

176. *Apollo from his shrine*

*Can no more divine, &c.]* Our author builds here upon the common hypothesis of the oracles being struck dumb at the coming of Christ, which is allowable enough in a young poet: and in this passage he alludes particularly to the famous story of Augustus Cæsar's consulting the Pythia or priestess of

Apollo who should reign after him, and her answering that an Hebrew boy had commanded her to leave that temple and return to Hell. See Suidas in Augustus Cæsar.

183. *A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;]* Alluding to the story of a voice proclaiming that the great Pan was dead, and immediately was heard a great groaning and lamentation. See more to this purpose in Plutarch's treatise *De oraculorum defecta*.

191. *Lars,*



28 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

From haunted spring, and dale

Edg'd with poplar pale,

185

The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;  
With flowr-inwoven tresses torn

The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets  
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,

And on the holy hearth,

190

The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

195

XXII.

Peor and Baälim

Forfake their temples dim,

With

191. *Lars, and Lemures*] Household Gods and Night Spirits. *Flamens*, priests.

199. *With that twice batter'd God of Palestine* ; ] Dagon, who was twice batter'd by Samson,

Judg. XVI. and by the ark of God, 1 Sam. V. Our author is larger in his account of these deities in the first book of the Paradise Lost, and thither we must refer our reader and to the notes there.

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III. 29

With that twice batter'd God of Palestine ;

And mooned Ashtaroth,

200

Heav'n's queen and mother both,

Now fits not girt with tapers holy shine ;

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz  
mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled,

205

Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue ;

In vain with cymbals ring

They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;

210

The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,

Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen

In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling

there. Selden had a few years before publish'd his *De Diis Syris Syntagmata duo*, and therefore we may suppose Milton was so well instructed in this kind of learning.

201. *Heav'n's queen and mother both,*] She was called *regina cæli* and *mater Deum*. See Selden.

212. — *the dog Anubis*] Virg. *Æn.* VIII. 698. *latrator Anubis*.

215. — *the*

30 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. III.

Trampling the unshower'd grafs with lowings loud ;  
Nor can he be at rest 216

Within his sacred chest,

Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;  
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark  
The sable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipt ark. 220

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land

The dreaded Infant's hand,

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;  
Nor all the Gods beside,

Longer dare abide, 225

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
Our babe to show his Godhead true,  
Can in his swadling bands controll the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,

Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The

215.—*the unshower'd grafs*] There being no rain in Egypt, but the country made fruitful with the overflowings of the Nile. *Richardson.*

227. *Our babe to show &c.*] In the printed copies it is

Our Babe to *show* his Godhead *true* :

but this pitiful jingle could not be Milton's. He undoubtedly wrote it *show*. *Calton.*

244. *Bright-harrest*] Drest, arm'd, accoutred. *Aruese* in Italian



The flocking shadows pale

Troop to th' infernal jail,

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave, 234

And the yellow-skirted Fays

[maze.

Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest

Hath laid her Babe to rest,

Time is our tedious song should here have ending ;

Heav'n's youngest teemed star

240

Hath fix'd her polish'd car,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :

And all about the courtly stable

Bright-harrest Angels sit in order serviceable.

IV.

\* The PASSION.

I.

ERewhile of music, and ethereal mirth,

Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,

And

lian is a general name for all kinds of habits and ornaments.

Richardson.

*Harness* is used for armour in our translation of the Bible. 1 Kings XX. 11. *Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself, as he that*

*putteth it off.* Exod. XIII. 18. *The children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt.*

\* It appears from the beginning of this poem, that it was composed after, and probably soon after, the ode on the Nativity.

22. *These*

32 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. IV.

And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,  
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;  
But headlong joy is ever on the wing, 5  
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light  
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10  
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
Which he for us did freely undergo:

Most perfect Hero, try'd in heaviest plight  
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regal head, 15  
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,  
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;  
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet

22. *These latest scenes*] So it is in the second edition of 1673; in the former of 1645 it is *These latter scenes*.

26. *Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound*;) He means Mar-

cus Hieronymus Vida, who was a native of *Cremona*, and alludes particularly to his poem, *Christiados Libri sex*. And Mantua the birth-place of Virgil being near to *Cremona*, Virg. *Ecl.* IX. 28.

Mantua

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. IV. 33

Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide, 20  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethrens side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,  
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound ;  
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
And former sufferings other where are found ; 25  
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound ;

Me softer airs besit, and softer strings  
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me Night, best patroness of grief,  
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30  
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
That Heav'n and Earth are color'd with my woe ;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :  
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish  
white. 35

See,

Mantua vœ, miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ,

Mr. Pope takes occasion from thence to pay a handsome compliment to Vida in his Essay on Criticism ;

VOL. II.

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,

As next in place to Mantua, next in fame.

D

37. That



## VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,  
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,  
 To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood, 39  
 Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood ;  
 There doth my soul in holy vision fit  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

## VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
 That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,  
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock, 45  
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
 My plaining verse as lively as before ;  
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

## VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing, 50  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would

37. *That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,*] As the prophet Ezekiel saw the vision of the four wheels and of the glory of God at the river *Chebar*, and was carried in the spirit to Jerusalem ; so the poet fancies himself transported to the same place.

Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud 55  
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years  
he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied  
with what was begun, left it unfinish'd.

V.

\* On T I M E.

**F**LY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5  
And merely mortal dross ;  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain.  
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,  
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10

Then

\* In these poems where no date is prefix'd, and no circumstances direct us to ascertain the time when they were compos'd, we follow the order

of Milton's own editions. And before this copy of verses, it appears from the Manuscript that the poet had written *To be set on a clock-case.*

36 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VI.

Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss ;  
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When every thing that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine, 15  
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone  
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,  
 Then all this earthy grossness quit, 20  
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,  
 [O Time.

VI.

Upon the CIRCUMCISION.

**Y**E flaming Pow'rs, and winged Warriors bright  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds ear,  
 So

18. —*happy-making sight,*] The  
 plain English of *beatific vision*.

*Just law indeed, but more exceeding  
 love !]* Virgil. Ecl. VIII. 49.

15. *O more exceeding love or law  
 more just ?*

*Crudelis mater magis, an puer  
 improbus ille ?*

Improbus



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VI. 37

So sweetly fung your joy the clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night ; 5  
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow :  
 He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere 10  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease ;  
 Alas, how soon our sin  
     Sore doth begin  
         His infancy to seize !  
 O more exceeding love or law more just ? 15  
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !  
 For we by rightful doom remediless  
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness ; 20  
 And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied,

And

*Improbis ille puer : crudelis tu  
 quoque mater. Richardson.*

20. *Emptied his glory.* ] An ex-  
 pression taken from Philipp. II. 7.

but not as it is in our translation  
*He made himself of no reputation,*  
 but as it is in the original *incurtus*  
*exavuit, He emptied himself.*

D 3

24. —for

38 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VII.

And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25  
 This day, but O ere long  
 Huge pangs and strong  
 Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

At a SOLEMN MUSIC.

**B**LEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ  
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy present 5  
 That

24. — *for our excess,*] He has  
 used the word in the same sense  
 Paradise Lost. XI. 111.

Bewailing their excess —  
 but I think with greater propriety  
 there than here.

3. *Wed your divine sounds, &c]*  
 In the Manuscript it appears that  
 he had written these lines thus at  
 first.

*Mix your choice words, and happiest  
 sounds employ*

Dead things with inbreath'd sense  
 able to pierce,  
*And as your equal raptures temper'd  
 sweet  
 In high mysterious happy spousal  
 meet,  
 Snatch us from earth a while,  
 Us of ourselves and native woes  
 beguile,  
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy  
 present &c.*

6. — *of pure concert,*] So we  
 read in the Manuscript, and in the  
 edition of 1673, and we prefer the  
 authority

That undisturbed song of pure concent,  
 Ay sung before the saphir-color'd throne  
 To him that sits thereon  
 With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10  
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15  
 Singing everlastingly ;  
 That we on earth with undiscording voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin

Jarr'd

authority of both to the single one  
 of the edition in 1645, which has  
 of pure content.

7. —the saphir-color'd throne]  
 Alluding to Ezek. I. 26. *And above  
 the firmament that was over their  
 heads, was the likeness of a throne,  
 as the appearance of a saphir stone.*

10. —in burning row] He  
 had written at first in tripple row.

14. *With those just Spirits &c]*  
 These lines were thus at first in the  
 Manuscript.

With those just Spirits that wear  
*the blooming palms,*  
 Hymns devout and sacred psalms,  
 Singing everlastingly,  
*While all the starry rounds and  
 arches blue*  
*Resound and echo Hallelu ;*  
 That we on earth &c.

The *victorious palms* is in allusion  
 to Rev. VII. 9. *clothed with white  
 robes, and palms in their hands.*

18. *May rightly answer that me-  
 lodious noise ;]* The following  
 D 4 lines



40 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VIII.

Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O may we soon again renew that song, 25  
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long  
 To his celestial consort us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

VIII.

\*An Epitaph on the MARCHIONESS of Winchester.

**T**HIS rich marble doth enter  
 The honor'd wife of Winchester,  
 A Vicount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
 Besides what her virtues fair

Added

lines were thus at first in the Manuscript.

*By leaving out those harsh ill sounding jars  
 Of clamorous sin that all our music mars,  
 And in our lives, and in our song  
 May keep in tune with Heav'n,  
 till God ere long &c.*

23. *In perfect diapason,*] Concord through all the tones, δια τῶν ὁν.

Plin. Lib. 2. Sect. 20. Ita septem tonos effici, quam *diapason* harmoniam vocant, hoc est, universitatem concentus. *Richardson.*

28. *To live with him, and sing &c]* In the Manuscript the last line stands thus,

*To live and sing with him in endless morn of light.*

\* This Lady was Jane, daughter

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VIII. 41

Added to her noble birth, 5  
 More than she could own from earth.  
 Summers three times eight save one  
 She had told ; alas too soon,  
 After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darkness, and with death. 10  
 Yet had the number of her days  
 Been as complete as was her praise,  
 Nature and fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life.  
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet 15  
 Quickly found a lover meet ;  
 The virgin quire for her request  
 The God that sits at marriage feast ;  
 He at their invoking came  
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame ; 20  
 And

ter of Thomas Lord Vicount Savage of Rock-Savage in the county of Chester, who by marriage became the heir of Lord Darcy Earl of Rivers ; and was the wife of John Marquis of Winchester, and the mother of Charles first Duke of Bolton. She died in childbed of a second son in the 23 year of her age, and Milton made these verses at Cambridge as appears by the sequel.

19. *He at their invoking came  
 But with a scarce well-lighted  
 flame ;]* From Ovid. Met. X. 4.

Adfuit ille quidem ; sed nec solemnia verba,  
 Nec lætos vultus, nec felix attulit omen.

Fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrimoso stridula fumo  
 Usque fuit, nullosque invenit motibus ignes. *Jortin.*

42 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VIII.

And in his garland as he stood,  
 Ye might discern a cypress bud.  
 Once had the early matrons run  
 To greet her of a lovely son,  
 And now with second hope she goes, 25  
 And calls Lucina to her throws;  
 But whether by mischance or blame  
 Atropos for Lucina came;  
 And with remorseless cruelty  
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree : 30  
 The hapless babe before his birth  
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
 And the languish'd mother's womb  
 Was not long a living tomb,  
 So have I seen some tender slip, 35  
 Sav'd with care from winter's nip,  
 The pride of her carnation train,  
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
 Who only thought to crop the flow'r  
 New shot up from vernal show'r ; 40  
 But

22.—a cypress bud] An emblem of a funeral: and it is called in Virgil *sepalis*, *Æn.* VI. 216. and in Horace *funeribus* *Epod.* V. 18. and in Spenser *the cypress funeral.* *Faery Queen.* B. 1. Cant. 1. St. 8.  
 28. *Atropos*



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. VIII. 43

But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,  
And those pearls of dew she wears,

Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad morn had let fall  
On her hast'ning funeral.

45

Gentle Lady, may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have ;

After this thy travel fore  
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
That to give the world increase,  
Shortned hast thy own life's lease.

50

Here, besides the sorrowing  
That thy noble house doth bring,  
Here be tears of perfect moan

55

Wept for thee in Helicon,  
And some flowers, and some bays  
For thy herse, to strow the ways,  
Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;

60

Whilst

28. *Atropos* for *Lucina* came ;] One  
of the Fates instead of the Goddess  
who brings the birth to light.

49. *After this thy travel fore*] As  
she died in child-bed.

63. *That*

44 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. IX.

Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitst in glory,  
 Next her much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian shepherdes,  
 Who after years of barrenness,  
 The highly favor'd Joseph bore  
 To him that serv'd for her before,  
 And at her next birth much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light :  
 There with thee, new welcome Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

65

70

IX.

\* SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The

63. *That fair Syrian shepherdes,*  
 &c] Rachel, the daughter of La-  
 ban the Syrian, kept her father's  
 sheep. Gen. XXIX. 9. and after  
 her first son, Joseph, died in child-  
 bed of her second son, Benjamin.  
 XXXV. 18.

\* This beautiful little Song has

within these few years been set to  
 music by Mr. Festin, and performed  
 at Ranelagh gardens.

3. — *who from her green lap*  
*throws &c]* This image seems  
 to be borrow'd from Shakespear.  
 Richard II. Act 5. Sc. 4.

— who are the violets now  
 That

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. X. 45

The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May that dost inspire 5

Mirth and youth and warm desire ;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

X.

† On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

What needs my Shakespear for his honor'd bones  
The labor of an age in piled stones,

Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid

Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, 5

What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment

Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

For

That strow the green lap of the  
new-come spring ?

† This copy of verses on Shakespear being made in 1630, our poet was then in the 22d year of his age: and it was printed with the poems of that author at London in 1640.

5. *Dear son of memory,*] He honors his favorite Shakespear with the same relation as the Muses themselves. For the Muses are called by the old poets *the daughters of memory*. See Hesiod Theog. ver. 53.

15. *And*



46 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XI.

For whilst to th' shame of slow-endavoring art  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impressi<sup>o</sup>n took,  
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie, 15  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI.

\* On the University Carrier, who sicken'd in the  
 time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London,  
 by reason of the plague.

**H**ERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his  
 girt,  
 And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,

Or

15. *And so sepulcher'd*] We have  
 the word with the same accent in  
 Fairfax Cant. 1. St. 25.

As if his work should his *sepul-*  
*cher* be.

Milton has pronounced it other-  
 wise, as in Samson ver. 103.

Myself, *my sepulchre*, a moving  
 grave.

\* We have the following ac-  
 count of this extraordinary man in  
 the Spectator No 509. " Mr. To-  
 " bias Hobson was a carrier, and  
 " the first man in this island who  
 " let out hackney horses. He  
 " lived in Cambridge, and observ-  
 " ing that the scholars rid hard,  
 " his manner was to keep a large  
 " stable of horses, with boots,  
 " bridles, and whips, to furnish  
 " the

Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known, 5  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
 For he had any time this ten years full,  
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.  
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd; 10  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlin 14  
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

Another

<p>" the gentlemen at once, without                  " going from college to college to                  " borrow, as they have done since                  " the death of this worthy man:                  " I say Mr. Hobson kept a stable                  " of forty good cattle, always                  " ready and fit for traveling; but                  " when a man came for a horse,                  " he was led into the stable, where                  " there was great choice, but he                  " obliged him to take the horse</p>	<p>" which stood next to the stable-                  " door; so that every customer                  " was alike well served according                  " to his chance, and every horse                  " ridden with the same justice:                  " from whence it became a pro-                  " verb, when what ought to be                  " your election was forced upon                  " you, to say <i>Hobson's choice</i>. This                  " memorable man stands drawn in                  " fresco at an inn (which he used)                  " in</p>
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## XII.

Another on the same.

**H**ERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay 5  
 Until his revolution was at stay.

Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:  
 And like an engin mov'd with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait. 10  
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he ficken'd, 15  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;  
 Nay,

" in Bishopsgate-street, with an  
 " hundred pound bag under his  
 " arm, with this inscription upon  
 " the said bag,

" The fruitful mother of an hun-  
 dred more."

Mr. Ray in his Collection of Eng-

lish Proverbs says that he raised  
 himself to a great estate, and did  
 much good in the town, relieving  
 the poor, and building a public  
 conduit in the market-place. The  
 inscription on the conduit is as fol-  
 lows. " Thomas Hobson, late  
 " carrier between London and this  
 " town,



Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd  
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
 But vow, though the cros doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make fix bearers. 20  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light :  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
 That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't) 25  
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight ;  
 But had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30  
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase :  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription.

L'ALLEGRO.

" town, in his life-time was at the  
 " sole charge of erecting this  
 " structure A. D. 1614. He de-  
 " parted this life January 1, 1630,  
 " and gave by will the rent of  
 " seven Lays of pasture-ground  
 " lying in St. Thomas's Lays to-  
 " wards the maintenance of this  
 VOL. II.

" conduit for ever. Moreover at  
 " his death he gave 10 l. towards  
 " the further beautifying the same."  
 I cannot say much in commenda-  
 tion of these verses upon his death:  
 they abound with that sort of wit,  
 which was then in request at Cam-  
 bridge.

E

This

## XIII.

## \* L'ALLEGRO.

**H**ENCE loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn  
 'Mong' st horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
 unholy,

Find

\* This and the following poem are exquisitely beautiful in themselves, but appear much more beautiful, when they are consider'd, as they were written, in contrast to each other. There is a great variety of pleasing images in each of them; and it is remarkable, that the poet represents several of the same objects as exciting both mirth and melancholy, and affecting us differently according to the different dispositions and affections of the soul. This is nature and experience. He derives the title of both poems from the Italian, which language was then principally in vogue. *L'Allegro* is the chearful merry man; and in this poem he describes the course of mirth in the country and in the city from morning till noon, and from noon till night; and possibly he might have this in his thoughts, when he said afterwards in his *Areopagitica* — "there be de- lights, there be recreations and

"jolly pastimes that will fetch the  
 "day about from sun to sun, and  
 "rock the tedious year as in a  
 "delightful dream." Vol. 1. p.  
 154, 155. Edit. 1738.

1. *Hence loathed Melancholy, &c.*] The beginning of this poem is somewhat like the beginning of *Kal. Decembres Saturnales* of Statius, *Sylvarum* Lib. I.

Et Phœbus pater, & severa Pallas,  
 Et Musæ procul ite seriatæ:  
 Jani vos revocabimus Kalendis.  
 Saturnus mihi compede exoluta,  
 Et multo gravidus mero De-  
 cember,

*Et videns jocus, et sales protervi  
 Adfuit, dum refero diem beatam  
 Læti Cæsaris, ebriamque partem.*

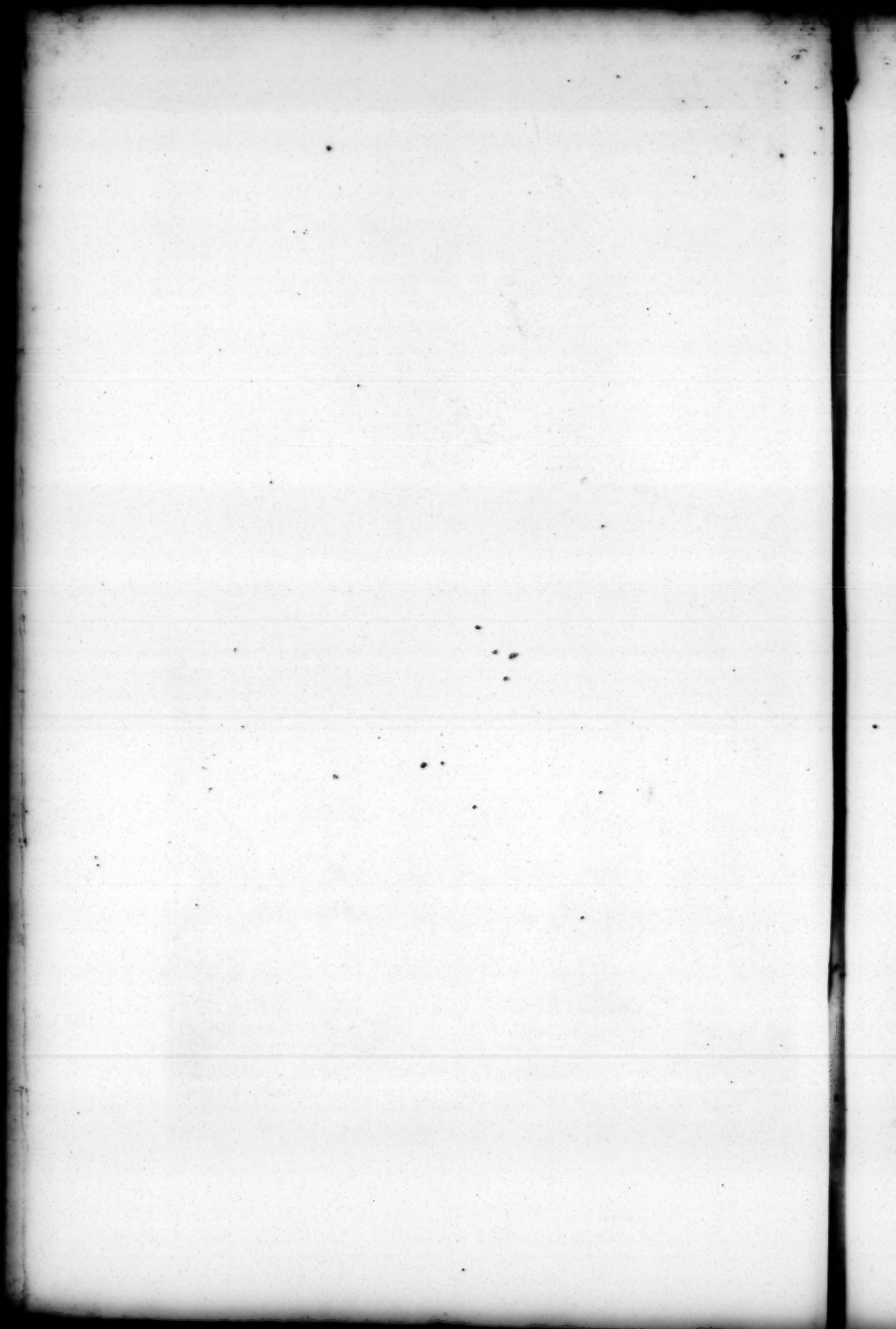
2. *Of Cerberus and blackest Mid-  
 night born,*] The poet in mak-  
 ing *Melancholy* the daughter of *Cer-  
 berus* might perhaps intend to insi-  
 nuate, that she has something of  
 the cynic, as well as something  
 monstrous and unnatural, in her  
 com-



F. Hayman del.

C. Greymann sculp.





Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings ;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10  
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,

And

composition : but if this poem had not undergone two impressions in Milton's life-time, and one of them before he lost his sight, I should have imagin'd that he had wrote *Erebus* instead of *Cerberus*, as being more agreeable to Hea-then mythology. *Erebus* and *Night* are often join'd together, as in Hesiod, Theog. ver. 123.

Εκ Χαίῃ δ' Ερεβὸς τε μελαινα  
 τε Νυξ ὀφθαλμοῖο.  
 Νυκὸς δ' αὐτ' Αἰθρὴ τε καὶ Ἥ-  
 μερη ἐξὶ γυναικῶ,  
 Ὅς τινε, κρυπταμένη Ερεβὸς φι-  
 λοτῇτι μύγεισα.

And several of their children, enumerated by Cicero, are much of the same nature and complexion as *Melancholy*. De Nat. Deor. III. 17.  
 — eorumque fratres & sorores, qui a genealogis antiquis sic nominantur, Metus, Labor, Invidentia, Tenebrae, Miseria, Querela, &c. quos omnes Erebo et Noctē natos ferunt. I find Mr. Upton in his let-

ter to Mr. West on Spenser's Faery Queen has proposed the same conjecture.

4. 'Mong'st horrid shapes, &c.] He has this passage of Virgil in his eye. Aen. VI. 285 to 289.

Multaque praeterea variarum monstra ferarum &c. Warburton.

6. Where brooding darkness] Called so because darkness sets the imagination on work, to create ideal forms and beings.

Warburton.

10. In dark Cimmerian desert] The Cimmerians were a people who liv'd in caves under ground, and never saw the light of the sun. See Homer Odyss. XI. 14. and Tibullus IV. l. 65.

12. In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,] Cleaped is called, named; Spenser Faery Queen B. 3. Cant. 12. St. 19.

The other cleaped Cruelty by name.

E 2

The

52 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister Graces more  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;  
Or whether (as some fager sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a Maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,

15

20

Fill'd

The letter y is sometimes prefix'd  
to lengthen it a syllable. B. 3.  
Cant. 5. St. 8.

And is ycleop'd Florimel the fair.

*Euphrosyne* is the name of one of  
the three Graces mention'd by He-  
siod. Theog. 909.

Αγλαΐην, καὶ Εὐφροσύνην, Θα-  
λίην τ' ἀρσένειον :

and by Spenser. Faery Queen. B. 6.  
Cant. 10. St. 22.

The first of them hight mild  
*Euphrosyne*,  
Next fair Aglaia, last Thalia  
merry.

The poet, in saying that she was  
called *Euphrosyne* in Heaven, and  
*Mirth* by men, imitates Homer's  
manner of speaking, where the  
names in use among the learned

are ascribed to the Gods, and those  
in vulgar use are attributed to  
men. See *Paradise Lost*, V. 761.  
and the note there.

14- *Whom lovely Venus at a birth*  
&c] The more ancient opinion, as  
we find it in Hesiod's Theogony,  
was that the Graces were the  
daughters of Jupiter and Eury-  
nome, and this Spenser adopts in  
his Faery Queen. B. 6. Cant. 10.  
St. 22.

They are the daughters of sky-  
ruling Jove,  
By him begot of fair Eurynome.

But Milton with great judgment  
and a very allowable liberty fol-  
lows the account of their being  
sprung from Bacchus and Venus,  
because the mythology of it suited  
the nature of his subject better.

*Thyer.*  
17. Or



Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
 Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee 25  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple fleck ; 30  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come,

17. Or whether (as some sager  
 sing) &c] No mythologist ei-  
 ther ancient or modern that I can  
 meet with gives this account of  
 the birth of *Euphrosyne*; neverthe-  
 less we must do Milton the justice  
 to own, that he could not possibly  
 have invented better allegorical pa-  
 rents for her than *Zephyrus* and *Au-  
 rora*, or the gentle western gales of  
 a fine morning in the spring, which  
 to use his own words in his *Para-  
 dise Lost*, IV. 154.

— to the heart inspire  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to  
 drive  
 All sadness but despair.

His pretence of authority in the  
 parenthesis (as some sager sing) is  
 introduc'd in my opinion only to  
 give a more venerable authorita-  
 tive air to his poem : and I have

often suspected, that that passage  
 in the 10th book of *Paradise Lost*,  
 where the evil Angels are describ'd  
 turn'd into serpents, and as the poet  
 adds ver. 575.

Yearly injoin'd, some say, to un-  
 dergo

This annual humbling certain  
 number'd days,  
 is an instance of the same sort.

Thyer.

As some sager sing. It is *sages* in  
 Mr. Fenton's edition, but the old  
 editions have *sager*. Both these  
 genealogies were probably of the  
 poet's own invention, but he ra-  
 ther favors the latter.

32. And Laughter holding both his  
 sides. ] A fine improvement  
 upon Shakespear. A *Midsummer  
 Night's Dream* Act 2. Sc. 1.

And then the whole quire hold  
 their hips, and loffe.

54 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

Come, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee, 35  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
 And if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreprieved pleasures free ; 40  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And finging startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45  
 And at my window bid good morrow,

Through

33. *Come, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe:*] Another  
 imitation of Shakespear. Tem-  
 pest Act 4. Sc. 2. Ariel to the  
 Spirits

— Come, and go, —  
 Each one tripping on his toe.

36. *The mountain nymph, sweet  
 Liberty ;*] I suppose Liberty is  
 called *the mountain nymph*, because  
 the people in mountainous coun-  
 tries have generally preserved their  
 liberties longest, as the Britons for-  
 merly in Wales, and the inhabi-

tants of the mountains of Switzer-  
 land at this day.

41. *To hear the lark begin his  
 flight, &c.*] At the same time  
 that Milton delights our imagina-  
 tion with this charming scene of  
 rural cheerfulness, he gives us a  
 fine picture of the regularity of his  
 life, and the innocency of his own  
 mind. The principal circumstances  
 are taken from the earliest dawn of  
 the morning, and prove the truth  
 of what he says of himself in his  
 Apology for Smeectymnus, " that  
 " he

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII. 55

Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine :  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50  
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before :  
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
 Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
 Some time walking not unseen  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state, 60  
 Rob'd

" he was up and stirring, in win-  
 " ter often ere the sound of any  
 " bell awake men to labor, or to  
 " devotion ; in summer as oft with  
 " the bird that first rouses, or not  
 " much tardier, to read good au-  
 " thors &c": And few minds, I  
 believe, but such as are innocent  
 and unstain'd with guilty pleasures  
 have any great taste for these pure  
 and genuin ones which the poet  
 describes. *Tbyer.*

44.—*the dappled dawn*] The  
 word is used and explain'd in

Shakespear. *Much Ado about No-*  
*thing.* Act 5. Sc. 8.

—and look the gentle day,  
 Before the wheels of Phœbus,  
 round about  
*Dapples* the drousy east with spots  
 of gray.

45. *Then to come in spite of sorrow,*] These two poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, are certainly the best of Milton's productions in rime, for the rimes in *Lycidas* are irregular : but yet we may observe that several things are said, which  
 E 4 would



56 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
 While the plow-man near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his fithe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 Whilst the landskip round it measures,  
 Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,

65

70

Mountains

would not have been said but only for the sake of the rime, and we have an instance, I conceive, in the line before us. Mr. Pope, I have been inform'd, had remark'd several defects of the same kind in these two poems; and there may be some truth and justness in the observation, which Dryden has made in the dedication of his Juvenal, that "rime was not Milton's talent, he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it;" but then it must be said, that he had talents for greater things, and there is more harmony in his blank verse than in all the riming poetry in the world.

62. *The clouds in thousand liveries dight,*] And so in *Il Penseroso*

And storied windows richly *dight*.

*Dight*, dress'd, adorn'd; a word used by Spenser, and our old writers. Faery Queen B. 1. Cant. 4. St. 6.

With rich array and costly arras  
*dight*.

Fairfax Cant. 1. St. 72.

So every one in arms was quickly  
*dight*.

69. *Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures*] There is in my opinion great beauty in this abrupt and rapturous start of the poet's imagination, as it is extremely well adapted to the subject, and carries a very pretty allusion to those sudden gleams of vernal

Mountains on whose barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daifies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savory dinner set

75

80

Of

vernal delight which break in upon the mind at the sight of a fine prospect. *Thyer.*

72. *Where the nibbling flocks do stray,* ] *Nibbling sheep* is an expression in Shakespear. *Tempest* Act 4. Sc. 3. And *stray* is not in the sense of *wander, go astray,* but only signifies *feed at large,* as in *Virgil Ecl. I. 9.*

*Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis,  
et ipsum  
Ludere quæ vellem calamo per-  
misset agrestii.*

80. *The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.* ] As if he had said the pole-star of neighb'ring eyes: an affected expression. *Cynosura* is the constellation of *Ursa minor,*

or the little bear next to our pole, as in the *Mask* 342. I find the same expression in *Democritus Junior,* or *Burton's treatise of Melancholy,* as quoted by *Mr. Peck.* " 'Tis the general humor of all " lovers: she is his stern, his pole- " star, his guide, his *Cynosure,* " his *Hesperus* and *Vesperus,* &c. p. 512.

84. *Are at their savory dinner set  
Of herbs, &c.* ] *Mr. Thyer* thinks with me that this is an allusion to *Virgil Ecl. II. 10.*

*Thestylis et rapido fessis messoribus æstu*

*Allia serpyllumque herbas contundit olentes.*

And tho' *Phyllis* is the cook here, *Thestylis* is introduc'd soon after.

92. *The*

58 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

Of herbs, and other country messes, 85  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;  
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocond rebecs found  
To many a youth, and many a maid, 95  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holy-day,

Till

92. *The upland hamlets*] Upland in opposition to the hay-making scene in the lower lands. *Thyer.*

94. *And the jocond rebecs found*] *Rebec* is a three-stringed fiddle, derived from the French *rebec* or the Italian *rebecca*, and these, says Skinner, à *Rebaccando*, ubi *Re* sensum auget, quia sc. hoc instrumento in conviviis, comessationibus et symposiis uti solebant ; and therefore Milton properly bestows upon it the epithet *jocond*. He uses the word again in his *Areopagitica* p. 149. Vol. 1. Edit. 1738. "The

"villagers also must have their  
"visitors to inquire what lectures  
"the bagpipe and the *rebec* reads  
" &c".

96. *Dancing in the chequer'd shade* ; ] Shakespear's *Titus Andronicus* Act 2. Sc. 4.

The green leaves quiver with  
the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow  
on the ground.

Virgil *Ecl.* V. 5.

Sive sub incertas Zephyris mo-  
tantibus umbras. *Richardson.*  
101. *With*



Till the live-long day-light fail ;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How faery Mab the junkets eat,  
 She was pincht, and pull'd she said,  
 And he by friers lanthorn led  
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet, 105  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-lab'ers could not end ;  
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

And

101. *With stories told of many a feat, &c.]* These stories of Faeries and Goblins formerly made part of the belief of the country people, and with great propriety therefore are made the subjects of their conversation over their nut-brown ale at night. Shakespear too in compliance with these vulgar notions has introduc'd the like faery tales in several of his plays, and particularly in his *Midsummer Night's dream* : and no wonder that Milton, who has so often imitated Shakespear, has imitated

him likewise in this particular.

106. *To earn his cream-bowl duly set, &c.]* Reginald Scot gives a brief account of this imaginary Spirit much in the same manner with this of our author. "Your grand-dames, maids, were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight — his white bread and milk was his standing fee." *Discovery of Witchcraft.* Lond. [1588 and] 1651. 4° p. 66. Peck.

119. *Where*

60 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

And crop-full out of doors he flings,

Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,

115

By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.

Towred cities please us then,

And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,

120

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit, or arms, while both contend

To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear

125

In saffron robe, with taper clear,

And

119. *Where throngs of knights and barons bold &c*] It may perhaps be objected that this is a little unnatural, since tilts and tournaments were disus'd, when Milton wrote this poem: But when one considers how short a time they had been laid aside, and what a considerable figure these make in Milton's favorite authors, his introducing them here is easily accounted for, and I think as easily to be excused. *Thyer.*

132. *If Johnson's &c*] We see

by this, that Milton's favorite dramatic entertainments were Johnson's Comedies, and Shakespear's Plays: and in a few words he touches the distinguishing characteristics of these two famous poets, the art of Johnson and nature of Shakespear, the learning of the one and the genius of the other: and there is this farther propriety in his praising of Shakespear, that while he commends, he imitates him. *Love's Labor's lost. Act 1. Sc. 1.*

This

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique pageantry,  
Such fights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.

130

Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,

135

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,

With

*This child of fancy, that Armado  
hight.*

135. *And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs, &c.]*  
So also in the Mask speaking of  
Circe and the Sirens,

Who as they sung, would take  
the prison'd soul,  
And lap it in Elysium —

It may be observed, that Milton's  
imagination glows with a particu-  
lar brightness not only in this

charming passage, but in every  
other where he has occasion to de-  
scribe the power of music, which  
shows how fond he was of it, and  
finely exemplifies Horace's maxim,

*Verbaque provisam rem non in-  
vita sequentur. Thyer.*

The *Lydian* music was very soft  
and sweet, and according to Cas-  
siodorus (*Varior. lib. 2. ep. 40. ad  
Boethium*) contra nimias curas, ani-  
mæque tædia reperta, remissione  
reparabat et oblectatione animos  
corro-



62 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIII.

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that ty  
 The hidden soul of harmony ;  
 That Orpheus self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt Elyfian flow'rs, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half regain'd Eurydice.

145

150

These

corroborabat. And so Dryden in his excellent Ode on St. Cecilia's day.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

151. *These delights if thou canst give,*

*Mirth, with thee I mean to live.*]

The concluding turn of this and the following poem is borrow'd from the conclusion of two beautiful little pieces of Shakespear, intitl'd The Passionate Shepherd to his Love, and the Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd ;

If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

These two poems are printed at

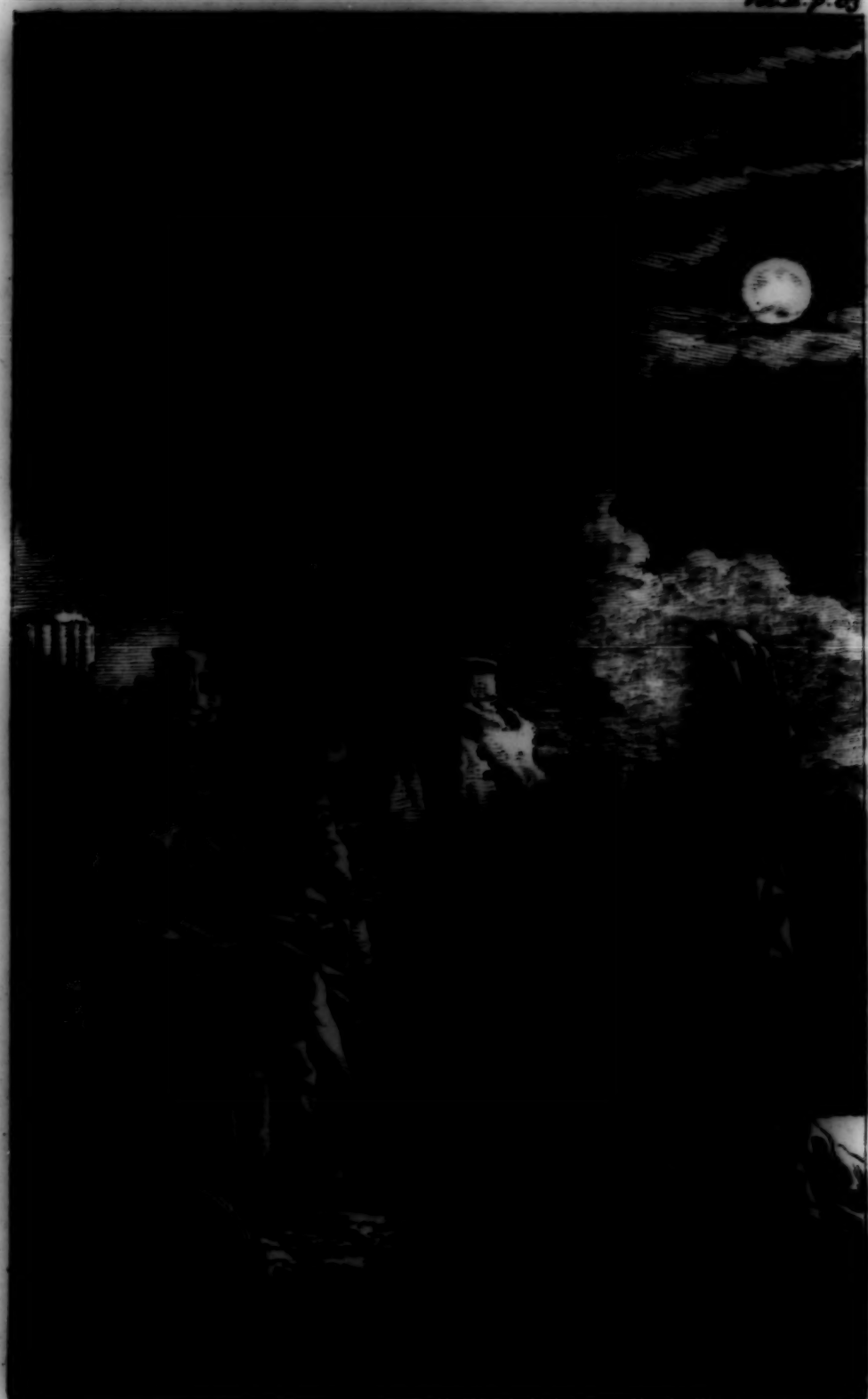
length in the notes upon the third Act of the Merry Wives of Windsor in Mr. Warburton's edition.

\* *Il Penseroso* is the thoughtful melancholy man ; and Mr. Thyer concurred with me in observing that this poem both in its model and principal circumstances is taken from a song in praise of melancholy in Fletcher's Comedy called *The Nice Valour or Passionate Mad-man*. The reader will not be displea'd to see it here, as it is well worth transcribing.

Hence all you vain delights,  
 As short as are the nights  
 Wherein you spend your  
 folly ;  
 There's nought in this life  
 sweet,



PLATE 63



J. H. P. 1848.

W. H. P. 1848.

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POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV. 63

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

XIV.

\* I L P E N S E R O S O.

**H**ENCE vain deluding joys,  
The brood of folly without father bred,  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,

5

As

If man were wise to see't,  
But only Melancholy,  
Oh sweetest Melancholy.  
Welcome folded arms, and fix'd  
eyes,

A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fasten'd to the  
ground,  
A tongue chain'd up without a  
sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless  
groves,  
Places which pale passion loves;  
Moon-light walks, when all the  
fowls

Are warmly hous'd, save bats  
and owls;  
A midnight bell, a parting  
groan,  
These are the sounds we feed  
upon;

Then stretch our bones in a still  
gloomy valley,  
Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely  
Melancholy.

2. *The brood of folly without fa-  
ther bred.*] He assigns the same  
kind of origin to these fantastic  
joys, as Hesiod does to dreams,  
which he says the Night brings  
forth without a father. Theog.  
212.

— *ετις δὲ φῦλον νυκτὸς*  
*οὐ τινὶ κοιμηθεῖσα δια τίνος Νεξ*  
*ερεῖται.*

Mr. Thyer had made the same ob-  
servation with me; and we may  
be the more certain of this allu-  
sion on account of the following  
comparison — *likest hovering*  
*dreams.*

7. At

64 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train. 10

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,

Hail divinest Melancholy,

Whose faintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view 15

O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue ;

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove

To set her beauties praise above 20

The

7. *As thick and numberless*  
*As the gay motes that people the*  
*sun-beams,]* A similitude copied  
from Chaucer. Wife of Bath's  
Tale. ver. 868.

As thik as motis in the sunné  
beme.

10. *The fickle pensioners of Mor-*  
*pheus train.]* Morpheus, the  
minister of Somnus, or Sleep, so  
called because he feigns τὰ  
μορφαί, the very countenances,  
words, manners, and gestures of  
mankind, and exhibits them in

dreams. So Ovid Met. XI. 634.

Excitat artificem simulatoremque  
figuræ  
Morphea. Peck.

18. *Prince Memnon's sister]* Mem-  
non, king of Ethiopia, son of Ti-  
thonus by Aurora, repairing with  
a great host to the relief of Priam  
king of Troy, was there slain by  
Achilles. Peck.

19. *Or that starr'd Ethiop queen*  
*&c]* Cassiope, wife of Cepheus  
king of Ethiopia, after having  
triumphed over all the beauties of  
her

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV. 65

The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended :  
 Yet thou art higher far descended,  
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore  
 To solitary Saturn bore ;  
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign, 25  
 Such mixture was not held a stain).  
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30  
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,

And

her age, daring to compare herself to the Nereids, raised their indignation against her to such a degree, that they sent a prodigious whale into the country, so that to appease them she was commanded by the oracle to expose her daughter Andromeda, to be devoured by the monster ; but Perseus delivered Andromeda, and procured Cassiope to be taken into Heaven ; for which last reason our author here calls her the *flarr'd Ethiop queen*. Peck.

23. *The bright-hair'd Vesta &c* ]  
 Vol. II.

As Milton here is speaking of one of the Goddeses of the Ancients, he very judiciously adopts their manner of describing them by some epithet distinguishing the color of their eyes, hair, &c as χρυσοκουμης, γλαυκωπις, &c. The allegory contain'd under this description is no less beautiful than that which he had before given us in his account of the birth of Euphrosyne from Zephyrus and Aurora. Saturn was always considered by those philosophers, who embrac'd the opinion of planetary influences, as pre-  
 F siding



66 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

And sable stole of Cyprus lawn, 35  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gate,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40  
 There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :  
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet, 45  
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
Ay

siding over persons of a gloomy thoughtful turn, and this cast of mind temper'd and refin'd with a proper mixture of *fire*, which the Ancients worshipt under the name of Vesta, is the best adapted to relish such pleasures as the poet is here describing. What gives an additional beauty still, is the supposing *Melancholy* begot in secret shades of woody *Ida's* inmost grove.

Thyer.

35. *Cyprus lawn*,] In Milton's editions it is *Cipres lawn*; But I presume the word is *Cyprus*, as Mr. Symphon observed likewise,

who says it is a common term in Ben. Johnson.

43. *With a sad leaden downward cast*] The same epithet Shakespear applies to contemplation, in his *Love's Labor's lost*.

For when would you, my Liege,  
 or you, or you  
 In leaden contemplation have found  
 out &c. Thyer.

47. *And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing.*] Here Mr. Thyer and Mr. Richardson observed with me, that it is an allusion to what Hesiod says of the Muses. Theog. 3.

Ka:

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV. 67

Ay round about Jove's altar sing :  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ; 50  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation ;  
 And the mute Silence hift along, 55  
 'Lefs Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ; 60  
 Sweet

Και τι περι κρηνην ιουιδαν ποσσ'  
 απωλοισιν  
 Ορχουσαι, και βωμον ερισθινη  
 Κρονων.

in the gayer personage of Milton,  
 which is more like a Cupid than  
 any thing else.

52. *Him that yon soars on golden wing, &c*] I cannot find out from whence Milton copied this description. It seems to be the imagery of some fanciful Italian, either allegorical poet or painter. Spenser has likewise given a description of *Contemplation*, but he describes him under the figure of a venerable old man ; and I cannot but agree with Mr. Thyer, that there is more propriety in this than

59. — *dragon yoke,*] This office is attributed to *dragons* on account of their watchfulness. So Shakespear in *Cymbeline*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

Swift, swift, you *dragons* of the night.

And in *Troilus and Cressida* Act 5. Sc. 14.

The *dragon* wing of night o'er-spreads the earth.

68 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,

Most musical, most melancholy !

Thee chauntress oft the woods among

I woo to hear thy even-song ;

And missing thee, I walk unseen

65

On the dry smooth-shaven green,

To behold the wand'ring moon,

Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been led astray

Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,

70

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,

Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground,

I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,

Over

Milton has somewhat of the same thought again in his Latin poems. In obitum Præfulis Eliensis.

Longæque sub pedibus deam  
Vidi triformem, dum coarcebat  
suos  
Frænis dracones aureis.

61. *Sweet bird &c.* ] It is remarkable that here he begins his time from evening, as in *L'Allegro* from the early morning, and here with the nightingale as there with the lark. And as Mr. Thyer observes, this rapturous start of the poet's fancy in praise of his favo-

rite bird is extremely natural and beautiful : and 'tis worth the reader's while too to observe, how finely he makes it serve to connect his subject, and insensibly as it were to introduce the following charming night-scene.

74. *I hear the far-off Curfeu sound, &c.* ] William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rang every night at eight of the clock, and that all persons should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed ; the ringing of which



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV. 69

Over some wide-water'd shore, 75  
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the belman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm :  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour, 85  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere

The

which bell was called *Carfeu*, Fr. *Couvre-feu*, that is Cover-fire. See the Glossary to Chaucer. And the two following lines, with the frequent alliteration of the letter s, inimitably express the motion and sound of a great heavy bell. We almost think we hear it.

Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

The poet no doubt remember'd  
Shakespear's passing-bell, but I  
think he has exceeded his original.  
Sonnet 71.

No longer mourn for me when I  
am dead,  
Then you shall hear *the surly sul-*  
*len bell*

Give warning to the world that  
I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest  
worms to dwell.

87. *Where I may oft out-watch the*  
*Bear,* ] The constellation so  
called, that never sets. Virg.  
Georg. l. 246.

*Arctos oceani metuentes æquore*  
*tingi.*

88. *With thrice great Hermes,*]  
*Hermes Trismegistus, the Egyp-*  
*tian*

70 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

The spirit of Plato to unfold

What worlds, or what vast regions hold

90

The immortal mind that hath forsook

Her mansion in this fleshly nook :

And of those Demons that are found

In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent

95

With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous tragedy

In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,

Presenting

tian philosopher, florished a little after Moses. He maintained the truth of one God against the idolatry and polytheism of his countrymen. *Peck.*

to the Platonic notion of different spheres or regions being assign'd to spirits of different degrees of perfection or impurity. The same term is used in the *Mask* ver. 2.

88. — or *unisphere*

*The spirit of Plato to unfold &c.]* The spirit of Plato is rightly summon'd to unfold these particular notions, for he has treated more largely than any of the philosophers, concerning the separate state of the soul after death, and concerning Demons residing in the elements, and influencing the planets, and directing the course of nature. I would not swell this note with quotations from his works, because the English reader may see a summary of his doctrines at the end of Stanley's *Life of that philosopher*. And as Mr. Thyer observes, the word *unisphere* alludes

—where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial spirits live in-  
spher'd  
In regions mild of calm and se-  
rene air.

98.] *In scepter'd pall]* The same as Horace calls *palla honesta*. *De Arte poet.* 278.

Post hunc personæ pallaque re-  
pertor honestæ  
Æschylus —

99. *Presenting Thebes, or Pelops*  
*line,*

*Or the tale of Troy divine,]* These were the principal subjects of the ancient tragedies; and he seems

to

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105  
 Such notes as warbled to the string.  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.

Cr

to allude particularly to the *Septem contra Thebas* of Æschylus, and the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, and the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and the *Thebais* of Seneca, which present *Thebes*; and to the *Thyestes* of Seneca, and the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, which present *Pelops* line; and to the *Troades* of Euripides and of Seneca, and other tragedies which present the tale of *Troy divine*, therefore called *divine* because built by the Gods; for I think with Mr. Thyer, that *divine* is not to be join'd with *tale*, as many understand it: and as Mr. Jortin notes, it is called in Homer *ἱερὸν*.

104. *Might raise Musæus from his bower,*] The poet *Musæus* makes the most distinguish'd figure in Virgil's *Elysium*. *Æn.* VI. 667.

*Musæum ante omnes, medium nam plurima turba*

Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.

105. *Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing &c.*] It is a property of music, that the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is in which it finds the hearer. Hence Milton makes the self-same strains of Orpheus proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such music,

That Orpheus self may heave his head &c.

If to melancholy —

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing &c.

See Warburton's *Shakespear*. Vol. 3. p. 118.

107. *Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,*] Our author here very strongly



72 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

Or call up him that left half told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110  
 Of Camball, and of Algarfife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride ; 115  
 And if ought else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120

Thus

strongly expresses the sense of the following line of Seneca's upon the same occasion, which I suppose he had in view. Herc. Fur. 578.

Deflent et lacrymis difficiles Dei.  
 Thyer.

109. Or call up him that left half told

*The story of Cambuscan bold, &c.]* He means Chaucer and his *Squire's tale*, wherein *Cambuscan* is king of Sarra in Tartary, and has two sons *Algarfife* and *Camball*, and a daughter named *Canace*. This *Tartar king* receives a present from the king of Araby and Ind, of a *wondrous horse of brass* that could transport him thro' the air to any place, and a sword of rare qualities; and

at the same time his daughter *Canace* is presented with a *virtuous ring and glass*, a glass by which she could discover secrets and future events, and a ring by which she could understand the language of birds. This tale was either never finish'd by Chaucer, or part of it is lost: but Spenser has endeavor'd to supply the defect in his *Faery Queen*, and begins with such a handsome introduction and address to the spirit of Chaucer, that I should be tempted to transcribe it, if it would not prolong this note beyond its due measure. See B. 4. Cant. 2. S. 32. &c.

116. *And if ought else great bards beside &c.]* Ariosto, and Spenser more particularly, of whose allegorical

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV. 73

Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited morn appear,  
 Not trickt and frount as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt,  
 But kercheft in a comely cloud, 125  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rusling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130  
 And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me Goddes bring

To

legorical poetry it may be said with great truth and propriety, that *more is meant than meets the ear*. And thus in these two little poems Milton makes his compliments to our greatest English poets, Johnson and Shakespear, Chaucer and Spenser.

122. *Till civil-suited morn appear,*]  
 Paradise Regain'd. IV. 426.

— till morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in  
 amice gray. *Richardson.*

Shakespear for the same reason says of night, Romeo and Juliet Act 3. Sc. 4.

— Come civil night,  
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in  
 black.

123. *Not trickt and frount as she was wont*

*With the Attic boy to hunt,]*

Shakespear calls dress *tricking*. Mrs. Page in the Merry Wives of Windsor — Go get us properties and *tricking* for our faeries. *Frount* is another word to the same purpose, signifying much the same as frizled, crisped, curled. *The Attic boy* is Cephalus, with whom Aurora fell in love as he was hunting. See Peck, and Ovid. Met. VII. 701.

125. *But kercheft in a comely cloud,]* *Kerchef* is a head dress from the French *couvre chef*; a word used by Chaucer and Shakespear. Julius Cæsar, Act 2. Sc. 3.

141.—day's

74 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135  
 Where the rude ax with heaved stroke  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honied thie,  
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring  
 With such consort as they keep, 145  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in aery stream  
Of

141. — *day's garish eye,*] *Garish*,  
 splendid, gaudy. A word in Shake-  
 spear. Richard III. Act 4. Sc. 4.

—— a *garish* flag.

Romeo and Juliet Act 3. Sc. 4.

— all the world shall be in love  
 with night,  
 And pay no worship to the *garish*  
 fun.

148. *Wave at his wings*] *Wave*  
 is used here as a verb neuter.

151. — *sweet music breathe &c*] *Jartin*.  
 This thought is taken from Shake-  
 spear's Tempest.

158. — *pillars maffy proof,*] That  
 is proof against a great weight. So  
 in the poem of Arcades

— branching



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV. 75

Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.  
But let my due feet never fail 155  
To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light. 160  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full voic'd quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Diffolve

— branching elm *star-proof*,  
that is which will resist the evil influence of the planets. It is a vulgar superstition that one species of elm has that virtue.

Warburton.

160. *Casting a dim religious light.*]  
Mr. Pope has imitated this in his  
Eloisa to Abelard. ver. 143.

Where awful arches make a  
noon-day night,  
And the dim windows shed a  
solemn light.

161 *There let the pealing organ  
blow, &c*] This shows that  
Milton, however mistaken in other  
respects, did not run into the en-  
thusiastic madness of that fanatic  
age against Church Music. *Thyer.*

167. *And*

76 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIV.

Dissolve me into extasies, 165  
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170  
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew ;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures Melancholy give, 175  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

A R-

167. *And may at last my weary age &c]* There is something extremely pleasing and proper in this last circumstance, not merely as it varies and enlarges the picture, but as it adds such a perfection and completeness to it, by conducting the *Penseroso* so happily to the last scene of life, as leaves the reader's mind fully satisfied : And if preferring the one would not look like censuring the other, I would say that in this respect this poem claims a superiority over the *Allegro*, which, altho' design'd with equal judgment, and executed with no less spirit, yet ends as if something more might still have been added. *Thyer.*

173. *Till old experience do attain To something like prophetic strain.* This resembles what Cornelius Nepos says of Cicero, that his prudence seemed to be a kind of divination, for he foretold every thing that happen'd afterwards like a prophet. — *et facile existimari possit, prudentiam quodammodo esse divinationem. Non enim Cicero ea solum, quæ vivo se acciderunt, futura prædixit, sed etiam quæ nunc usu veniunt, cecinit, ut vates. Vita Attici cap. 16.* This ending is certainly very fine, but tho' Mr. Thyer thinks it perfect and complete, yet others have been of opinion that something more might still be added, and I have seen

XV.

\* ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this Song.

I. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry,

Too

seen in Mr. Richardson's book some lines of Mr. John Hughes.

There let Time's creeping winter shed  
His reverend snow around my head ;  
And while I feel by fast degrees  
My sluggish blood wax chill and freeze,  
Let thought unveil to my fix'd eye  
A scene of deep eternity,  
Till life dissolving at the view,  
I wake and find the vision true.

\* This poem is only *part* of an Entertainment, or *Mask*, as it is also intitled in Milton's Manuscript, the rest probably being of a different

nature, or composed by a different hand. *The Countess Dowager of Derby*, to whom it was presented, must have been Alice, daughter of Sir John Spenser of Althorp in Northamptonshire Knight, and the widow of Ferdinando Stanley the fifth Earl of Derby : and *Harefield* is in Middlesex, and according to Camden lieth a little to the north of Uxbridge, so that I think we may certainly conclude, that Milton made this poem while he resided in that neighbourhood with his father at Horton near Colebrooke. It should seem too, that it was made before the *Mask* at Ludlow, as it is a more imperfect essay : and *Frances* the second daughter



78 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XV.

Too divine to be mistook ;

This, this is she

5

To whom our vows and wishes bend ;

Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,

Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,

We may justly now accuse

10

Of detraction from her praise ;

Less than half we find exprest,

Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,

In circle round her shining throne,

15

Shooting her beams like silver threads ;

This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,

In the center of her light.

Might

daughter of this Countess Dowager of Derby being married to John Earl of Bridgwater, before whom was presented the Mask at Ludlow, we may conceive in some measure how Milton was induc'd to compose the one after the other. The alliance between the families

naturally and easily accounts for it : and in all probability the Genius of the wood in this poem, as well as the attendant Spirit in the Mask, was Mr. Henry Lawes, who was the great master of music at that time, and taught most of the young nobility.

10. We

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XV. 79

Might she the wife Latona be, 20  
 Or the towred Cybele,  
 Mother of a hundred Gods ;  
 Juno dares not give her odds ;  
 Who had thought this clime had held  
 A deity so unparallel'd ? 25

As they come forward, the Genius of the wood ap-  
 pears, and turning toward them, speaks.

GENIUS.

**S**TAY gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,  
 I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes ;  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret fluce 30  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,

I

10. *we may justly now accuse &c]*  
 These lines were thus at first in the  
 Manuscript.

*Now seems guilty of abuse*  
*And detraction from her praise*  
*Less than half she bath exprest,*  
*Envy bid her bide the rest.*

18. *Sitting like &c]* It was at  
 first,

*Seated like a Goddess bright &c.*

23. *Juno dares not &c]* The Ma-  
 nuscript had at first,

*Ceres dares not give her odds ;*  
*Who would have thought this*  
*clime had held &c.*

30. *Divine Alpheus, &c]* A fa-  
 mous

80 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XV.

I know this quest of yours, and free intent  
 Was all in honor and devotion meant 35  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And with all helpful service will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity ;  
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40  
 What shallow-searching Fame has left untold ;  
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone  
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :  
 For know by lot from Jove I am the Power  
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower, 45  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.  
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill :

And

mous river of Arcadia, that sink-  
 ing under ground passeth thro' the  
 sea without mixing his stream with  
 the salt waters, and riseth at last  
 with the fountain Arethuse near  
 Syracuse in Sicily. Virg. *Æn.* III.  
 694-

— *Alpheum fama est huc Eli-  
 dis amnem,  
 Occultas egisse vias subter mare,  
 qui nunc  
 Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis con-  
 funditur undis.*

Alpheus, as old fame reports,  
 has found  
 From Greece a secret passage un-  
 der ground,  
 By love to beauteous Arethusa  
 led,  
 And mingling here they roll in  
 the same sacred bed. Dryden.  
 41. *What shallow-searching Fame*  
 &c] At first the verse run thus,  
*Those virtues which dull Fame*  
 hath left untold.

44. — 1



And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50  
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round,  
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground, 55  
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;  
 But else in deep of night, when drowfiness 61  
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sirens harmony,  
 That fit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65  
 And

44. — *I am the Power*] It was  
 at first,

— *I have the power.*

47. *With ringlets quaint,*] It was  
 at first, *In ringlets quaint.*

49. — *and blasting vapors chill:*]   
 In the Manuscript it is

— *or blasting vapors chill.*

50. *And from the boughs &c*] It  
 was at first,

*And from the leaves brush off &c.*  
 VOL. II.

57. — *tassel'd horn*] Spenser,  
 Faery Queen. B. 1. Cant. 8. St. 3.

— *an horn of bugle small,*  
 Which hung adown his side in  
 twisted gold  
 And tassels gay.

62. *Hath lock'd up mortal sense,*]   
 He had written at first *Hath chain'd*  
*mortality.*

64. — *the nine infolded spheres.*]   
 According to the doctrin of the  
 G Ancients,

82 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XV.

And turn the adamantin spindle round,  
 On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70  
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
 After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mold with gross unpurged ear;  
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
 The peerless highth of her immortal praise, 75  
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,  
 Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
 Where

Ancients, as it is explain'd by Cicero. *Somnium Scipionis* 4. *Novem tibi orbibus, vel potius globis, connexa sunt omnia:* and then he enumerates them in this order, heaven or the sphere of the stars, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the sun, Venus, Mercury, the moon, and the earth. And in the next chapter he speaks of the music of the spheres. *Quid? hic, inquam, quis*

*est, qui complet aures meas tantus et tam dulcis sonus?* and describes it, and accounts for mankind's not hearing it. *Hic vero tantus est totius mundi incitatissima conversione sonitus, ut eum aures hominum capere non possint: sicut intueri solem adversum nequitis, ejusque radiis acies vestra sensusque vincitur.* See also Macrobius *In Somn. Scip. Lib. 2. cap. 4.* Ergo universi mundani

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XV. 83

Where ye may all that are of noble stem  
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,  
Where no print of step hath been, 85

Follow me as I sing,  
And touch the warbled string,

Under the shady roof  
Of branching elm star-proof.

Follow me, 90

I will bring you where she sits,  
Clad in splendor as befits  
Her deity.

Such a rural Queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen. 95

III. SONG.

mundani corporis sphaera novem  
sunt. &c.

72. *After the heav'nly tune, which  
none can hear &c.]* To the same  
purpose Shakespear speaking like-  
wise of the music of the spheres.  
Merchant of Venice, Act 5. Sc. 1.

There's not the smallest orb,  
which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel  
sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd  
cherubims;  
Such harmony is in immortal  
sounds!  
But whilst this muddy vesture of  
decay  
Doth grossly close us in, we can-  
not hear it.

G 2

97. By



## III. S O N G.

**N**ymphs and Shepherds dance no more  
By sandy Ladon's lillied banks,

On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar

Trip no more in twilight ranks,

Though Erymanth your loss deplore,

100

A better soil shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Mænalus

Bring your flocks, and live with us,

Here ye shall have greater grace,

To serve the Lady of this place.

105

Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,

Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen

All Arcadia hath not seen.

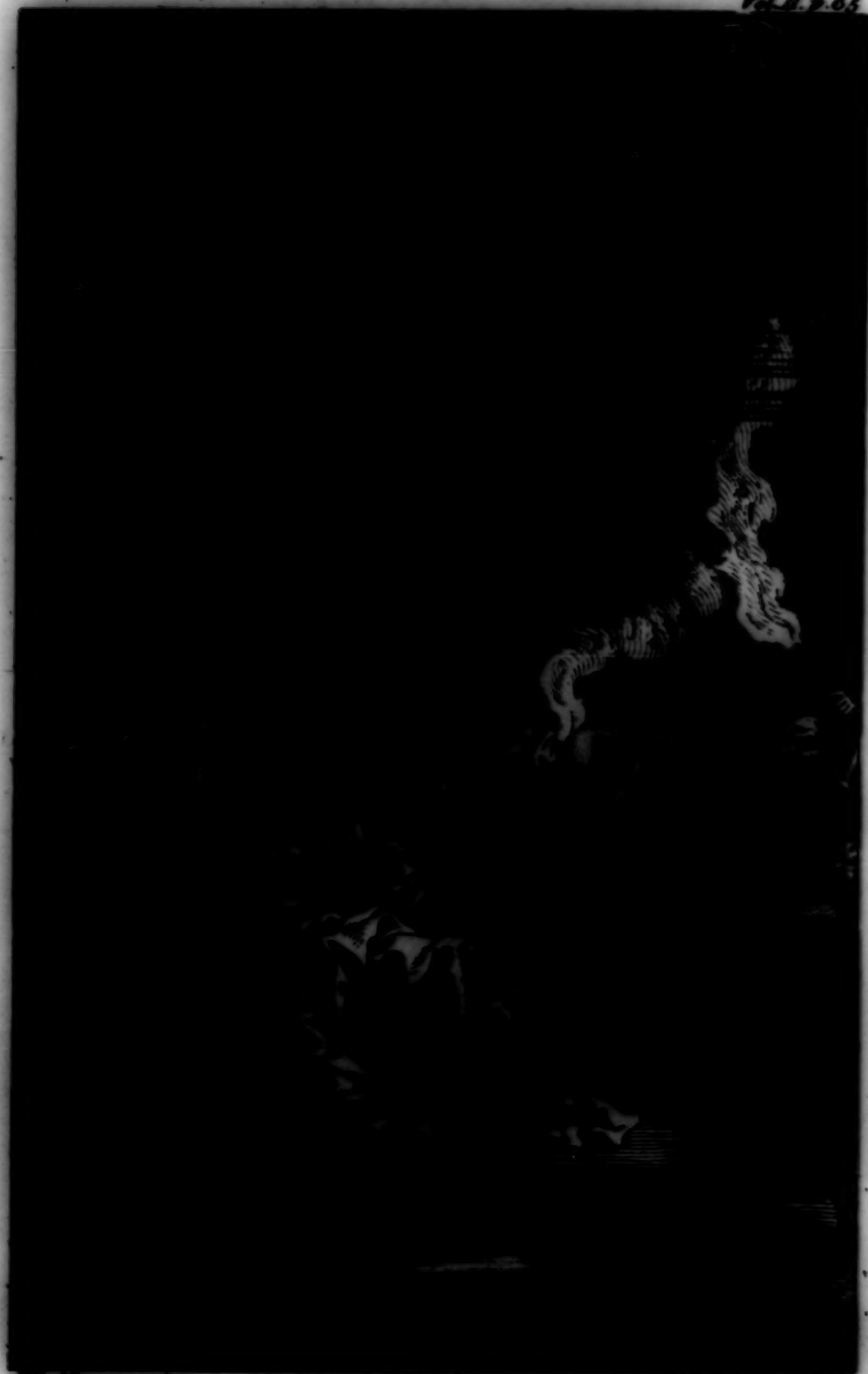
97. By *sandy Ladon's lillied banks*,  
&c] This was the most beautiful  
river of Arcadia, and the others  
are famous mountains of that coun-  
try: and the poet calls it *sandy La-*  
*don* after Ovid. Met. I. 702.

Donc *arenoſi placitum Ladon* iſt ad  
amnem

Venerit——

and it might properly be ſaid to  
have *lillied banks*, ſince Dionyſius,  
as I find him quoted by Farnaby,  
has call'd it *Ευκαλαμεν ποταμον*  
και *εὐρεφανον Λαδωνα*.





J. Hayman del.

C. G. Hayman sculp.



XVI.

A

M        A        S        K

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

The EARL of BRIDGEWATER, then  
President of WALES.

G 3

## THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit  
of Thyrsis.

COMUS with his crew.

The LADY.

First BROTHER.

Second BROTHER.

SABRINA the Nymph.

---

The chief persons who presented were,

The Lord BRACKLY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON his brother.

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

The

The Mask was presented in 1634, and consequently in the 26th year of our author's age. In the title page of the first edition printed in 1637, it is said that it was presented *on Michaelmas night*, and there was this motto,

Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum  
Perditus —

In this edition, and in that of Milton's poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the Mask the following dedication.

To the Right Honorable

JOHN Lord VICOUNT BLACKLY son and heir apparent to the Earl of BRIDGEWATER &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honor from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tir'd my pen to give my several friends satisfaction,



and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view ; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live sweet Lord to be the honor of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favors been long oblig'd to your most honor'd parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real expression

Your faithful and most

humble Servant,

H. LAWES.

In the edition of 1645 was also prefixed Sir Henry Wotton's letter to the author upon the following poem : but as we have inserted it in the Life of Milton, there is no occasion to repeat it here.

## A M A S K.

The first scene discovers a wild wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

**B**EFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,

Above

Milton seems in this poem to have imitated Shakespear's manner more than in any other of his works; and it was very natural for a young author preparing a piece for the stage to propose to himself for a pattern the most celebrated master of English dramatic poetry.

*Thyer.*

Milton has here more professedly imitated the manner of Shakespear in his faery scenes than in any other of his works: and his poem is much the better for it, not only for the beauty variety and novelty of his images, but for a brighter vein of poetry, and an ease and delicacy of expression very superior to his natural manner. *Warburton.*

1. *Before the starry threshold &c]*  
This character of the attendant Spirit is formed upon that of Ariel

in the *Tempest*, but very much highten'd and improv'd by Milton, who was well acquainted with the Platonic notions of Spirits or Demons; and in Milton's Manuscript this personage is intitled a *Guardian Spirit or Demon*.

4. *In regions mild of calm and serene air,*] Alluding probably to Homer's happy seats of the Gods. *Odyss. VI. 42.*

— ὅθι φασὶ θεῶν ἰδὲ ασφαλεῖς  
αἶθρι  
Ἑμμεναι· ἔτ' ἀνεμοῖσι τινασσεται,  
ὅτε ποτ' οὐρανῷ  
Διευται, ὅτε χίων ἐπιπλησεται·  
ἀλλὰ μαλ' αἰθήρῃ  
Πεπληται αἰὲν ὀφειλόμεν, λευκῇ δ' ἐπι-  
διδρομεν ἀγλή.

Which verses Lucretius has excellently copied. *III. 18.*

Apparet

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5  
 Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care  
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
 Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives  
 After this mortal change to her true servants 10  
 Amongst

Apparet Divûm numen, sedes-  
 que quietæ;  
 Quas neque concutiunt venti,  
 neque nubila nimbis  
 Adspargunt; neque nix acri con-  
 creta pruina  
 Cana cadens violat; semperque  
 innubilus æther  
 Integit, et large diffuso lumine  
 ridet.

See Lucan too at the beginning of  
 book the ninth, concerning the de-  
 parted soul of Pompey. After this  
 line Milton had inserted these  
 which follow, and scratched them  
 out again in his Manuscript.

Amidst th' Hesperian gardens, on  
 whose banks  
 Bedew'd with nectar and celestial  
 songs  
 Eternal roses grow, and hya-  
 cinth,  
 And fruits of golden rind, on  
 whose fair tree.  
 The scaly-harness'd dragon ever  
 keeps  
 His unincharmed eye: around the  
 verge  
 And sacred limits of this blissful  
 ile

The jealous ocean that old river  
 winds  
 His far-extended arms, till with  
 steep fall  
 Half his waste flood the wide  
 Atlantic fills,  
 And half the slow unfathom'd  
 Stygian pool.  
 But soft, I was not sent to court  
 your wonder  
 With distant worlds and strange  
 removed climes.  
 Yet thence I come, and oft from  
 thence behold  
 The smoke and stir of this dim  
 narrow spot &c.

These lines, I think, may serve as  
 a specimen of the truth of what  
 Waller says,

Poets lose half the praise they  
 should have got,  
 Could it be known what they  
 discreetly blot.

8. *Strive to keep up a frail and  
 feverish being,*] This endeavor  
 is in itself no fault; it becomes so  
 only as it is circumstanc'd: and the  
 Trinity Manuscript gives this cir-  
 cumstance, which was therefore  
 necessary



Amongst the enthron'd Gods on fainted seats.  
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
 That opes the palace of eternity :  
 To such my errand is ; and but for such, 15  
 I would not foil these pure ambrosial weeds

With

necessary to the justness of the thought,

Beyond the written date of mortal change.

By the *written date* is meant Scripture, in which is recorded the abridged date of mortal life.

Warburton.

I am still inclin'd to think that this line is better omitted. For though it may not be a fault in itself to

Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,

yet it certainly is so to strive to keep it up

Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives :

and he could not have added

—the crown that virtue gives  
*After this mortal change —*

if he had said just before

Beyond the written date of mortal change :

and therefore I cannot but think that he blotted out this line not without reason.

11. *Amongst the enthron'd Gods on fainted seats.*] So this verse stands in Milton's Manuscript as well as in all his editions : and yet I cannot but prefer the reading of Mr. Fenton's edition,

Amonst th' enthroned Gods on fainted seats.

13. — *that golden key, &c*] This seems to be said in allusion to Peter's golden key, mention'd likewise in Lycidas 110.

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)

And this verse, which was first written *That shows &c*, afterwards alter'd,

*That opes the palace of eternity,*

Mr. Pope has transferr'd with a little alteration into one of his Satires, speaking of Virtue,

Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,  
*And opes the temple of eternity.*

18. *But*

92 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

With the rank vapors of this fin-worn mold.

But to my task. Neptune besides the sway  
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20  
Imperial rule of a the sea-girt iles  
That like to rich and various gems inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep,  
Which he to grace his tributary Gods  
By course commits to several government, 25  
And gives them leave to wear their saphir crowns,  
And wield their little tridents: but this Ile,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;  
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30

A

13. *But to my task &c]* These four lines were thus in the Manuscript before they were alter'd.

*But to my business now. Neptune,  
whose sway  
Of every salt flood, and each  
ebbing stream,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high and  
nether Jove  
The rule and title of each sea-girt  
ile.*

And they were alter'd with great

reason, no verb following the nominative case, *Neptune*.

22. *That like to rich and various  
gems inlay*

*The unadorned bosom of the deep,]*  
The first hint of this beautiful passage seems to have been taken from Shakespear's Rich. II. Act 2. Sc. 1. where John of Gaunt calls this island by the same sort of metaphor,

—this little world,  
*This precious stone set in the silver  
sea.*

28.—the

A noble Peer of mickle trust and power  
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
 An old, and haughty nation proud in arms :  
 Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore  
 Are coming to attend their father's state, 35  
 And new-intrusted scepter ; but their way  
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger ;  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40  
 But that by quick command from sovran Jove  
 I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard ;  
 And listen why, for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,

From

28.— *the best of all the <sup>main</sup> gain,*  
 So alter'd in the Manuscript from  
 — *the best of all his empire.*

43. *And listen why, for I will  
 tell you now  
 What never yet was heard &c]*  
 Horace Od. III. I. 2.

Favete linguis: carmina non  
 prius

Audita —

Virginibus puerisque canto.

*Richardson.*

Milton might justly enough say  
 this, since Comus is a deity of his  
 own making: but the same alle-  
 gory has been introduc'd by most  
 of the principal epic poets under  
 other personages. Such are Ho-  
 mer's Circe, Ariosto's Alcina, Tas-  
 so's Armida, and Spenser's Acrasia.

*From old or modern bard, in hall  
 or bower.*

Alluding to the ancient custom of  
 poets repeating their own verses at  
 public entertainments. *Thyer.*

45. *From*



From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds list'd,  
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe 50  
The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup  
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
And downward fell into a groveling swine)  
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,  
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55  
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom

45. *From old or modern bard,*] It was at first in the Manuscript,

*By old or modern bard —*

46. *Bacchus, that first &c*] Tho' he builds his fable on classic mythology, yet his materials of magic have more the air of enchantments in the Gothic romances

*Warburton.*

48. *After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,*] They were changed by Bacchus into ships and dolphins, the story of which metamorphosis the reader may see in Ovid. Met. III. Fab. 8.

53. *And downward fell into a groveling swine*] Pope's expression is much superior,

Not more amazement seiz'd on  
Circe's guests  
To see themselves fall endlong  
into beasts. *Warburton.*

54. *This Nymph that gaz'd upon &c*] Milton by his use of the word in this place seems to favour the opinion of Minshew and those etymologists, who derive to gaze from the Greek *αγάζομαι*.

57. *Much like his father, but his mother more.*] This is said, because

Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,  
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd  
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
 Offering to every weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65  
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,  
 (For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)  
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,  
 Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd  
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70  
 Or

cause Milton's Comus like Homer's Circe represents all sensual pleasures, and Bacchus in the Heathen mythology only presides over that of drinking. *Tbyer.*

58. *Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,*] This line was at first in the Manuscript,

*Which therefore she brought up, and nam'd him Comus.*

60.—*the Celtic and Iberian fields,*] France and Spain. *Tbyer.*

62. *And in thick shelter of black shades —*] In Milton's Ma-

nuscript it is *shade*: and *covert* was written first, then *shelter*.

63. *Excels his mother at her mighty art,*] In the Trinity Manuscript he had first written *potent art*, which are Shakespear's words and better. *Warburton.*

65. *His orient liquor*] That is of an extreme bright and vivid color. *Warburton.*

67. — *through fond —*] So alter'd in the Manuscript from *through weak* intemperate thirst.

68. — *their human count'nance, Th' express resemblance of the Gods*] The same thought is again very finely

96 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were;  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than before, 75  
 And

finely express'd in the following lines of this poem, where the attendant Spirit is describing to the two brothers the effects of this charmed cup.

—whose pleasing poison  
 The visage quite transforms of  
 him that drinks,  
 And the inglorious likeness of a  
 beast  
 Fixes instead, unmolding reason's  
 mintage  
 Character'd in the face.

He gives us much the same idea in his *Paradise Lost*, where he calls the human face divine. III. 44.

Thyer.

72. *All other parts remaining as they were;*] It was at first in the Manuscript—as before. There is a remarkable difference in the transformations wrought by Circe and those by her son Comus. In Homer the persons are entirely changed, their mind only remaining as it was before, *Odyss.* X. 239.

Οἱ δὲ σὺν μὲν ἔχον κεφαλὰς,  
 φωνὴν τε, δῖμας τε,  
 καὶ τριχὰς· αὐτὰρ νῦν ἢ μῆτιρ,  
 ὥς το πᾶσι· πῆρ.

but here only their head or countenance is changed,

*All other parts remaining as they were;*

and for a very good reason, because they were to appear upon the stage, which they might do in masks. In Homer too they are sorry for the exchange ver. 241.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν κλαίοντες εἰρχάτο —

but here the allegory is finely improv'd, and they have no notion of their disfigurement,

*But boast themselves more comely than before,  
 And all their friends and native home forget.*

This improvement upon Homer might still be copied from Homer, who ascribes much the same effect to the *Lotos*. *Odyss.* IX. 94.

Τῶν δ' ὅστις λῶτοισι φαγοὶ μελινδία  
 καρπῶν,

οὐκ εἴτ' ἀπαγγεῖλαι πάλιν ἠβίαν,  
 ἢ δὲ νοεῖν.

Ἀλλ' αὐτὴ βελόη μετ' ἀνδράσι  
 λῶτοφαγοῖσι

ἄλτοισι κρητομένοισι μενέμεν, ἰοῦντε  
 λαθισθῆναι.

The



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 97

And all their friends and native home forget,  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
Therefore when any favor'd of high Jove  
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star

80

I

The trees around them all their  
food produce,  
Lotos the name, divine, nectareous  
juce!  
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which  
whose tastes,  
Insatiate riots in the sweet re-  
pasts,  
Nor other home, nor other care  
intends,  
But quits his house, his country,  
and his friends. Pope.

Or as Mr. Thyer conceives, it  
might possibly be suggested to Mil-  
ton by Spenser in his bower of  
bliss, where relating how the Pal-  
mer restor'd to human shape those  
whom Acrasia had changed into  
beasts, he says, B. 2. Cant. 12.  
St. 86.

But one above the rest in special,  
That had an hog been late (hight  
Grill by name)  
Repined greatly, and did him  
miscall,  
That had from hoggish form him  
brought to natural.

78. — *when any favor'd of high  
Jove*] Virgil Æn. VI. 129.  
VOL. II.

— Pauci quos æquus amavit  
Jupiter —

80. *Swift as the sparkle of a  
glancing star*] Minerva in her  
descent in the fourth Iliad appear-  
ed to the Grecian host like one of  
those *glancing stars* which Homer  
hath distinguish'd by its *emitting  
sparkles* in its flight. ver. 75.

Οἷον δ' ἀστὲρα ἥκε Κρονίη παῖς  
ἀΐκυλον ἔκταν,  
Ἡ αὐτοῖσι τέρας, ἥε σέατορ εὐ-  
ρεῖ λαῶν,  
Ἀλμπέρω τε δα τε πολλοὶ ἀπο-  
σπινθηρὲς ἱέσται·  
Τῷ εἰκοτὶ ἤξει ἐπὶ χθοῖα Πάλλας  
Ἀθήνη.

These lights were accounted in the  
Pagan theology the *nimbus* or *glory*  
of some deity descending. Servius  
on Virgil Æn. V. 693.

— et de cælo lapsa per um-  
bras  
Stella facem ducens multa cum  
luce cucurrit.

Nunc theologiam rationem sequi-  
tur, [Poeta scil.] quæ adserit flam-  
marum quos cernimus tractus, *nim-  
bum esse descenditis numinis.*

Calton.

83. — *spun*

H

98 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do : But first I must put off  
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,  
 That to the service of this house belongs, 85  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

Cornus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his  
 glass in the other ; with him a rout of monsters,  
 headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but other-  
 wise

83. — *spun out of Iris woof,*] See Paradise lost XI. 244.

86. *Who with his soft pipe, &c]* These three lines were design'd as a compliment to Mr. H. Lawes who acted the attendant Spirit himself. Warburton.

90. *Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid]* In Milton's Manuscript it stands *Nearest and likeliest to &c.* It was at first — *to give present aid; and virgin steps,* which

was alter'd to *hateful steps.* Then follows in the Manuscript *Goes out.* And the title of the following scene runs thus. *Cornus enters with a charming rod and glass of liquor, with his rout all beaded like some wild beasts, their garments some like mens and some like womens; they come on in a wild and antic fashion. In-*trant *αυπαλῶν.*

93. *The star that bids the shepherd fold,]* A pastoral way of counting

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 99

wife like men and women, their apparel glistering;  
they come in making a riotous and unruly noise,  
with torches in their hands.

C O M U S.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,  
And the gilded car of day  
His glowing axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream,  
And the slope sun his upward beam  
Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the east.  
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,  
Midnight Shout and Revelry,  
Tipfy Dance and Jollity,

95

100

Braid

counting time. So Virgil Ecl. VI.  
85.

Cogere donec oves stabulis nu-  
merumque referre  
Jussit, et invito processit Vesper  
Olympo.

and Georg. IV. 434.

Vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tec-  
ta reducit.

97. In the steep Atlantic stream]  
So alter'd in the Manuscript from  
Tartarean stream.

99. — *the dusky pole,*] In the  
Manuscript it is *northern*: *dusky*  
is the marginal reading.

100. Pacing toward the other  
goal

*Of his chamber in the east.*] In al-  
lusion to the same kind of meta-  
phors employ'd by the Psalmist  
XIX. 5. *The sun as a bridegroom*  
*cometh out of his chamber, and re-*  
*joiceth as a strong man to run a race.*

H 2

105. Braid



100 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105  
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.  
 Rigor now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and four Severity  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres,  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove, 115  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves

Trip

105. *Braid your locks with rosy  
 twine,*

*Dropping odors, dropping wine.]*  
 This is perfectly in the spirit and  
 manner of Anacreon, who used to  
 be crown'd with roses, and anoint-  
 ed with sweet ointments, while he  
 was drinking. Od. 5.

Τὸ ῥόδον το καλλιφυλλον  
 Κροταφοῖσιν αἰμοσταίης  
 Πισομεν ἄβρα γιγανίης.

And again Od. 15. and in other  
 places.

Ἐμοὶ μέλει μυροῖσι  
 Καταβριχέειν ὑπὸ κρη-

Ἐμοὶ μέλει ῥόδοισι  
 Καταβριχέειν κροτάφους.

108. *And Advice with scrupulous  
 head,]* It was at first in the  
 Manuscript,  
 And quick *Larv* with her scrupu-  
 lous head.

110. *With their grave saws]*  
*Saws, sayings, maxims. So Skake-*  
*spear. As you like it Aët 2. Sc. 9.*

Full of wise *saws* —  
 Hamlet. Aët 1. Sc. 8.

I'll wipe away all trivial fond re-  
 cords,  
 All *saws* of books —

114. *Lead*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 101

Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.  
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,  
 The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with daifies trim, 120  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :  
 What hath night to do with sleep ?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come let us our rites begin, 125  
 'Tis only day-light that makes fin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t'whom the secret flame  
 Of mid-night torches burns ; mysterious dame, 130  
 That

114. *Lead in swift round*] It was first written, *Lead with swift round* —

116. — in *wavering morrice move*;] The *morrice* or Moorish dance was first brought into England, as I take it, in Edward the third's time, when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist his father-in-law, Peter king of Castile against Henry the bastard. Peck.

117. *And on the tarwny sands*] So alter'd in the Manuscript from *yellow sands*.

123. *Night hath better*] In the Manuscript *Night has better*.

129. *Dark-veil'd Cotytto*,] The Goddess of impudence, originally a strumpet, had midnight sacrifices at Athens. She is here therefore very properly said to be *dark-veil'd*. Her *dues* or rites were called *Cotyttia*, and her priests *Baptæ*; because they, who were initiated into her mysteries, were sprinkled with warm water. See Peck, and Juvenal II. 91.

Talia secreta coluerunt orgia  
 tæda  
 Cecropiam soliti Baptæ lassare  
 Cotytto.

H 3

131.—the

102 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb  
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,  
And makes one blot of all the air,  
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135  
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
The nice morn on th' Indian steep  
From her cabin'd loophole peep, 140  
And to the tell-tale sun descry

Our

131. — *the dragon womb*] Alluding to the *dragons* of the night. See Il Penseroso 59.

133. *And makes one blot of all the air,*] In the Manuscript he had first written *And makes a blot of nature*, and afterwards *And throws a blot o'er all the air*, and then corrected it as it stands at present.

134. *Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,* &c] In the Manuscript these lines at first run thus.

Stay thy *polish'd* ebon chair,  
Till all thy dues be done, and  
nought left out.

Afterwards these lines were added in the margin,

Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate,  
And favor our close jocondrie,

and then alter'd to what they are at present.

140. *From her cabin'd loophole peep,*] So appearing to them who see the morning break from the midst of a wood, at *loopholes cut through thickest shade*. *Paradise Lost*, IX. 1110. Cantic. VI. 10. *Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?* II. 9. *My beloved looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattices*. Richardson. Milton here perhaps imitated Fletcher's beginning of his fifth Act of the faithful *Shepherdes*.

See the blushing morn doth peep  
Through the window, while the  
sun &c.

141. — *the tell-tale sun*] Mr. Thyer and Mr. Richardson saw



Our conceal'd solemnity.  
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145  
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
Rund to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees ;  
Our number may affright : Some virgin sure  
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150  
And

saw with me, that this epithet alludes to the fable of the sun's discovering Mars and Venus in bed together, and telling tales to Vulcan. Odyss. VIII. 302.

Ἡλιος γὰρ οἱ σκοπῆν εἶχεν, εἰπε  
τε μύθοι.

143. Come, knit hands, and beat the ground

In a light fantastic round.] This sufficiently explains what is meant by the measure following ; which, says Mr. Peck, is an old way of expression for the dance, as in Shakespear, King Henry VIII. Act 1. Sc. 7.

Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure

To lead them once again ; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favor. —

In Milton's Manuscript the last line was thus at first,

With a light and frolic round.

And then follows, The measure in a wild, rude, and wanton antic.

145. — I feel the different pace &c) The following lines before they were alter'd in the Manuscript run thus,

— I hear the different pace  
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
Some virgin sure benighted in these woods ;

And to my wily trains ; I shall ere long  
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion, 155  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course ;  
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160  
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy  
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,

And

For so I can distinguish by mine  
 art.

Run to your shrouds within these  
 brakes and trees ;

Our number may affright.

And in the margin is written *They  
 all scatter.*

151. — *wily trains ;* ] Rightly  
 alter'd from what he had first writ-  
 ten in his Manuscript,

— Now to my trains,  
 And to my Mother's charms —

for the charms described are not  
 from the classical pharmacopœa,  
 but the Gothic. Warburton.

153. — *Thus I hurl &c]* The  
 lines following were thus in the  
 Manuscript at first.

*My powder'd spells into the spongy  
 air*

*Of pow'r to cheat the eye with  
 sleight [or blind] illusion,*

*And give it false presentments,  
 else the place &c.*

164. *And hug him into snares.]*  
 So corrected in the Manuscript  
 from

*And hug him into nets.*

167. *Whom thrift keeps up about  
 his country gear.]* Here is a  
 strange

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 105

And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165  
I shall appear some harmless villager,  
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,  
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170  
My best guide now; methought it was the sound  
Of riot and ill manag'd merriment,  
Such as the jocond flute, or gamesome pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds, 174  
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,

In

strange mistake in the edition of the poems printed in 1673, which has implicitly been follow'd in some other editions. This whole verse is omitted, and the two following are transposed thus,

I shall appear some harmless villager,  
And hearken, if I may, her business here.  
But here she comes, I fairly step aside.

We have restored the true reading according to the author's Manuscript, and according to the first edition of the Mask in 1637, and

according to the first edition of the poems in 1645. The last line in some editions is varied thus,

And hearken, if I may, her business hear.

But Milton's own is much properer and better,

And hearken, if I may, her business here.

170.— *if mine ear*] Manuscript, *if my ear*.

175.— *granges full*,] The Manuscript had at first *garners*, which was alter'd with judgment. Two rural scenes of festivity are alluded to,



106 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath  
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence  
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet

180

In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side

185

To

to the spring [*teeming flocks*] and the autumn [*granges full*] sheep-shearing and harvest-home. But the time when the *garners* are full is in winter, when the corn is thrashed. Warburton.

179. Of such late wassailers;] An ingenious author, who should best know the force of English words, as he is employed in drawing up an English dictionary, gives this account of the origin of the word wassailer. *Hail or beil* for *health* was in such continual use among the good-fellows of ancient times, that a drinker was called a *was-beiler* or a *wisher of health*, and the liquor was termed *was-beil*, because *health* was so often *wished* over it. Thus in the lines of Han-

vii the monk,  
Jamque vagante scypho, dis-  
cincto gutture was-beil,

Ingeminant was-beil: labor est  
plus perdere vini  
Quam fitis. —

These words were afterwards corrupted into *wassail* and *wassailer*. See Miscellaneous Observations on Macbeth p. 41. So Shakespear in Hamlet. Act 1. Sc. 7.

The king doth wake to night,  
and takes his rouse,  
Keeps wassail, &c.

181. In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?] In the Manuscript it was at first

In the blind alleys of this arched wood.

189. Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,] A palmer is a pilgrim, bearing branches of palm from the Holy

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 107

To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, 189  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labor of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest  
 They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me ; else O thievish Night 195  
 Why

Holy Land, whither he made a  
 vow to go, and is therefore called  
*votarist*. In *palmer's weed*, and so  
 Spenser, Faery Queen. B. 2. Cant.  
 1. St. 52.

— I wrap myself in *palmer's*  
*weed*.

In Milton's Manuscript it is *weeds* :  
 and as he compares the *gray* even-  
 ing to the palmer or pilgrim, so he  
 does the *gray* morning for the  
 same reason. *Paradise Regain'd*,  
 IV. 426.

— till morning fair  
 Came forth *with pilgrim steps in*  
*anice gray*.

190. — *of Phœbus' wain*.] In  
 the Manuscript it was at first

— of Phœbus' *chair*.

193. *They had engag'd &c*] These

two lines run thus at first in the  
 Manuscript.

They had engag'd their *youthly*  
*steps too far*  
*To the soon-parting light* ; and en-  
 vious darkness &c.

195. *Had stole them from me* ;]  
 In the Manuscript, and in the first  
 edition of 1637 it is *stole*.

195. — *else O thievish Night &c*] This is extremely low in the midst  
 of a speech of so much gravity  
 and dignity. But the candid reader  
 will impute it, no doubt, to our  
 poet's condescension to that pre-  
 vailing fondness for this kind of  
 false wit about the time in which  
 he wrote. *Thyer*.

I suppose Dr. Dalton was of the  
 same opinion, for he has omitted  
 these lines in *Comus*, as he adapted  
 it for the stage.

169. — 12

108 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Why should'st thou, but for some fellonious end,  
In thy dark lanthorn thus close up the stars,  
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misl'd and lonely traveller ? 200

This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rise, and perfect in my list'ning ear,  
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies 205  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
And aery tongues, that syllable mens names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210  
The

199. — *to give due light*] He had first written in the Manuscript *their light*.

207. *Of calling shapes, &c*] This is perfectly agreeable to the superstitious notions of that age, and to the manner of his master Shakspeare, as Mr. Thyer also observes: and we may add, that so Fletcher in the Faithful Shepherdess Act 1. speaks

Of voices calling in the dead of night :

and Virgil Æn. IV. 460.

Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis  
Visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret.

208 — *that syllable mens names*] The Manuscript had first *that lure night-wanderers*; the other is the marginal reading.

214. *Thou bowering Angel &c*] In the



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 109

The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong fiding champion, conscience. ---  
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity; 215  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were  
 To keep my life and honor unaffail'd. 220  
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225

I

the edition of 1637 it was *flittering*: and so was it at first in the Manuscript too, where the following lines were thus written at first, and afterwards corrected.

And thou *unspotted* form of chastity;  
 I see ye visibly, and while I see  
 ye  
 This dusky hollow is a Paradise,  
 And Heav'n's gates o'er my head:  
 now I believe &c.

5

219. *Would send a glist'ring guardian*] In the Manuscript it was at first *cherub*.

221. *Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud*&c.] This presents us with one of the noblest images in nature, and as beautifully expressed. The author seems to have been sensible of its charms, and has therefore contrived to repeat it; and so artfully, that the repetition adds a new grace to it.

Warburton,  
 229.—are

I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new inliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

## S O N G.

**S**weet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
 Within thy aery shell, 231  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ; 235  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?

O

229.——are not far off.] In the Manuscript it is

—— are not far hence.

231. Within thy aery shell,] The horizon. Warburton.

The edition of this Mask with alterations for the stage hath *cell* instead of *shell* : but the common reading is much the best. The nymph is seated in a convex vehicle of air, which on account of its form is called a *testudo* or *shell*. And as all sound is communicated by the air, the poet hath very naturally assign'd her this aery ve-

hicle, whereby to receive and return its various impulses. *Testudo* or *shell* being a name also for a musical instrument, a lyre, which could give no sound but when it was struck upon, the word beautifully alludes to the nature of this vocal nymph ;

—— quæ nec reticere loquenti,  
 Nec prior ipsa loqui poterat resonabilis Echo.

Ovid. Met. III. 357. Calton.

I cannot but think *shell* the better word for the reasons assign'd :  
 but

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 111

O if thou have  
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,  
 Tell me but where, 240  
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

C O M U S.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence :  
 How sweetly did they flote upon the wings

Of

but yet it may be said to justify Dr. Dalton's alteration, that Milton hath also written *cell* in the margin of his Manuscript.

241. — *daughter of the sphere,*] Milton has given her a much nobler and more poetical original than any of the ancient mythologists. He supposes her to owe her first existence to the reverberation of the music of the spheres; in consequence of which he had just before called the horizon her *aery shell*. And from the Gods (like other celestial beings of the

classical order) she came down to men. Warburton.

244. *Can any mortal mixture &c.*] Before these words there is in the Manuscript, *Comus looks in and speaks*

249. *How sweetly did they flote upon the wings*

*Of silence,*] This is extremely poetical, and insinuates this sublime idea and imagery, that even silence herself was content to convey her mortal enemy, sound, on her wings, so greatly was she charmed with its harmony. Warburton.

251. *At*



Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smil'd ! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 255  
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium ; Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause :  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself ;  
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss

I

251. *At every fall smoothing the  
 raven down*

*Of darkness till it smil'd !]* The  
 poetical essence of darkness is to  
 frown. — But what we are to  
 suppose afforded this fine image to  
 Comus, is that *fable cloud*, which  
 the Lady says just at that time  
 turn'd forth her silver lining on the  
 night.

Warturton.

In the Manuscript, and in the edi-  
 tion of 1637 we read

Of darkness till *she* smil'd.

254. *Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled  
 Naiades &c]* It appears by the

Manuscript that this and the verse  
 following were added after the rest  
 in the margin. A *kirtle* is a wo-  
 man's gown; a word used by Chau-  
 cer, and Spenser, and Shakespear  
 in 2 Hen. IV. Act 2. Sc. 11. Fal-  
 staffe says to Dol, What will you  
 have a *kirtle* of ? and in one of his  
 Sonnets,

A cap of flowers, and a *kirtle*  
 Embroider'd all with leaves of  
 myrtle.

256. — *would take the prison'd  
 soul,*

*And*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 113

I never heard till now. I'll speak to her, 264  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog 269  
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

L A D Y.

Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is address'd to unattending ears;  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

C O M U S.

*And lap it in Elysium;*] Sublimely  
 express'd to imply the binding up  
 its rational faculties, and is opposed  
 to the *sober certainty of waking bliss*.  
 But the imagery is taken from  
 Shakespear who has employ'd it,  
 in praise of music, on twenty occa-  
 sions. Warburton.

257. — Scylla wept,  
*And chide &c.*] He had first writ-  
 ten,

— Scylla would weep  
 And chide, then Chiding her bark-  
 ing waves &c.  
 VOL. II.

See Paradise Lost, II. 260. and  
 1019. and the notes there.

268. *Dwell'st here with Pan, &c.*] In the Manuscript he had written  
 at first *Liv'st* here with Pan &c:  
 and see what he says of the Genius  
 of the wood in Arcade, and com-  
 pare it with this passage.

270 *To touch the prosp'rous growth  
 of this tall wood.*] We see by  
 the Manuscript with what judgment  
 Milton corrected. And in this  
 view the publication of it by the  
 learned and ingenious Mr. Birch  
 was very useful. In this line the  
 I Manu-

114 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

C O M U S.

What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

L A D Y.

Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

C O M U S.

Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

L A D Y.

They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

C O M U S.

By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

L A D Y.

To seek i'th' valley some cool friendly spring.

C O M U S.

And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

L A D Y.

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

C O M U S.

Manuscript had *prospering*, which Milton with judgment alter'd to *prosperous*; for *tall wood* implies *full grown*, to which *prosperous* agrees, but *prospering* implies it not to be full grown. Warburton.

279.—*from near-ushering guides?*] He had written at first *from their ushering hands*; and in the next verse, *They left me wearied*. The first alteration seems to be better than the last.

282. *To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.*] Here Mr. Sympfon observed with me, that this is a different reason from what she had assign'd before ver. 186.

To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit &c. They might have left her on both accounts.

290. *As smooth as Hebe's their un-razor'd lips.*] Virgil *Æn.* IX. 181.

Ora



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 115

C O M U S.

Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them. 285

L A D Y.

How easy my misfortune is to hit !

C O M U S.

Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

L A D Y.

No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

C O M U S.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

L A D Y.

As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

C O M U S.

Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox  
In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And

Ora puer primâ signans intonsa  
juventâ. *Richardson.*

291. *Two such I saw, what time  
the labor'd ox &c.]* In the Ma-  
nuscript it is *Such two*: and the  
notation of time is in the pastoral  
manner, as in Virgil. Ecl. II. 66.

Aspice, aratra jugo referunt sus-  
pensa juvenci:  
and in Horace Od. III. VI. 41.

—sol ubi montium  
Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret  
Bobus fatigatis.

The Greeks have a single word  
that expresses the whole very hap-  
pily, βουλευτὸν *tempus quo boves sol-  
vuntur*, as in Homer Iliad. XVI.  
779.

Ημεῖς δ' ἡλιῶν μετασίσσεται  
βουλευτορδε.

I 2

293. And

116 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

And the fwinkt hedger at his supper fat;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood:  
 I took it for a faëry vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element,  
 That in the colors of the rainbow live, 300  
 And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,  
 And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven,  
 To help you find them.

L A D Y.

Gentle Villager,

What

293. *And the fwinkt hedger*] The *fwinkt* hedger is the same as the *labor'd* ox, *tir'd*, *fatigu'd*. To *fwink* is to work, to labor, as in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. 2. Cant. 7. St. 8.

For which men *fwink* and sweat incessantly.

297. *Their port was more than human, as they stood:*] We have followed the pointing of Milton's two editions in 1645 and 1673, which indeed we generally follow. The edition of 1637 points it otherwise,

Their port was more than human; as they stood, &c.

and this is follow'd by Dr. Dalton. Milton's Manuscript has no pointing here to direct us.

299. *Of some gay creatures of the element,*] In the north of England this term is still made use of for the sky. Thyer.

301. *And play i'th' plighted clouds.*] By using *plighted* here, instead of the more common word *plaited*, an unpleasant consonance was avoided — and *play i'th' plaited clouds*. Spenser

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 117

What readiest way would bring me to that place? 305

C O M U S.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

L A D Y.

To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,  
In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practic'd feet. 310

C O M U S.

I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;  
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd, 315  
Or

Spenser hath *plight* for *plait* or  
*plaight*. Faery Queen B. 2. Cant. 3.  
St. 26.

All in a filken Camus lilly white,  
Parfled upon with many a *folded*  
*plight* :

and again Cant. 6. St. 7. *plight*  
is a participle for *plighted* or *plat-*  
*ted*.

With gaudy garlands, or fresh  
flowrets dight  
About her neck, or rings of  
rushes *plight*. Calton.

304. *To help you find them.*] In  
the Manuscript he had written at  
first — *find them out*.

310. *Without the sure guess of—*]  
He alter'd the Manuscript, but he  
had written at first

Without *sure steerage* of—

312. *Dingle, or bushy dell of this*  
*wild wood, &c.*] It was at first  
in the Manuscript *wide* wood.  
Here Mr. Seward imagines that  
Milton imitated Fletcher. Faithful  
Shepherdes. Act 4.



118 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark  
 From her thatcht pallat rouse; if otherwise  
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320  
 Till further quest.

L A D Y.

Shepherd, I take thy word,

And

—and since have crost  
 All these woods over, ne'er a  
 nook or dell,  
 Where any little bird or beast  
 doth dwell,  
 But I have fought him, ne'er a  
 bending brow  
 Of any hill, or glade the wind  
 sings through &c.

But here are some words which want explanation. Mr. Peck asserts that there is no such substantive in our language as *dingle*; but according to Baily it is a narrow valley between two steep hills, and Mr. Thyer of Manchester says, that the word is very commonly used in that part of the kingdom, and Ben. Johnson has the word *dimble* in the same sense. *Dell* is used by Fletcher at the beginning of the Faithful Shepherdess, besides in the passage above quoted,

Nor the shrill pleasing sound of  
 merry pipes

Under some shady *dell*:

And by Spenser in his Shepherd's  
 Calendar, March, speaking of a  
 sheep,

Fell headlong into a *dell*.

It plainly signifies a steep place or valley, and is much the same as *dale*. And every *bosky bourn*. *Bosky* is woody, from the Belgian *bosche* and the Italian *bosco* a wood, says Skinner. It is used by Shakespear. Tempest Act 4. Sc. 3.

My *bosky* acres, and my un-  
 shrubb'd down:

and 1 Hen. IV. Act 5. Sc. 1.

How bloodily the sun begins to  
 peer  
 Above yon *bosky* [bosky] hill!

*Bourn* is bound or limit from the French *borner*, and is thus used by Shakespear. Tempest. Act 2. Sc. 1.

*Bourn,*

And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 325  
And yet is most pretended: In a place  
Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial

To

*Bourn*, bound of land, tilth, vine-  
yard, none.

Antony and Cleopatra. Act 1. Sc. 1.

I'll set a *bourn* how far to be  
belov'd.

Hamlet. Act 3. Sc. 2.

That undiscover'd country, from  
whose *bourn*

No traveller returns —

And in Lear Dover Cliff is called  
*chalky bourn*. Act 4. Sc. 6.

From the dread summit of this  
*chalky bourn*.

316. Or *shroud within these limits*,]  
He had written at first

Within these *shroudie* limits —

321. *Till further quest*.] He had  
added in the Manuscript *be made*,  
but afterwards blotted it out,

*Till further quest be made*.

324. *With smoky rafters*,] It was

at first *And smoky rafters*. The  
sentiment here is the same as in  
Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, Cant.  
14. St. 62. of the original, and 52  
of Harrington's translation,

As courtesy oftentimes in simple  
bow'rs,

Is found as great as in the stately  
tow'rs.

325. *And courts of princes, where  
it first was nam'd*,] This is  
plainly taken from Spenser, Faery  
Queen, B. 6. Cant. 1. St. 1.

Of court, it seems, men courtesy  
do call,

For that it there most useth to  
abound;

as Mr. Symphon perceiv'd with me.

529. ——— *and square my trial*]  
The Manuscript had at first

—— and square *this* trial :

and at the end of the speech is  
*Exeunt*, and at the begining of  
I 4 the

To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. 330

The two BROTHERS.

ELDER BROTHER.

Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,  
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades ; 335  
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up

With

the next scene, *The two brothers enter* : and in the Manuscript the two brothers are all along distinguished by 1 *Bro.* and 2 *Bro.*

332. *That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,*] Mr. Thyer and Mr. Richardson here saw with me, that there was an allusion to Spenser. Faery Queen. B. 3. Cant. 1. St. 43.

As when fair Cynthia, in dark-  
some night,  
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,  
Where she may find the substance  
thin and light,  
Breaks forth her silver beams,  
and her bright head  
Discovers to the world discom-  
fited ;  
*Of the poor traveller that went  
astray,  
With thousand blessings she is be-  
ried.*

333 *Stoop thy pale visage through  
an amber cloud,*] Popular or philosophical opinions have their use indifferently in poetry. And which soever it be, that affords the most beautiful image, whether that founded in the truth of things, or in the deceptions of sense, that is always to be preferred. But poets have neglected this obvious rule, and have run into two extremes. Those who affect to imitate the Ancients only use the first, and those who affect to show their superior knowledge, only the second. Warburton.

340 *With thy long levell'd rule.*] It was at first in the Manuscript,

With a long levell'd rule —

341. — *our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.*] Our greater or lesser bear-star. Calisto the daughter of Lycaon king of Arcadia



With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
 Of some clay habitation, visit us  
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 340  
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2. BROTHER.

Or if our eyes  
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,  
 Or

cadia was changed into the greater bear called also *Helice*, and her son Arcas into the lesser, called also *Cynosura*, by observing of which the Tyrians and Sidonians steered their course, as the Grecian mariners did by the other. So Ovid. *Fast.* III. 107.

Esse duas Arctos; quarum Cynosura petatur  
 Sidoniis, Helicen Graia carina notet.

Valerius Flaccus I. 17.

—neque enim in Tyrias Cynosura carinas  
 Certior, aut Graiis Helice servanda magistris.

The *star of Arcady* may be explain'd to signify the lesser bear, and so Mr. Peck understands it: but Milton would hardly make use of two such different names for

the same thing, and distinguish them by the disjunctive *or* between them. The *star of Arcady*, like *Arcadium sidus*, may be a general name for the greater and the lesser bear, as in Seneca, *Oedip.* 476.

Quasque despectat vertice summo  
*Sidus Arcadium*, geminumque  
 plaustrum :

but the following words *or Tyrian Cynosure* show evidently, that by the former is meant the greater bear, as by the latter is plainly meant the lesser.

344. The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,] Folded flocks makes the other part of the line a mere expletive. Had Milton wrote *bleating flocks*, what followed had been fine, and it had agreed better with what went before.

Warburton.

349. In

Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops, 345  
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing  
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister, 350  
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?  
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears. 355  
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,  
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
 Of

349. *In this close dungeon*] So alter'd in the Manuscript from

*In this sad dungeon —*

350. *But O that hapless Virgin,*  
 &c.] Instead of the lines from this  
 to ver. 366. the Manuscript had  
 these following,

But oh that hapless Virgin, our  
 lost Sister,  
 Where may she wander now,  
 whither betake her  
 From the chill dew *in this dead*  
*solitude?*

*or surrounding wild?*

Perhaps some cold bank is her  
 bolster now,

Or 'gainst the rugged bark of  
 some broad elm

*She leans her thoughtful head  
 musing at our unkindness,*

*Or lost in wild amazement and  
 affright*

*So fares, as did forsaken Proser-*  
*pine,*

*When the big wallowing flakes of  
 pitchy clouds*

*And darkness wound her in.*

*I Bro. Peace, Brother, peace.*

*I do not think my Sister &c.*

These lines were alter'd, and the  
 others

Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

ELDER BROTHER.

Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite  
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360  
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion? 365  
 I do not think my Sister so to seek,  
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise

(Not

others added afterwards on a separate scrap of paper.

358. *Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?*] The hunger of savage beasts, or the lust of men as savage as they. This appears evidently from the context to be the sense of the passage; and I should not have mention'd it, if two very ingenious persons had not mistaken it. The alliteration might help perhaps to determin Milton to the choice of this word; and *lust* would have been too strong an expression for the younger brother, who rather insinuates than openly declares his fears.

359. — *be not over-exquisite To cast the fashion*] A metaphor taken from the founder's art.

Warburton.

361. *For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,*] This line obscures the thought, and loads the expression. It had been better out, as any one may see by reading the passage without it.

Warburton.

362. — *his date of grief,*] The Manuscript had at first

— *the date of grief.*

365. — *such self-delusion?*] It was at first — *this self-delusion.*

371. *Could*



124 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.  
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self 375  
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
 Where with her best nurse contemplation  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 380  
 He that has light within his own clear breast

May

371. *Could stir the constant mood*] The Manuscript had *stable*, but Milton corrected it to *constant mood*; for *stable* gives the idea of *rest*, when the poet was to give the idea of *action* or *motion*, which *constant* does give. Warburton.

373. *Virtue could see to do what virtue would*

*By her own radiant light, &c.*]

This noble sentiment was inspir'd from Spenser, as Mr. Richardson and Mr. Thyer perceiv'd with me. Faery Queen, B. 1. Cant. 1. St. 12.

Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade.

375. — *And wisdom's self &c.*]

Mr. Pope has imitated this thought;

and (as was always his way when he imitated) improved it.

Bear me some God! oh quickly  
 bear me hence  
 To wholesome solitude, the nurse  
 of sense:

Where contemplation prunes her  
 ruffled wings,  
 And the free soul looks down to  
 pity kings.

Mr. Pope, I say, has not only improved the harmony but the sense. In Milton, *contemplation* is called the *nurse*; in Pope, more properly *solitude*: in Milton *wisdom* is said to *prune her wings*; in Pope, *contemplation* is said to do it, and with much greater propriety, as she is of a *soaring* nature, and on that account

May sit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day:  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

2. BROTHER.

'Tis most true, 385  
That musing meditation most affects  
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,  
And fits as safe as in a senate house;  
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390  
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,

Or

account is called by Milton himself  
the *Cherub Contemplation*.

Warburton.

376. *Oft seeks to sweet retired  
solitude,*] At first he had writ-  
ten the verse thus,

Oft seeks to solitary sweet retire.

381. *He that has light &c]* This  
whole speech is a remarkably fine  
encomium on the force of virtue:  
but there is something so vastly  
striking and astonishing in these last  
five lines, that it is impossible to  
pass them over without stopping to  
admire and enjoy them. I don't  
know any place in the whole circle  
of his poetical performances, where  
dignity of sentiment and sublimity  
of expression are so happily united.

Thyer.

384. *Benighted walks &c]* In-  
stead of these two lines the poet  
had written at first,

Walks in black vapors, though  
the noontide brand  
Blaze in the summer solstice.

Afterwards he blotted them out,  
and made this alteration much for  
the better.

388. — *of men and herds,*] It  
was at first — men or herds.

390. *For who would rob &c]*  
These two lines at first stood thus  
in the Manuscript.

For who would rob a hermit of  
his beads,  
His books, his hairy gown, or  
maple dish.

400.—as

126 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon-watch with uninchant'd eye, 395  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of misers treasure by an out-law's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night, or loneliness it reck's me not;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of

400. — as *bid me hope*] The first reading was,  
 — as *bid me think*.

403. *Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.*] The verse was at first,

Uninjur'd in this *vast and hideous*  
*wild*:

and at present it stands in the Manuscript,

Uninjur'd in this *wide* surrounding waste:

and I know not whether *wide* is not better than *wild*, which seems to be sufficiently implied in *waste*.

409. *Secure with all doubt, or controversy:*

*Yet where an equal poise &c.*] Instead of these lines are the following in the Manuscript.

Secure without all doubt or question; no:  
*I could be willing though now i'th' dark to try*

A



Of our unowned Sister.

ELDER BROTHER.

I do not, Brother,  
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy :  
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410  
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My Sister is not so defenseless left  
 As you imagin; she' has a hidden strength 415  
 Which you remember not.

2. BROTHER.

What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

ELDER

*A tough encounter with the flag-  
 giest ruffian,  
 That lurks by hedge or lane of this  
 dead circuit,  
 To have her by my side, though I  
 were sure  
 She might be free from peril where  
 she is.  
 But where an equal poise of hope  
 and fear &c.*

For encounter he had written at first  
*passado*, and for hope and fear, *hopes*  
 and fears.

413. — *squint suspicion.*] Allud-  
 ing probably in this epithet to Spen-  
 ser's description of *Suspicion* in his  
*Mask of Cupid. Faery Queen, B. 3.*  
*Cant. 12. St. 15.*

For he was foul, ill-favoured  
 and grim,  
 Under his eye-brows looking still  
 ascaunce &c. *Thyer.*

415. *As you imagine; &c.*] This  
 verse is redundant in the Manu-  
 script,

*As you imagin, Brother; she has  
 a hidden strength.*

128 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

ELDER BROTHER.

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :  
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity : 420  
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,  
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen  
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,  
Where through the sacred rays of chastity, 425  
No

421. *She that has that, is clad in complete steel, &c.]* He has finely improved here upon Horace Od. l. XXII. 1.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus  
&c:

and the phrase of *complete steel* is borrow'd from Shakespear. Hamlet speaking to the Ghost. Act 1. Sc. 7.

— What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corpse, again  
in *complete steel*  
Revisitst thus the glimpses of the  
moon ?

And the lines following, before they were corrected, were thus in the Manuscript,

She that has that, is clad in complete steel,  
And may on every needful accident,  
Be it not done in pride or wilful  
tempting,

*Walk through huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths, Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds, Where through the sacred awe of chastity, No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer Shall dare to foil her virgin purity.*

422. *And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen]* I make no doubt but Milton in this passage had his eye upon Spenser's *Belphebe*, whose character, arms, and manner of life perfectly correspond with this description. What makes it the more certain is, that Spenser intended under that personage to represent the virtue of *Chastity*. Thus in the introduction to the third book of his *Faery Queen*, complimenting his virgin sovran Queen Elizabeth, he says  
But either Gloriana let her choose,  
Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to be :  
In

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 129

No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer  
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity :  
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells  
 By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, 430  
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
 Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,  
 That

In th' one her rule, in th' other her  
 rare chastity. *Tbyer.*

424. *Infamous hills,*] Expressed  
 from Horace Od. I. III. 20.

*Infames scopulos Acroceraunia.*

428. *Yea there,*] In the Manu-  
 script it is *Yea ev'n* where &c.

429. *By grots, and caverns shagg'd  
 with horrid shades,*] This verse  
 Mr. Pope has adopted in his *Eloisa*  
 to *Abelard*.

*Ye grots, and caverns shagg'd  
 with horrid thorn.*

430. *She may pass on with un-  
 blench'd majesty,*] So *Hamlet*  
 speaking of the king, at the con-  
 clusion of Act the second,

— I'll observe his looks,  
 Ill tent him to the quick; if he  
 but blench,  
 I know my course. — *Tbyer.*

432. *Some say no evil thing that  
 walks by night, &c]* There are  
 Vol. II.

several such beautiful allusions to  
 the vulgar superstitions in Shake-  
 spear; but here Milton had his eye  
 particularly on Fletcher's *Faithful*  
*Shepherdes*, Act 1. He has bor-  
 row'd the sentiment, but raised and  
 improved the diction.

Yet I have heard, my mother  
 told it me,  
 And now I do believe it, if I  
 keep  
 My virgin flow'r uncropt, pure,  
 chaste, and fair,  
 No goblin, wood-god, faery, elf,  
 or fiend,  
 Satyr, or other pow'r that haunts  
 the groves,  
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain  
 illusion  
 Draw me to wander after idle  
 fires: &c.

433. — *or moorish fen,*] The  
 Manuscript has *moory fen*: and in  
 the next line for *meager hag* was at  
 first *wrinkled hag*.

K

435. *That*



That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time, 435  
 No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,  
 Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.  
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
 To testify the arms of chastity? 440  
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness  
 And spotted mountain pard, and set at nought  
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men 445  
 Fear'd

435. *That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,*] A *laid* ghost indeed might be said to be bound in *magic chains*, because the popular superstition was that they were laid by the charms of magicians. But this is an *unlaid* ghost, on which account I suppose the poet wrote *mythic* chains. Warburton.

436. — *swart faery of the mine,*] *Swart* or *swarthy*. See the note on *Paradise Lost*, I. 684.

441. *Hence had the huntress &c.*] Milton, I fancy, took the hint of this beautiful mythological interpretation from a dialogue of Lucian's betwixt Venus and Cupid, where the mother asking her son how, after having attacked all the other deities, he came to spare Mi-

nerva and Diana, Cupid replies, that the former look'd so fiercely at him, and frighten'd him so with the Gorgon head which she wore upon her breast, that he durst not meddle with her — και ορα δε δριμυ, και επι τη γηθης εχει προσωπον τι φοβερων, εχιδαις κατακομον, ουπερ εγω μαλιστα διδω μορμολυττειται γαρ με, και φευγω οταν ιδω αυτο. p. 84. Ed. Bourdelot — and that as to Diana she was always so employ'd in hunting, that he could not catch her — υδε καταλαβειν αυτην οιοιτε, φευγαν αι δια των ορων. Ibid.

*Thyer.*

445. *The frivolous bolt of Cupid;*] *Bolt* was anciently a very common term for *arrow*. Witness the old proverb,

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 131

Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th'  
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,  
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450  
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence  
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?  
So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her 455

Driving

proverb, The fool's bolt is soon  
shot. Peck.

448.—*unconquer'd virgin,*] He  
wrote at first *eternal*, then *unvan-*  
*quish'd*, at last *unconquer'd*; and with  
great propriety, for in Greek au-  
thors Minerva is often called *αδω-*  
*μας*· *Δία*, and *ωαγεθω*· *αδμης*.

452. *With sudden adoration, and*  
*blank awe?*] It was at first,

*With sudden adoration of her*  
*pureness:*  
this he alter'd to *of bright rays*, and  
then to *and blank awe*.

453. *So dear to Heav'n is faintly*  
*chastity, &c]* So Spenser, re-  
lating how Florimel, in danger of  
being ravished, was deliver'd by

Proteus, breaks out into a reflec-  
tion of the same kind. Faery  
Queen, B. 3. Cant. 8. St. 29.

See how the Heav'ns of volun-  
tary grace,  
And sovereign favor towards  
chastity,  
Do succour send to her distressed  
case:  
So much high God doth inno-  
cence embrace. Thyer.

454. *That when a soul is found*  
*sincerely so,*] It was at first in  
the Manuscript,

*That when it finds a soul fin-*  
*cerely so.*

The alteration makes the sense ra-  
ther plainer.

K 2

461. *The*

132 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin, 465  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,

Imbodies,

461. *The unpolluted temple of the mind,*] For this beautiful metaphor he was probably indebted to Scripture. John II. 21. *He spake of the temple of his body.* And Shakespear has the same. *Tempest, Act 1. Sc. 6.*

There's nothing ill can dwell in  
 such a temple.  
 If the ill spirit have so fair an  
 house,  
 Good things will strive to dwell  
 with't.

462. *And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,*] This is agreeable to the system of the materialists, of which Milton was one.

Warburton.

The same notion of *body's working up to spirit* Milton afterwards introduced into his *Paradise Lost*, V. 469. &c. which is there, I think, liable to some objection, as he was entirely at liberty to have chosen a more rational system, and as it is also put into the mouth of an Arch-Angel. But in this place it falls in so well with the poet's design, gives such force and strength to this encomium on chastity, and carries in it such a dignity of sentiment, that however repugnant it may be to our philosophic ideas, it cannot miss striking and delighting every virtuous and intelligent reader. Thyer.

465. *But*



Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchers,  
 Ling'ring, and fitting by a new made grave,  
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state. 475

2. BROTHER.

How charming is divine philosophy !  
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,

And

465. *But most by leud and lavish  
 act of sin,*] In the Manuscript  
 it is *And most &c* : and instead of  
*leud and lavish* he had written at  
 first,

And most by *the lascivious act  
 of sin.*

467. *The soul grows clotted &c*] Our author has here improved his poetry by philosophy. These notions of the soul's growing corporeal by indulging corporeal pleasures, and of its being seen after death among tombs and sepulchers, as if it still longed after the body, are borrowed from Plato's *Phædo*. See Plato's Works, Vol. I. p. 81.

and 83. Edit. Henr. Steph. And when the other brother replies

How charming is *divine philosophy* !

he means the philosophy of Plato, who was distinguish'd among the Ancients by the name of the *divine*.

472. *Ling'ring and fitting by a  
 new made grave,*] In the Manuscript, and in the edition of 1637, it is

*Hovering, and fitting, &c.*

478. *But musical as is Apollo's  
 lute,*] Milton probably took this comparison from Shakespear's *Love's Labor's Lost*, Act 4. Sc. 4.

134 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

ELDER BROTHER.

Lift, lift, I hear  
Some far off hallow break the silent air.

480

2. BROTHER.

Methought so too ; what should it be ?

ELDER BROTHER.

For certain  
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,  
Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485

2. BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my Sister. Again, again, and near ;  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

ELDER

tho' there it is apply'd upon another occasion.

— as sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung  
with his hair.

He has something of the same  
thought again in Paradise Regain'd,  
I. 479.

Smooth on the tongue discours'd,  
pleasing to th' ear,  
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or  
song.

480. — *Lift, lift, I hear &c* ]  
He had written at first,

— *Lift, lift, methought I heard &c* :  
and in the Manuscript is a marginal  
direction, *hallow far off*.

485. *Some roving robber calling to  
his fellows.* ] The Trinity Ma-  
nuscript had at first,

*Some curl'd man of the sword  
calling &c* :

which alluded to the fashion of the  
Court

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 135

ELDER BROTHER.

I'll hallow ;  
If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,  
Defense is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.  
That hallow I should know, what are you ? speak ;  
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else. 491

SPIRIT.

What voice is that ? my young Lord ? speak again.

2. BROTHER.

O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft delay'd  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 495  
And

Court Gallants of that time : and  
what follows continues the allu-  
sion,

Had best look to his forehead,  
here be brambles.

But I suppose he thought it might  
give offence : and he was not yet  
come to an open defiance with the  
court. Warburton.

489. *Defense is a good cause, and  
Heav'n be for us.* This verse  
was well substituted in the room of  
that just quoted,

*Had best look to his forehead, here  
be brambles.*

And then follows in the Manuscript,  
*He hallows, the guardian Dæmon  
hallows again, and enters in the ha-  
bit of a shepherd.*

491. — iron stakes] It was at  
first in the Manuscript, pointed  
stakes.

494. *Thyrsis ? whose artful strains  
&c]* This no doubt was intended  
as a compliment to Mr. Lawes up-



136 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.  
 How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any ram  
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
 Or straggling weather the pent flock forfok?  
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPIRIT.

O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy, 501  
 I came not here on such a trivial toy  
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth  
 That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought  
 To this my errand, and the care it brought. 506  
 But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?  
 How chance she is not in your company?

ELDER BROTHER.

To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,  
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

SPIRIT.

on his musical compositions; and a very fine one it is, and more genteel than that which we took notice of before, as that was put into his own mouth, but this is spoken by another.

496. — *of the dale.*] In the Manuscript it was at first

— *of the valley.*

497. *How cam'st thou here, good Swain? &c.*] In the Manuscript it is *good Shepherd*: but that agrees not so well with the measure of the verse. And in the next verse the Manuscript had at first *Leap'd o'er the pen*, which was corrected into *Slipt from his fold*, as it is in the Manuscript, or *the fold*, as in all the editions.

509. To

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 137

SPIRIT.

Ay me unhappy ! then my fears are true.

ELDER BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyrsis ? Prethee briefly shew.

SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye ; 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance) \\  
 What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,  
 Story'd of old in high immortal verse, 516  
 Of dire chimeras and enchanted iles,  
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Heil;  
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520  
 Immur'd in cyprus shades a forcerer dwells,  
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,  
 And here to every thirsty wanderer

By

509. *To tell thee sadly, Shepherd,*] *Sadly*, soberly, seriously, as the word is frequently used by our old authors, and in *Paradise Lost*, VI. 541. where see the note.

512. *What fears, good Thyrsis ?*] He had written at first *good Shepherd* : but this was alter'd to *good Thyrsis* for variety, as he had just

before address'd him by the name of *Shepherd*.

513. *I'll tell ye ;*] In the Manuscript, and edition of 1637 it is, *I'll tell you*.

520. *Within the navel*] That is in the midst, a phrase borrowed from the Greeks and Latins.

523. *Deep skill'd*] He had written at first *Enur'd*.

530. *Cba.*

138 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525  
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
 Fixes instead, unmolding reason's mintage  
 Charácter'd in the face ; this I have learnt 530  
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,  
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night  
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535  
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.  
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
 To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sence  
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

This

530 *Charácter'd in the face ;* ]  
 The word is often pronounced  
 with this accent by our old writers.  
 So Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 3.  
 Cant. 3. St. 14.

And writing strange *charácters* in  
 the ground.

So Shakespear, Two Gentlemen  
 of Verona, Act 2. Sc. 10.

Who art the table wherein all  
 my thoughts  
 Are visibly *charácter'd* and in-  
 grav'd.

And 2 Henry VI. Act 3. Sc. 4.

Show me one scar *charácter'd* on  
 thy skin.

531. — *i' th' hilly crofts,*] He  
 had written at first *i' th' pastur'd  
 lawns*, which agrees not so well  
 with what follows.

534. *Like stabled wolves, or ti-  
 gers at their prey,*] This com-  
 parison in all probability was form'd  
 from what Virgil says of Circe's  
 island, *Æn.* VII. 15.

Hinc



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 139

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540  
 Had ta'en their supper on the favory herb  
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
 With ivy canopied, and interwove  
 With flaunting honey-suckle, and began, 545  
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close  
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550  
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,  
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
 Gave respite to the drousy flighted steeds,  
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;

At

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque  
 leonum

— ac formæ magnorum ululare  
 luporum :

Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæ-  
 va potentibus herbis

Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga  
 ferarum.

542. *Of knot-grass dew-besprent,*]

This species of grass is men-  
 tion'd in Shakespear's *Midsum-  
 mer Night's Dream*, Act 3. Sc. 7.  
 And *dew-besprent* is sprinkled with

dew. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calen-  
 dar* December,

My head *besprent* with hoary frost  
 I find.

Fairfax, *Cant.* 12. St. 101.

His silver locks with dust he  
 foul *besprent*.

545. *With flaunting honey-suckle,*]  
 It was at first *spreading* or *blowing*.

553. — *the drousy flighted steeds,*  
*That draw the litter of close-cur-*  
*tain'd sleep;*] So I read *drousy-*  
*flighted*

At last a soft and solemn breathing sound 555  
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more  
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,  
 And took in strains that might create a soul

Under

*flighted* according to Milton's Manuscript; and this genuin reading Dr. Dalton has also preserved in *Comus*. *Drousy-flighted* is nonsense, and manifestly an error of the press in all the editions. There can be no doubt that in this passage Milton had his eye upon the following description of night in Shakespear, 2 Henry VI. Act 4. Sc. 1.

And now loud howling wolves  
 arouse the jades,  
 That drag the tragic melancholy  
 night,  
 Who with their drousy, slow,  
 and flagging wings  
 Clip dead mens graves —

The idea and the expression of *drousy-flighted* in the one are plainly copied from *their drousy, slow, and flagging wings* in the other: and Fletcher in the Faithful Shepherdess has much the same image, Act 4.

Night, do not steal away: I woo  
 thee yet  
 To hold a hard hand o'er the  
 rusty bit

That guides thy *lasy* team.

And as Mr. Thyer farther observes, the epithet also of *close-curtain'd sleep* was perhaps borrow'd from Shakespear, Macbeth, Act 2. Sc. 2.

— and wicked dreams abuse  
*The curtain'd sleep.*

555. *At last a soft and solemn breathing sound &c.]* No doubt but that our poet in these charming lines imitated his favorite Shakespear, Twelfth Night at the beginning.

That strain again, it had a dy-  
 ing fall;  
 O, it came o'er my ear, like the  
 sweet south,  
 That breathes upon a bank of  
 violets,  
 Stealing and giving odor. —  
*Thyer.*

Before these two lines were corrected as they are at present, the author had written them thus,

At

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 141

Under the ribs of death : but O ere long  
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
 Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear Sister,  
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear, 565  
 And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,  
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !  
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
 Through

At last a *sweet* and solemn breathing  
 sound  
 Rose like a steam of *slow* distill'd  
 perfumes.

557.—*that even Silence &c*] We see in these three lines the luxury of a juvenile poet's fancy ; there is something more correct and manly in three words upon a like occasion in the *Paradise Lost*, IV. 604.

Silence was pleas'd —

But in a young genius there should always be something to lop and prune away. As Cicero says *De Orat.* II. 21. *volo esse in adolescentia, unde aliquid amputem.* If there is not something redundant in youth, there will be something deficient in age.

561.—*that might create a soul*  
*Under the ribs of death :*] The general image of creating a soul by harmony is again from Shakespeare. But the particular one of a soul under the ribs of death, which is extremely grotesque, is

taken from a picture in Alciat's emblems, where a soul in the figure of an infant is represented within the ribs of a skeleton, as in its prison. This curious picture is presented by Quarles. *Warburton.* *That might create a soul*, that is, says Mr. Sympson, *recreate anima* : and Mr. Theobald proposed to read *recreate*,

And took in strains might *recreate*  
 a soul :

but I presume they knew not of the allusion just mentioned.

563. *Too well I did perceive*] In the Manuscript it is

Too well I *might* perceive—

565.—*barrow'd with grief and fear,*] So in Shakespeare. *Hamlet* Act 1. Sc. 1. Horatio of the Ghost,

— it *barrows* me with fear  
 and wonder.

And Sc. 8. the Ghost to Hamlet,

I could a tale unfold, whose  
 lightest word

Would *barrow* up thy soul.

574. *The*



Through paths and turnings often trod by day,  
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570  
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in fly disguise  
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,  
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, 575  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
 Ye were the two she meant ; with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,  
 But further know I not.

## 2. BROTHER.

O night and shades, 580  
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,  
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin  
 Alone, and helpless ! Is this the confidence  
 You gave me, Brother ?

ELDER

574. *The aidless innocent Lady*] At first he had written *helpless*, but alter'd it, that word occurring again within a few lines afterwards.

589. *Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,*] Milton seems in this line to allude to the famous answer of the philosopher to a ty-

rant, who threaten'd him with death, *Thou may'st kill me, but thou canst not hurt me.* And it may be observed, that not only in this speech, but also in many others of this poem, our author has made great use of the noble and exalted sentiments of the Stoics  
 con-

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 143

ELDER BROTHER.

Yes, and keep it still,  
 Lean on it safely ; not a period 585  
 Shall be unsaid for me : against the threats  
 Of malice or of forcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,  
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd ; 590  
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :  
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself, 595  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd : if this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.  
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven 600  
 May

concerning the power of virtue.

*Thyer.*

597. *Self-fed, and self-consumed :*]  
 This image is wonderfully fine.  
 It is taken from the conjectures of  
 astronomers concerning the dark  
 spots, which from time to time  
 appear on the surface of the sun's

body, and after a while disappear  
 again, which they suppose to be the  
 scum of that fiery matter, which  
 first breeds it, and then breaks thro'  
 and consumes it. *Warburton,*

598. *The pillar'd firmament*] See  
*Paradise Regain'd*, IV. 455. and  
 the note there.

605. — or

144 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

May never this just sword be lifted up ;  
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
 With all the grisly legions that troop  
 Under the footy flag of Acheron, 604  
 Harpyes and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms  
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
 And force him to restore his purchase back,  
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
 Curs'd as his life.

S P I R I T.

605.—*or all the monstrous forms*] In Milton's Manuscript, and the edition of 1637 it is — or all the monstrous *bugs* ; which word was in more familiar use formerly, and hence *bugbear*.

607. — *to restore his purchase back,*] He had written at first

— *to release his new got prey.*

608. — *to a foul death,*  
*Curs'd as his life.*) In the Manuscript, and in the edition of 1637 it is

— *and cleave his scalp*  
*Down to the hips :*

and he has preserved the same image in his *Paradise Lost*, speaking of Moloch, VI. 361.

*Down cloven to the waste, with*  
*shatter'd arms*  
*And uncouth pain fled bellow-*  
*ing :*

and no wonder he was led to it by his favorite romances, and his favorite plays. Johnson has the same image in the *Fox*, Act 3. Sc. 8.

— O that his well driv'n sword  
 Had been so covetous to *have*  
*cleft me down*  
*Unto the navel.*

And Shakespear in *Macbeth*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

Till he unseam'd him *from the*  
*nave to th' chops.*

I know Mr. Warburton reads here

— *from the nape to th' chops,*

and supports it very ingeniously : but if any alteration were necessary, I should rather read

Till he unseam'd him *from the*  
*chops to th' nape.*

Nay Shakespear carries it so far as to make Coriolanus cleave men down



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 145

SPIRIT.

Alas! good ventrous Youth,  
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;      610  
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;  
 Far other arms, and other weapons must  
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:  
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,  
 And crumble all thy finews.

ELDER

down from head to foot. Coriolanus, Act 2. Sc. 6.

— his sword, (death's stamp)  
 Where it did mark, it took from  
 face to foot.

But notwithstanding these instances,  
 I believe every reader will agree  
 that Milton alter'd the passage  
 much for the better in the edition  
 of 1645.

Or drag him by the curls to a  
 foul death,  
 Curs'd as his life.

610. — and bold emprise;] See  
 the same, Paradise Lost, XI. 642.  
 Spenser uses the word, Faery Queen,  
 B. 2. Cant. 3. St. 35.

— whose warlike name  
 Is far renown'd through many a  
 bold emprise.

And Fairfax, Cant. 2. St. 77.  
 Vol. II.

If you achieve renown by this  
 emprise.

611. But here thy sword can do  
 thee little stead; &c] Virgil  
 Æn. II. 521.

Non tali auxilio, nec defensori-  
 bus istis

Tempus eget:

See Æn. VI. 290. Tasso, Cant. 15:  
 St. 49.      Richardson.

Before the poet had corrected this  
 line, he had written,

But here thy steel can do thee  
 small avail.

614. He with his bare wand can  
 unthred thy joints,  
 And crumble all thy finews.] He  
 had written at first,

He with his bare wand can un-  
 quilt thy joints,  
 And crumble every finew.

L

623. He

146 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

ELDER BROTHER.

Why prethee, Shepherd, 615  
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
As to make this relation?

SPIRIT.

Care and utmost shifts  
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620  
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,  
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:  
He

623. *He lov'd me well, &c]* I cannot help thinking that Milton design'd here a compliment to his schoolfellow and friend Charles Deodati, who was bred to the study of physic, and had an exceeding love for our author,

*Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,*

*Eleg. prim. ad Deodatum.*

and used to hear him repeat his verses,

*Te quoque pressa manent patriis  
meditata cicutis,*

*Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis  
instar eris.*

*Eleg. sext. ad Deodatum.*

and sometimes explain'd to him the nature and virtues of simples,

*Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua  
gramina, succos,  
Helleborumque, humilesque cro-  
cos, foliumque hyacinthi,  
Quasque habet ista palus herbas,  
artefque medentum.*

*Epitaph. Damonis.*

627. — *of a thousand names,]*  
It was at first

— *of a thousand hues.*

632. *But in another country, as he  
said,*

*Bore a bright golden flow'r, but  
not in this soil:*

*Unknown, and like esteem'd, &c]*

So these verses are read in Milton's own Manuscript, and in all his editions. For *like esteem'd* we have in Mr. Fenton's edition *little esteem'd*,  
and

He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken ev'n to extasy, 625  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And show me simples of a thousand names,  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties :  
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ; 630  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil :

Unknown,

and Mr. Warburton proposes to read *light esteem'd* : and Mr. Seward in Note 25 upon the Faithful Shepherdess has very ingeniously reformed the whole passage thus.

But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flow'r, but in this soil

Unknown and *light esteem'd*.

The middle verse indeed hath a redundant syllable ; and before I had seen or heard of Mr. Seward's emendation, I had proposed either to leave out the monosyllable *not*,

Bore a bright golden flow'r, but in this soil

Unknown and like esteem'd ;

or to leave out the monosyllable

*but*, to avoid its recurring in two lines together,

*But* in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flow'r, not in this soil :

Unknown, and like esteem'd, &c.

But then on the other hand it must be said, that such redundant or hypercatalectic verses sometimes occur in Milton. We had one a little before, ver. 605.

Harpyes, and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms.

And for *like esteem'd* I think it may be defended without any alteration. Unknown and *like esteem'd*, that is *Unknown* and *unesteem'd*, *Unknown* and *esteem'd* accordingly.

L 2

635.—clouted



148 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ; 635  
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly  
That Hermes once to wife Ulysses gave ;  
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,  
And bad me keep it as of sovran use 639  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
Or

635.—*clouted shoon* ;] So Shakespear, 2 Henry VI. Act 4. Sc. 3. Cade speaks,

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman ;  
Spare none but such as go in  
*clouted shoon*.

636. *And yet more med'cinal is it* &c] At first he had thus written these two lines,

And yet more med'cinal than  
that *ancient Moly*  
Which Mercury to wife Ulysses  
gave.

Our author hath formed the plan of this poem very much upon the episode of Circe in the *Odyssy* ; and here he himself plainly points out the parallel between them. The characters of Circe and her son Comus very much resemble each other. They have both of them a potent wand and enchanting cup, and the effects of both are much the same : and they are both to be opposed in the same manner with force and violence. Mercury

bids Ulysses to rush upon Circe with his drawn sword as if he would kill her. *Odyss. X. 294.*

Δη τότε συ ξίφος οξυ τεύσσας  
παρά μηρος  
Κίρην στραίξαι, ὥςτις κλαμύσαι με-  
ναιον.

and the attendant Spirit exhorts the two Brothers to assault Comus in the same manner,

— with dauntless hardihood,  
And brandish'd blade rush on  
him &c.

And they are both overcome in the same manner, Circe by the virtues of the herb *Moly*, which Mercury gave to Ulysses, and Comus by the virtues of *Hæmony* which the attendant Spirit gives to the two Brothers. But the parallel holds no farther. Our author varied here from his original with great judgment. The Lady is released in a much more decent and modest manner than the companions of Ulysses.

638. *He*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 149

Or ghastly furies apparition.  
 I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compell'd :  
 But now I find it true ; for by this means  
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd, 645  
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off : if you have this about you,  
 (As

638. *He call'd it Hæmony, &c]* I conceive this to be neither the *Anemone* nor the *Hemionion* described by Pliny, tho' their names are something alike : and it is in vain to inquire what it is ; I take it to be (like the *Moly* to which it is compar'd) a plant that grows only in poetical ground. It cannot be the *Hemionion* particularly, because Pliny says that this bears no flower. — *Hemionion* vocant, spargentem junco tenuis, folia parva, asperis locis nascentem, austero sapore, nunquam florentem. Lib. 25. Sect. 20. nec caulem, nec florem, nec semen habet. Id. Lib. 27. Sect. 17. And yet Mr. Thyer imagins it to be the same, and what in English we call *Spleenwort* : and if his conjecture be admitted, his subsequent reasoning is very ingenious. It is no unusual thing, says he, to find in the old writers upon the nature of herbs this virtue attributed to certain plants ; but I can meet with no authority for Milton's imputing it to *Hæmony* or *Spleenwort*. Perhaps

it may be thought refining too much to conjecture, that he meant to hint, that, as this root was esteemed a sovran remedy against the spleen, it must consequently be a preservative against enchantments, apparitions, &c. which are generally nothing else but the sickly fancies and imaginations of vapourish and splenetic complexions.

647. — *if you have this about you, &c]* In the Manuscript the following lines were thus written at first, and afterwards corrected.

(As I will give you *as we go* [or *on the way*]) you may  
 Boldly assault the *necromantic* hall ;  
 Where if he be, with *sudden violence*  
 And brandish'd *blades* rush on  
 him, break his glass,  
 And *pour* the luscious *potion* on  
 the ground,  
 And seize his wand.

150 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

(As I will give you when we go) you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650  
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
 But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew  
 Fierce sign of battel make, and menace high,  
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 655  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

E L D E R B R O T H E R.

Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,  
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us.  
 The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with  
 all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables  
 spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his  
 rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to  
 whom

651. — *break his glass*  
*And shed the luscious liquor on the*  
*ground,*  
*But seize his wand;]* This is in  
 imitation of Spenser, Faery Queen,  
 B. 2. Cant. 12. St. 49. where Sir  
 Guyon serves Pleasure's porter in  
 the same manner.

But he his idle courtesy defy'd,  
 And overthrew his bowl disdain-  
 fully,

And broke his staff, with which he  
 charmed semblants fly.

657. — *I'll follow thee, &c.]*  
 In the Manuscript it is *I follow thee,*  
 and the next line was at first,

And good Heav'n cast his best  
 regard upon us.

And then in the Manuscript the  
 stage direction is as follows. *The*  
*scene changes to a stately palace set*  
*out with all manner of deliciousness,*  
*tables*



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 151

whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

COMUS.

Nay, Lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,  
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660  
And you a statue, or as Daphne was  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LADY.

Fool, do not boast,  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
Thou hast immanacl'd, while Heav'n fees good. 665

COMUS.

Why are you vext, Lady ? why do you frown ?  
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger ; from these gates  
Sorrow flies far : See here be all the pleasures

That

*tables spread with all dainties. Comus is discover'd with his rabble : and the Lady set in an enchanted chair. She offers to rise.*

661. *And you a statue, &c]* In the Manuscript it was at first,

And you a statue *fixt* as Daphne  
was

Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

662. — *Fool, do not boast,*] He had written thus at first,

*Fool, thou art over-proud, do not boast.*

And this whole speech of the Lady, and the first line of the next speech of Comus were added in the margin ; for before, the first speech of Comus was continued thus,

Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Why do you frown ? &c.

668. — *See here be all the pleasures*

L 4

*That*

152 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season. 671

And first behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spi'rits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.  
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone 675  
In

*That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts, &c.]* This is a thought of Shakespear's, but vastly improved by our poet in the manner of expressing it. *Romeo and Juliet, Act 1. Sc. 3.*

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,  
When well-apparel'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads. *Thyer.*

673. *That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,]* This is an allusion to Prov. XXIII. 31. *Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; as well as another passage that we noted in Samson Agonistes.*

675. *Not that Nepenthes, &c.]* This *Nepenthes* is first mention'd and described by Homer, and we must fetch our account of it from the original author. *Odyss. IV. 219.*

Εἰθ' αὐτ' ἀλλ' εἰσησ' Ἑλένη Διός  
ἀργαυία.

Αὐτικ' ἀρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φαρμα-  
κόν, εἶθεν ἐπιπρόν,  
Νηπενθες τ' ἀχολοῖε, κακῶν ἐπι-  
ληθὸν ἀπάντων.  
Ὅς το καταβροχθίειν, ἐπὴν κρητὴρ  
μυγίη,  
Οὐκ αὖ ἐφημερίῳ γε βάλοι κα-  
τὰ δακρυ παρειῶν,  
Οὐδ' εἰ οἱ κατατιθείαιη μήτηρ τε  
πατὴρ τε,  
Οὐδ' εἰ οἱ προπαροιθεῖν ἀδελφεὸν, ἢ  
φίλον υἱόν,  
Χαλκῶ δῆϊομεν, ὃ δ' οφθαλμοῖσιν  
ὄρωτο.  
Τοια Διὸς θυγάτηρ ἔχει φαρμακῶν  
μητιοῦλα,  
Ἐσθλα, τὰ οἱ Πολυδάμεια ποιεῖν  
Θωὸς παρακοίτις,  
Αἰγυπλίη·

Mean time with genial joy to  
warm the soul,  
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-  
inspiring bowl:  
Temper'd with drugs of sov'reign  
use t'assuage  
The boiling bosom of tumultu-  
ous rage;

To

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 153

In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680  
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the covenants of her trust,

And

To clear the cloudy front of  
wrinkled care,  
And dry the tearful fluces of de-  
spair:  
Charm'd with that virtuous  
draught, th' exalted mind  
All sense of woe delivers to the  
wind.  
Tho' on the blazing pile his pa-  
rent lay,  
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his  
life away,  
Or darling son oppress'd by rus-  
sian force  
Fell breathless at his feet, a  
mangled corse,  
From morn to eve, impassive  
and serene,  
The man intranc'd would view  
the deathful scene.  
These drugs, so friendly to the  
joys of life,  
Bright Helen learn'd from  
Thone's imperial wife,  
Who sway'd the scepter, where  
prolific Nile &c. Fenton.

Notwithstanding the length of this  
quotation, I cannot forbear citing

Spenser's description of this cordial,  
and the moral improvement that  
he has made of it. *Faery Queer*,  
B. 4. Cant. 3. St. 43.

Nepenthe is a drink of sovereign  
grace,  
Devised by the Gods, for to as-  
suage  
Heart's grief, and bitter gall  
away to chase,  
Which stirs up anguish and con-  
tentious rage:  
Instead thereof sweet peace and  
quiet age  
It doth establish in the troubled  
mind.  
Few men, but such as sober are  
and sage,  
Are by the Gods to drink thereof  
assign'd;  
But such as drink, eternal happi-  
ness do find.

679. *Why should you &c*] Instead  
of the nine following lines, which  
were added afterwards in the Ma-  
nuscript, there was only this at first,  
*Poor Lady thou hast need of some  
refreshing*

*That hast been tir'd all day &c.*

689—but



154 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

And harshly deal like an ill borrower  
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,  
 Scorning the unexempt condition 685  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted; but fair Virgin,  
 This will restore all soon.

L A D Y.

'Twill not, false traitor, 690  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode  
 Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me! 695  
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;  
 Hast

689. — *but fair Virgin,*] It was  
 at first — *here fair Virgin*

695. *These ugly-headed monsters?*] In Milton's Manuscript, and in his editions it is *ougly* or *ougbly*, which is only an old way of writing *ugly*, as appears from several places in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and from Shakespear's *Sonnets* in the edition of the year 1609: and care must be taken that the word be not

mistaken, as some have mistaken it, for *owly-headed*, Comus's train being *headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts*.

698. — *and base forgery?*] In the Manuscript *forgeries*.

702. — *none*

*But such as are good men can give good things,*] This noble sentiment Milton has borrow'd from Euripides. *Medea*, ver. 618.

Kaxx

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 155

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery?  
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here  
 With liquorish baits fit to insnare a brute? 700  
 Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

C O M U S.

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.  
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth, 710  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Covering

Καὶ γὰρ ἀνδρῶν δὴν ὀνείδιον ἐν  
 ἔχῃ.

707. To those budge doctors of the  
 Stoic fur,] The Trinity Ma-  
 nuscript had at first *Stoic gown*,  
 which is better; for *budge* signifies  
*furr'd*: but I suppose by *Stoic fur*  
 Milton intended to explain the other  
 obsolete word, tho' he fell upon a  
 very inaccurate way of doing it.

Warburton.

710. Wherefore did Nature pour  
 her bounties forth,  
 With such a full and unwith-  
 drawing hand,]  
 Silius Italicus. XV. 55.

Quantas ipse Deus lætos gene-  
 ravit in usus  
 Res homini, plenaque dedit bo-  
 na gaudia dextra? *Richardson.*

712. Covering

156 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please, and fate the curious taste ?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd filk  
 To deck her sons, and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hutcht th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems  
 To store her children with : if all the world 720  
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unprais'd,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master, 725  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,

And

712. *Covering the earth, &c* ]  
 These verses were thus at first in  
 the Manuscript,

Covering the earth with odors,  
 and with fruits,  
 Cramming the seas with spawn  
 innumerable,  
 The fields with cattle, and the air  
 with fowl, &c.

717. *To deck her sons,* ] So he had  
 written at first, then alter'd it to  
*adorn*, and afterwards to *deck* again.

719. *She hutcht,* ] That is, *con-*  
*fer'd.* Warburton.

721. — *feed on pulse,* ] So it  
 was at first, then *fetches*: but I sup-  
 pose the alliteration of *f*'s offend-  
 ed, and then he restor'd *pulse* again.

727. *And live like Nature's ba-*  
*stards, not her sons,* ] In the  
 Manuscript it was at first,  
*Living as Nature's bastards, not*  
*her sons,*

which latter is an expression taken  
 from Heb. XII. 8. *then are ye ba-*  
*stards, and not sons.*

730.—*darkt*



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 157

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility,  
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with  
 plumes, 730

The herds would over-multitude their lords,  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th'unfought  
 diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735

To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

Lift Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd

With that same vaunted name Virginity.

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be horded,

But

730. — *darkt with plumes,*] The image taken from what the Ancients said of the air of the northern islands, that it was clogg'd and darken'd with feathers.

Warburton.

732. *The sea o'erfraught &c*] Mr. Warburton remarks, and I agree with him, that this and the four following lines are exceeding childish: and they were thus written at first,

The sea o'erfraught would heave  
 her waters up

*Above the shore,* and th'unfought  
 diamonds

Would so bestud *the center with*  
*their star-light,*

And so imblaze the forehead of  
 the deep,

*Were they not taken thence,* that  
 they below

Would grow inur'd to day, and  
 come at last &c.

737. — *and be not cosen'd*] In  
 the manuscript

— *nor be not cosen'd.*

743. *If*

158 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

But must be current, and the good thereof 740  
 Consists in mutal and partaken blifs,  
 Unfavory in th' enjoyment of itself;  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
 Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown 745  
 In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions  
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750  
 The

743. *If you let slip time, like a neglected rose*

*It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.] It was at first,*

*It withers on the stalk, and fades away.*

Here Mr. Thyer concurr'd with me in observing, that Milton had probably in view a most beautiful comparison of the same kind in Tasso, Cant. 16. St. 14 and 15. which Spenser has literally translated, B. 2. Cant. 12. St. 74 and 75. the application and concluding lines of which are these,

Gather therefore the rose, whilst yet is prime,

For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower;

Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,

Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime:

or as they are translated by Fairfax,

O gather then the rose, while time thou halt,

Short is the day, done when it scant began,

Gather the rose of love, while yet thou may'st

Loving, be lov'd; embracing, be embrac'd.

And Shakespear to the same purpose in Venus and Adonis,

Make use of time, let not advantage slip,

Beauty within itself would not be wasted.

Fair flow'rs that are not gather'd in their prime,

Rot and consume themselves in little time.

748. *It*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 159

The sampler, and to tease the hufwife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts, 754  
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

L A D Y.

I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.  
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments, 760  
 And

748. *It is for homely features to keep home,]* The same turn and manner of expression is in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, at the beginning;

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

749. — *coarse complexions]* It was at first *coarse beetle-brows*.

751. *The sampler, and to tease &c]* In the Manuscript it is

*The sample, or to tease the hufwife's wool.*

The word *tease* is commonly used in a metaphorical sense, but here we have it in its proper and original signification, *carpere, vellere*. See Skinner, Junius, &c.

755. *Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.]* He had written at first,

Think what, and look upon this cordial julep,  
 and then followed the verses which are inserted from ver. 672 to 705.

756. *I had not thought &c]* The six following lines are spoken aside. *Sympse.*

759 — *pranked in reason's garb.]* Dressed, clad. So Shakespear,

— your high self,  
 The gracious mark o' th' land,  
 you have obscur'd  
 With a swain's wearing, and me,  
 poor lowly maid,  
 Most Goddess-like pranked up.  
 Winter's Tale. *Peck.*

760. *I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,]* That is, *sift*.  
 So Chaucer,

But



160 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance ; she good caterefs  
 Means her provision only to the good, 765  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temperance :  
 If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and befeeming share  
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury 770  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit incumber'd with her store,  
 And then the giver would be better thank'd, 775  
 His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude

Crams,

But I ne cannot *boulte* it to the  
 brenne. Warburton.

I rather understand it, to *dart*, to  
*shoot* : as we had before Cupid's  
*bolt* ver. 445. and we read in Chau-  
 cer, Miller's Tale, ver. 156.

Long as a mast, and upright as  
 a *bolt* :  
 and according to the proverb, a  
 fool's *bolt* is soon shot, and Junius  
 derives the word from the Greek  
*βαλλω* jacio.

779.—*ball*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 161

Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery, 785  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790  
 That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795  
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
 And

779. — *Shall I go on?* From hence to ver. 806. in Comus's speech, that is twenty-seven verses are not in the Manuscript, but were added afterwards.

785. *The sublime notion, and high mystery, &c.*] That Milton's  
 VOL. II.

notions about love and chastity were extremely refin'd and delicate, not only appears from this poem, but also from many passages in his prose-works, particularly in the Apology for Smeectymnus, where he is defending himself

162 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and  
shake,  
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,  
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

C O M U S.

She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800  
Her words set off by some superior power;  
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew  
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus  
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 805  
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,  
This is mere moral babble, and direct  
Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
And settlings of a melancholy blood : 810  
But this will cure all strait, one sip of this  
Will

self against the charge of lewdness  
which his adversaries had very un-  
justly laid against him. *Thyer.*

800. *She fables not, &c]* These  
six lines too are aside, but I would  
point the first thus. *She fables not,*  
*I feel that;* that is I feel that she  
does not fable &c. *Symphon.*

807. *This is mere moral babble,*

&c] These lines were thus at first  
in the Manuscript.

This is mere moral *stuff*, the very  
lees

And settlings of a melancholy  
blood :

But this will cure all strait, &c.

814. *What, have you let the false*  
*inchanter scape?*] Before this  
verse



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 163

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wife, and taste.---

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his  
glass out of his hand, and break it against the  
ground ; his rout make sign of resistance, but are  
all driven in ; The attendant Spirit comes in.

S P I R I T.

What, have you let the false inchanter scape ?  
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand 815  
And bound him fast ; without his rod revers'd,  
And backward mutters of dislevering power,  
We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless :  
Yet stay, be not disturb'd ; now I bethink me, 820  
Some other means I have which may be us'd,  
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,

The

verse the stage direction is in the  
Manuscript as follows. *The Bro-*  
*thers rush in, strike his glass down ;*  
*the shapes make as though they would*  
*resist, but are all driven in. Demon*  
*enters with them. And the verse*  
*was thus at first,*

What, have you let the false in-  
chanter pass ?

816. — *without his rod revers'd,*  
It was at first

— without his art revers'd.

818. — *The Lady that sits here]*  
In the Manuscript it was at first *that*  
*remains, and is that beye fits.*

821. *Some other means I have*  
*which &c]* He had written at  
first *There is another way that &c.*

M 2

823. *The*

The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn  
stream, 825

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ;  
Whilome she was the daughter of Lochrine,  
That had the scepter from his father Brute.  
She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.

The

823. *The soothest* ] The truest, faithfullest. *Sooth* is truth. *In sooth* is indeed. *Sooth-sayer* one that foretells the truth, divinus, veridicus. And therefore what this *soothest* shepherd teaches may be depended upon.

826. *Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ;* ] In the Manuscript it was at first *a virgin Goddess*, then *a virgin chaste*, and at last *a virgin pure*. Lochrine, king of the Britons, married Guendolen the daughter of Corineus, Duke of Cornwall : but in secret for fear of Corineus, he loved Estrildis, a fair captive whom he had taken in a battle with Humber king of the Huns, and had by her a daughter equally fair, whose name was Sabrina. But when once his fear was

off by the death of Corineus, not content with secret enjoyment, divorcing Guendolen, he makes Estrildis now his queen. Guendolen all in rage departs into Cornwall — and gathering an army of her father's friends and subjects, gives battel to her husband by the river Sture ; wherein Lochrine shot with an arrow ends his life. But not so ends the fury of Guendolen, for Estrildis and her daughter Sabrina she throws into a river ; and to leave a monument of revenge, proclames that the stream be thenceforth called after the damsel's name, which by length of time is changed now to *Sabrina* or *Severn*. This is the account given by Milton himself in the first book of his *History of England* : but here

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 165

The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,  
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,  
 Bearing her strait to aged Nereus hall, 835  
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
 In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd, 840  
 And underwent a quick immortal change,  
 Made Goddess of the river; still she retains  
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve

Vifits

here he takes a liberty very allowable to poets (as Mr. Thyer expresses it) and varies the original story of this event, in order to heighten the character of *Sabrina*, whom he is about to introduce as the patroness and protector of chastity. It would perhaps be agreeable to the reader to see Spenser's account of the same event, and he may find it in the *Faery Queen*, B. 2. Cant. 10. St. 17, 18, 19.

But the sad virgin innocent of  
 all,  
 Adown the rolling river she did  
 pour,  
 Which of her name now Severn  
 men do call:  
 Such was the end that to disloyal  
 love did fall.

829. *She guiltless damsel*] We prefer the reading of the Manuscript and the editions of 1637 and 1645: that of 1673 has *The guiltless damsel &c.*, which is followed by some others.

831. — *to the flood,*] So he wrote at first, and then *to the stream*, and then *to the flood* again; and rightly as *stream* is the last word of a verse a little before and a little after.

834. *Held up their pearled wrists &c.*] In the Manuscript these verses were thus at first,

Held up their *white* wrists to receive her in,  
 And bore her strait to aged Nereus hall.

839. *And through the porch and inlet of each sense*] The same metaphor



166 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845  
 That the shrewd medling else delights to make,  
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.  
 For which the shepherds at their festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays, 849  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.  
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,  
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song,  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift 855  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,

And

metaphor in Shakespear. Hamlet  
Act 1. Sc. 8.

And in the *porches* of mine ears  
did pour &c.

146. *That the shrewd medling  
else &c*] That is Puck or Ro-  
bin-Goodfellow, whose character  
and qualifications are described in  
Shakespear's *Midsummer-Night's  
Dream*. Act 2. *Delights to make*,  
at first he had written *to leave*; and  
in the Manuscript is the following  
verse,

*And often takes our cattel with  
strange pinches,  
Which she with precious &c.*

849. — *in rustic lays,*] Rightly  
alter'd from *lively* or *lovely* lays.

851. *Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy  
daffadils.*] This line was at first,

*Of pancies, and of bonny daffa-  
dils.*

853. *The clasping charm, &c*] At  
first the verse was thus,

*Each clasping charm, and secret  
holaing spell.*

856. *To*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 167

And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art fitting 860

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,

In twisted braids of lillies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;

Listen for dear honor's sake,

Goddeſs of the ſilver lake, 865

Listen and ſave.

Listen and appear to us

In name of great Oceanus,

By

856. *To aid a virgin, ſuch as was herſelf,*] Alluding perhaps to the Danaid's invocation of Pallas, wherein they uſe the ſame argument, ver. 155.

Αδυντας αδυντα  
Πυρι· γυναικα

i. e. virgo virginem liberet. Vid. ſcholia in locum. *Thyer.*

857. *In hard-beſetting need;*] It was at firſt, *In honour'd virtue's cauſe;* and this was alter'd in the Manuſcript to *In hard diſtreſſed need.*

867. *Listen and appear to us &c]* Before theſe verſes there is wrote in the Manuſcript, *to be ſaid.* — The attendant Spirit firſt invok'd Sabrina in *warbled ſong*; and now he adds the *power of ſome adjuring verſe*, both which he ſaid he would try: and in the reading of this adjuration by the ſea-deities it will be curious to obſerve how the poet has diſtinguiſh'd them by the epithets and attributes which are peculiarly aſſign'd to each of them in the beſt claſſic authors. *Great Oceanus*, ſo in Heſiod Theog. 21.

M 4

Ωκεανον

163 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
And Tethys grave majestic pace,

870

By

Ωκεανὸν τε μίχαν. Neptune and his mace or trident are very well known, and *th' earth-shaking* is the translation of that common Greek epithet *ποσειδών*, or *ποσειδάων*. Tethys, the wife of Oceanus, and mother of the Gods, may well be supposed to have a *grave majestic pace*;

Ωκεανὸν τε Σίνω γυναικί, καὶ  
μητρὶ Τηθύς,  
Hom. Iliad. XIV. 201.

and Hesiod calls her *the venerable Tethys*, *ποταία Τηθύς*. Theog. 368. By *hoary Nereus* *wrinkled look*, and he had call'd him before ver. 825. *aged Nereus*; and so he is call'd in all the poets, as in Virgil, Georg. IV. 392. *Grandævus Nereus*. Hesiod assigns the reason, Theog. 233.

Νηρεα τ' ἀλκυόεια καὶ ἀλκυόεια  
γυναικὶ Ποντοῦ,

Προσέυτατον παίδων· αὐτὰρ κα-  
λεῖται γερόλια,

ὄονεκα ἡμερτῆς τε καὶ ἡπιδῶ,  
καὶ Σεμείων

Λυβέται, ἀλλὰ δ. καὶ αὖ καὶ ἡπιδῶ  
δηρὰ οὐδῶ

Nereum autem alienum à menda-  
cio & veracem genuit Pontus,  
Maximum natu filiorum: sed vo-  
cant senem,

Eo quod verus atque placidus,  
nec juris et æqui

Obliviscitur, sed iusta & mansue-  
ta consilia novit.

He may be called *hoary* too on ano-  
ther account; for as Servius re-  
marks on Virgil Georg. IV. 403. *Fere omnes Dii marini senes sunt*, al-  
bent enim eorum capita spumis  
aquarum. *And the Carpathian wi-  
sard's hock*, Proteus who had a cave  
at Carpathus, an island in the Me-  
diterranean over-against Egypt, and  
was a *wisard* or prophet, and was  
Neptune's shepherd, and as such  
bore a *book*. Virgil Georg. IV.  
387.

Est in Carpathio Neptuni gur-  
gite vates,

Cæruleus Proteus, —

— novit namque omnia vates,

Quæ sint, quæ fuerint, quæ mox  
ventura trahantur.

Quippe ita Neptuno visum est:  
immania cujus

Armenta, et turpes pascit sub-  
gurgite phocas.

By *scaly Triton's winding shell*, he  
was Neptune's trumpeter, and was  
*scaly*, as all these sorts of creatures  
are, *squamis modo hispido corpore*,  
etiam qua humanam effigiem habent,  
as Pliny says, Lib. 9. Sect. 4. and  
his *winding shell* is thus described by  
Ovid, Met. I. 333.

Cæruleum Tritona vocat, con-  
chæque sonaci

Inspirare jubet —

— cava buccina sumitur illi  
Tortilis, in latum quæ turbine  
crescit ab imo.

And



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XV. 169

By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,  
And the Carpathian wifard's hook,

By

*And old sooth saying Glaucus spell, he was an excellent fisher or diver, and so was feigned to be a Sea-God: and Aristotle writes that in Delos he prophesied to the Gods, Αριστοτελης δ' εν τη Δηλίων πολι-  
τεια, εν Δηλω κατοικησαντα με-  
τα των Νηρηϊδων τοις θεοις μαν-  
τεισθαι, and Nicander says that Apollo himself learned the art of prediction from Glaucus, Νικαν-  
δρος εν πρώτῳ Αιτωλικῶν τη μαν-  
τικῇ φησιν Απολλωνία ὑπο Γλαυκῶ  
διδασθῆναι, as they are cited by Athenæus, Lib. 7. cap. 12. And Euripides calls him the sēmen's prophet and interpreter of Nereus, Orestes ver. 363.*

Ὁ ναυτιλοισι μαντις ἐηγήσατο  
μοι  
Νηρῶος προφητὴς Γλαυκὸς ἀψευ-  
δὴς θεός.

and Apollonius Rhodius gives him the same appellation, Agonaut. I. 1310.

Τοισιν δὲ Γλαυκὸς βρυχέης ἄλ-  
ξιφρανόβη,  
Νηρῶος θεοῖο πολυφροδῶμων ὑπο-  
φῆτης.

*By Leucothea's lovely hands, and her son &c. Ino, flying from the rage of her husband Atamas, who was furiously mad, threw herself from the top of a rock into the sea, with her son Melicertes in her arms; but Neptune at the intercession of Ve-*

*nus changed them into sea-deities, and gave them new names: Leucothea to her, and to him Palaemon. Ovid. Met. IV. 538.*

Annuit oranti Neptunus et ab-  
stulit illis  
Quod mortale fuit, maiestatem-  
que verendam  
Imposuit, nomenque snul fa-  
ciemque novavit,  
Leucothœeque deum cum matre  
Palaemona dixit.

*She being Leucothea or the white Goddess may well be supposed to have lovely hands, which I presume the poet mention'd in opposition to Thetis &c. afterwards: and her son rules the strand, having the command of the ports, and therefore being called in Latin Portumnus, as the mother was Matuta, the Goddess of the early morning. Ovid Fast. VI. 545.*

Leucothœe Graiis, Matuta voca-  
bere nostris,  
In portus nato jus erit omne  
tuo.  
Quem nos Portumnus, sua lin-  
gua Palaemona dicet,  
Ite, precor nostris æquus uter-  
que loci.

*By Thetis tinsel slipper'd feet, this the poet meant as a paraphrase of the word ἀργεοπέζα or silver-footed, the epithet by which she is usually distinguish'd in Homer: and the Si-rens are introduced here, as being sea.*

170 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands, 875  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon her streams with wily glance,  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head 885  
 From thy coral-paven bed,

And

sea-nymphs, and singing upon the coast. *Parthenope* and *Ligea* were two of the Sirens; and for this reason, I suppose the four verses relating to them are scratch'd in the Manuscript. *Parthenope's tomb* was at Naples, which was therefore called *Parthenope*; *Parthenope à tumulo Sirenis appellata*. Plin. Lib. 3. Sect. 9. Silius Ital. XII. 33. Sirenum dedit una suum et memorabile nomen  
*Parthenope muris Acheloiās, æquore cujus*  
*Regnavere diu cantus —*

*Ligea* was another of the Sirens, and is also the name of a sea-nymph mention'd by Virgil. Georg. IV. 336. and the poet draws her in the attitude, in which mermaids are usually represented. Ovid of Salmacis, Met IV. 310.

*Sed modè fonte suo formosos  
 perluit atus;  
 Sæpe Citorico deducit pectine  
 crines;  
 Et quid se deat, spectatas con-  
 sulit undas.*

889. *Listen answer.*] The repetition

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 171

And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and  
sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank, 890  
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays,  
Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen  
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
That in the channel strays; 895  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet

O'er

petition of the prayer ver. 866  
and 889 in the invocation of Sa-  
brina is similar to that of Æschy-  
lus's Chorus in the invocation of  
Darius's shade. *Perse* ver. 666  
and 674.

Βασίλει πατρί ἀνὰ Δαίμονα, οἱ.  
Thyer.

890. *By the rusby-fringed bank,*  
*Where grows the willow and the*  
*osier dank, &c.]* This is some-  
what in imitation of the River-  
God in the Faithful Shepherds.  
Act 3.

I am this fountain's God; below  
My waters to a river grow,  
And 'twixt two banks with osiers  
set,  
That only prosper in the wet,  
Through the meadows do they  
glide,  
Wheeling still on every side,  
Sometimes winding round about,  
To find the even'st channel out.  
&c.

895. *That in the channel strays;]*  
In the Manuscript it was at first

*That my rich wheels inlays.*

910. *Brightest*



172 POEMS on Several OCCASION S. XVI.

O'er the cowslips velvet head,  
 That bends not as I tread;  
 Gentle Swain, at thy request  
 I am here. 900

S P I R I T.

Goddeſs dear,  
 We implore thy pow'rful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here diſtreſt, 905  
 Through the force, and through the wile  
 Of unbleſt inchanter vile.

S A B R I N A.

Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt  
 To help inſnared chaſtity:  
 Brighteſt Lady, look on me;  
 Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt 910  
 Drops

910. *Brighteſt Lady,*] It was at word is found in Chaucer, Spenser, and many others. *Calton.*  
 firſt *Virtuous Lady.*

913. *I have kept of precious cure,*] If the reading be right, the meaning muſt be — ſome drops of a very healing power. But I think it would do good to the verſe, as well as the language, to throw out the c and read *are*, i. e. *uſe*. The

918. *I touch with chaſte palms]* So Clorin heals the Faithful Shepherd's Act 5.

With ſpotleſs hand on ſpotleſs breaſt  
 I put theſe herbs to give thee reſt.

921. *To*

# POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Drops that from my fountain pure  
 I have kept of precious cure,  
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip ; 915  
 Next this marble venom'd seat,  
 Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat,  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold ;  
 And I must haste ere morning hour 920  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of  
 her seat.

## S P I R I T.

Virgin, daughter of Locrine  
 Sprung of old Anchises line,  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss 925  
 From

921. *To wait in Amphitrite's  
 bow'r.*] He had written at first,

To wait on Amphitrite in her  
 bow'r.

923. *Sprung of old Anchises line,*] For Locrine was the son of Brutus, who was the son of Silvius, he of Ascanius, and Ascanius of Æneas, a Trojan prince, son of Anchises.

See Milton's History of England Book I.

924. *May thy brimmed waves &c*] I should rather think *brined*, i. e. made salt by the mixture of sea-water. *Brimmed* may indeed signify waves that rise to the *brim* or margin of the shore: but it is a strange word. Warburton.

At first he had written *crystal*, but alter'd

174 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills ;  
Summer drouth, or singed air  
Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
Nor wet October's torrent flood 930  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;  
May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl, and the golden ore ;  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tow'r and terras round, 935  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Come,

alter'd it, that word occurring again within a few verses.

927. *That tumble down the snowy hills :]* It was at first,

That tumble down *from* snowy hills.

928. — *or singed air*  
*Never scorch thy tresses fair,]* Sure we should read

— *or scorching air*  
Never *singe* thy tresses fair.

Warburton.

936. *And here and there thy banks upon &c]* In this line *banks* is the nominative case, as *head* was in the last but one. The sense and syntax of the whole is, May thy *head* be crown'd round about with

towers and terrasses, and here and there [may] thy *banks* [be crown'd] upon with groves &c. *Επισφαιλο σοι αι οχθαι.* The phrase is Greek.

Calton.

We are all of us apt to grow fond of the authors, whom we particularly study ; and therefore Mr. Seward generally prefers (for beauty and delicacy tho' not for pomp and majesty) the passages in the Faithful Shepherdess which Milton has imitated to Milton's imitations of them : but here he himself is forced to allow, that this address to Sabrina is better than Amoret's to the God of the river upon a like occasion, and Fletcher has no other advantage but that of writing first. Act 3.

For



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI 175

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the forcerer us entice 940  
 With some other new device.  
 Not a waste, or needless sound,  
 Till we come to holier ground;  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide, 945  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your Father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate

His

For thy kindness to me shown,  
 Never from thy banks be blown  
 Any tree, with windy force,  
 Cross thy streams, to stop thy  
 course:

May no beast that comes to drink,  
 With his horns cast down thy  
 brink;

May none that for thy fish do  
 look,

Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;  
 Barefoot may no neighbour wade  
 In thy cool streams wife nor maid,  
 When the spawn on stones do lie,  
 To wash their hemp, and spoil  
 the fry.

Mr. Seward farther remarks, that  
 the construction of the two last of  
 Milton's lines is a little difficult.

To crown her head with towers is  
 true imagery; but to crown her  
 head upon her banks, will scarcely  
 be allowed to be so. He would  
 therefore put a colon instead of a  
 comma at the last line but two,  
 and then read

And here and there thy banks  
 upon

Be groves of myrrhe, and cin-  
 namon.

And after these verses is added in  
 the Manuscript, *Song ends.*

948. *Where this night are met in  
 state*] In the Manuscript it  
 was at first,

Where this night are come in  
 state.

951. *All*

176 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

His wish'd presence, and beside 950  
 All the swains that near abide,  
 With jigs, and rural dance resort;  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and chear; 955  
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the  
 President's castle; then come in country dancers,  
 after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers  
 and the Lady.

S O N G.

S P I R I T.

Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play, Till

951. *All the swains that near  
 abide*] So we read in Milton's  
 Manuscript, and this reading we  
 prefer to that of all the editions,

All the swains that there abide.

956. *Come let us haste, &c*] These  
 two lines were thus at first in the  
 Manuscript,

Come let us haste, the stars are  
 high,  
 But night reigns monarch yet in  
 the mid sky.

And then *Exeunt*, and the fol-  
 lowing stage-direction, *The Scene  
 changes, and then is presented Ludlow  
 town and the President's castle; then  
 enter country dances and such like  
 gambols, &c. At these sports the  
 Daemon with the two Brothers and  
 the Lady enter. The Daemon sings.*

962. *Of lighter toes, &c*] In the  
 Manuscript these lines were thus at  
 first,

Of nimbler toes, and courtly guise,  
 Such as Hermes did devise.

964 *With*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 177

Till next sun-shine holiday;  
 Here be without duck or nod 960  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise  
 With the mincing Dryades  
 On the lawns, and on the leas. 965

This second Song presents them to their Father and  
 Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight,  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own;  
 Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth, 970  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

And

964. *With the mincing Dryades*] Isa. III. 16. *The daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks, and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, or tripping nicely as in the margin of the Bible.* Richardson.

965. — *on the leas.*] An old word for pastures or corn-fields. Spenser, Shepherd's Calendar, July.

Shepherds they weren of the best,  
 And lived in lowly leas.

VOL. II.

Shakespear, Tempest Act 4. Sc. 3.

Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy  
 rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches,  
 oats, and pease.

Henry V. Act 5. Sc. 3.

— her fallow leas

The darnel, hemlock, and rank  
 fumitory

Doth root upon. —

971. *Their faith, their patience,*] The title to this song in the Manuscript  
 N



178 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance. 975  
 The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

S P I R I T.

To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:  
 There I suck the liquid air 980  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree :

Along

manuscript is only 2 Song : and here he had written at first *patience* and then *temperance*, and then *patience* again ; and this latter is the better because of *intemperance* following.

973. *With a crown of deathless praise,*] At first he had written,

*To a crown of deathless bays.*

And in the Manuscript the stage-direction following is *The Daemon sings or says.*

976. *To the ocean now I fly, &c*] This speech is evidently a para-

phrase on Ariel's song in the *Tempest*, Act 5. Sc. 3.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I &c. Warburton.

979. *Up in the broad fields of the sky :*] And so in Virgil, *Æn.* VI. 888.

*Aëris in campis latis* —

At first he had written *plain fields.*

982. *Of Hesperus, and his daughters three*] He had written at first,

Of

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 179

Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocond Spring, 985  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring;  
 That there eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west-winds with musky wing  
 About the cedarn alleys fling 990  
 Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purfled scarf can shew, 995  
 And drenches with Elyfian dew  
 (Lift mortals, if your ears be true)

Beds

Of *Atlas* and his *nieces* three.

*Hesperus* and *Atlas* were brothers.

984. *Along the crisped shades &c*] These four lines were not at first in the Manuscript, but were added afterwards, I suppose when he scratched out those lines which we quoted at the beginning.

990. *About the cedarn alleys fling Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.*] In the Manuscript, these two lines were thus at first,

About the *myrtle* alleys fling  
*Balm* and *Cassia's* fragrant smells.

992. *Iris there with humid bow*] He had written at first *garisht* or *garish* bow.

995. *Than her purfled scarf can shew, &c*] *Purfled* is florish'd or wrought upon with a needle, from the old French *pourfiler*. The word occurs in *Spenier*, *Fae-y Queen*, B. 1. Cant. 2. St. 13.

A goodly lady clad in scarlet red  
*Purfled* with gold and pearl of rich assay;

and in other places. And in the Manuscript  
 N 2

Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly fits th' Assyrian queen ;  
 But far above in spangled sheen

1000

## Celestial

Manuscript the following lines  
 were thus at first,

*Yellow, watchet, green, and blew,  
 And drenches oft with manna  
 dew*

*or with Sabæan dew  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where many a Cherub soft reposes.*

All that relating to Adonis and  
 Cupid and Psyche was added af-  
 terwards.

999. *Where young Adonis oft re-  
 poses, &c.]* Here Milton has  
 plainly copied and abridged Spen-  
 ser in his description of the gar-  
 dens of Adonis. Faery Queen, B. 3.  
 Cant. 6. St. 46—50.

## Stanza 46.

There wont fair Venus often to  
 enjoy  
 Her dear Adonis joyous com-  
 pany,  
 And reap sweet pleasure of the  
 wanton boy ;  
 There yet some say in secret he  
 doth lie,  
 Lapped in flowers and precious  
 spicery, &c.

## Stanza 48.

There now he liveth in eternal  
 bliss,  
 Joying his Goddes, and of her  
 enjoy'd ;  
 Ne feareth he henceforth that  
 foe of his,  
 Which with his cruel tusk him  
 deadly cloy'd : &c.

## Stanza 49.

There now he lives in everlast-  
 ing joy,  
 With many of the Gods in com-  
 pany,  
 Which thither haunt, and with  
 the winged boy  
 Sporting himself in safe felicity :  
 &c.

## Stanza 50.

And his true love, fair Psyche,  
 with him plays,  
 Fair Psyche to him lately recon-  
 cil'd,  
 After long troubles and unmeet  
 upbrays,  
 With which his mother Venus  
 her revil'd,  
 And eke himself her cruelly  
 exil'd :

But



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 181

Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd, 1005  
After her wandring labors long,  
Till free consent the Gods among  
Make her his eternal bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side

Two

But now in stedfast love and  
happy state  
She with him lives, and hath him  
borne a child,  
Pleasure that doth both Gods  
and men aggrate,  
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid  
and Psyche late.

If the reader desires a larger account of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, he may find it in Apuleius.

1002. — *th' Assyrian queen*; ] Venus is so called because she was first worshipped by the Assyrians. Pausanias Attic. Lib. 1. cap. 14. πλεστον δὲ ἱερὸν εἶναι Ἀφροδίτης Οὐρανίας. πρῶτοις δὲ ἀνθρώπων Ἀσσυριοῖς κατέστη σέβασθαι τὴν Οὐρανίαν· and from the Assyrians other nations derived the worship of her. μετὰ δὲ Ἀσσυρίων, Κυπρίων Παφιοῖς, καὶ Φοινίκων τοῖς Ἀσκαλωνῶν ἔχουσιν ἐν τῇ Παλαιστίνῃ. παρὰ δὲ Φοινίκων, Κυθηριοῖς μαθόντες σέβασιν. Edit. Kuhnii. p. 36.

1003. — *in spangled shewn* ] I think this word is commonly used

as an adjective, as in Spenser, Faery Queen. B. 2. Cant. 1. St. 10.

To spoil her dainty corse so fair  
and *shewn*:  
and again Cant. 2. St. 40.

That with her sovereign power  
and scepter *shewn*  
All faery lond does peaceable  
susteen.

But Milton uses it as a substantive both here and before in ver. 893. *the azurn shewn*, and in several other places; and he makes *shewn* the adjective, as in the verses On the death of a fair infant. St. 7.

Or did of late earth's sons be-  
sieve the wall  
Of *shewn* Heav'n, &c.

In using *shewn* for a substantive Milton has the authority of Shakespear, Hamlet, Act 3. Sc. 6.

And thirty dozen moons with  
borrow'd *shewn* &c.

N 3

1012. But

182 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI.

Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010  
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend, 1015  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,  
Love Virtue, she alone is free,

She

1012. *But now my task is smoothly done, &c*] He had written at first,

Now my message [or business] well is done,

I can fly, or I can run &c.

The Satyr in the Faithful Shepherdess sustains much the same character and office as the attendant Spirit in the Mask, and he says to the same purpose, Act 1.

I must go, and I must run  
Swifter than the fiery sun:

and in the conclusion his taking leave is somewhat in the same manner,

— shall I stray  
In the middle air, and stay  
The sailing rack, or nimbly take  
Hold by the moon, and gently  
make

Suit to the pale queen of night  
For a beam to give thee light ?  
&c.

But what follows in Milton is of a strain superior to Fletcher.

1014. — *the green earth's end,*] Cape de Verd Iles. Symphon.

1018. *Mortals that would follow me, &c*] The moral of this poem is very finely summ'd up in these concluding six verses ; the thought contain'd in the two last might probably be suggested to our author by a passage in the table of Cebes, where *Patience* and *Perseverance* are represented stooping and stretching out their hands to help up those who are endeavoring to climb the craggy hill of Virtue, and yet are too feeble to ascend of themselves. Thyer.

1020. *She*

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 183

She can teach ye how to clime

1020

Higher than the sphery chime ;

Or if Virtue feeble were,

Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

1020. *She can teach ye how to  
clime &c]* These four concluding verses furnish'd Mr. Pope with the thought for the conclusion of his ode on St. Cecilia's day.

*Warburton.*

1023. ——— *would stoop to her.]*

*Would bow to her* was at first in the Manuscript, and we have been at the trouble of transcribing these variations and alterations more for the satisfaction of the curious, than for any entertainment that it afforded to ourselves.



## L Y C I D A S.

In this monody the author bewails a learned friend,  
 unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester  
 on

This poem was made upon the unfortunate and untimely death of Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King Secretary for Ireland, a fellow-collegian and intimate friend of our author, who as he was going to visit his relations in Ireland, was drown'd on the 10th of August 1637, and in the 25th year of his age. The year following 1638 a small volume of poems Greek, Latin, and English, was printed at Cambridge in honor of his memory, and before them was prefix'd the following account of the deceas'd. P. M. S. Edovardus King, f. Joannis (equitis aurati, qui SSS RRR Elisabethæ, Jacobo, Carolo, pro regno Hiberniæ a secretis) col. Christi in Academia Cant. socius, pietatis atque eruditionis conscientia et fama felix, in quo nihil immaturum præter ætatem; dum Hiberniam cogitat, tractus desiderio suorum, patriam, agnatos et amicos, præ cæteris fratrem. Dominum Robertum King (equitem auratum, virum ornatissimum) sorores (feminas lectissimas) Annam, Dom. G. Caulfield, Baronis de Charlemont; Margaretam, D. G. Loder, summi Hiber-

niæ Justitiarum, uxorem; venerandum Præfulem, Edovardum King, Episcopum Elphinensem (a quo sacro fonte susceptus) reverendissimum et doctissimum virum Gulielmum Chappel, Decanum ecclesiæ Casselientis, et collegii Sanctæ Trinitatis apud Dublinenses præpositum (cujus in Academia auditor et alumnus fuerat) invisens; haud procul a littore Britannico, navi in scopulum allisa, et rimis et ictu fatifcente, dum alii vectores vitæ mortalis frustra satagerent, immortalitatem anhelans, in genua provolutus oransque, una cum navigio ab aquis absorptus, animam Deo reddidit III. Eid. Sextileis, anno salutis M, DC, XXXVII. ætatis XXV. The last poem in the collection was this of Milton, which by his own Manuscript appears to have been written in November 1637, when he was almost 29 years old: and these words in the printed titles of this poem, *and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their bigbts*, are not in the Manuscript. This poem is with great judgment made of the pastoral kind, as both Mr. King and Milton had been design'd for holy orders

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII. 185

on the Irish seas, 1637. and by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their highth.

**Y**ET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,

I

orders and the pastoral care, which gives a peculiar propriety to several passages in it: and in composing it the poet had an eye particularly to Virgil's 10th Eclogue lamenting the unhappy loves of Gallus, and to Spenser's pastoral poems upon the death of the Muses favorite, Sir Philip Sidney. The reader cannot but observe, that there are more antiquated and obsolete words in this than in any other of Milton's poems; which I conceive to be owing partly to his judgment, for he might think them more rustic, and better adapted to the nature of pastoral poetry; and partly to his imitating of Spenser, for as Spenser's stile is most antiquated, where he imitates Chaucer most, in his Shepherd's Calendar, so Milton's imitations of Spenser might have the same effect upon the language of this poem. It is called a *monody*, from a Greek word signifying a mournful or funeral song sung by a single person: and we have lately had two admirable poems publish'd under this title, one occasion'd by the death of Mr. Pope by a very ingenious poet of Cambridge, and the other

to the memory of his deceas'd lady by a gentleman, whose excellent poetry is the least of his many excellences.

1. *Yet once more* — [The poem begins somewhat like Virgil's Gallus,

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem:

And this *yet once more* is said in allusion to his former poems upon the like occasions, On the death of a fair infant dying of a cough, Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, &c.

1. — O ye Laurels, and once more

*Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,*] The laurel, as he was a poet, for that was sacred to Apollo; the myrtle, as he was of a proper age for love, for that was the plant of Venus; the ivy, as a reward of his learning. Hor. Od. I. l. 29.

— doctarum ederæ præmia frontium.

*Ivy never sere*, that is never dry, never wither'd, being one of the ever-greens. We have the word in

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forc'd fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due :  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He

in *Paradise Lost* X. 1071. where it was explain'd and justified by parallel instances from Spenser.

3. *I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,*] This beautiful allusion to the unripe age of his friend, in which death *shatter'd his leaves before the mellowing year*, is not antique, I think, but of those secret graces of Spenser. See his Eclogue of January in the Shepherd's Calendar. The poet there says of himself under the name of Colin Clout,

Also my lustful leaf is dry and  
 fere,

which explains too the old word in the second line. *Richardson*.

6. *Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,*] So in Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 1. Cant. 1. St. 53.

Love of yourself, she said, and  
*dear constraint*.  
 Let me not sleep, but waste the  
 weary night  
 In secret anguish, and unpitied  
 plaint. *Richardson*.

10. *Who would not sing for Lycidas?*] Virgil. Ecl. X. 3.

— neget quis carmina Gallo?

*He knew* — in Milton's Manuscript it is *he well knew*.

11. — *and build the lofty rhyme.*] A beautiful Latinism. Hor. Epist. I. III. 24.

— seu condis amabile carmen.

De Arte poet. 436.

— si carmina condas.

14. *Without the mood*] Without the reward. Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 2. Cant. 3. St. 10.

—but



POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII. 187

He must not flote upon his watry bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well, 15  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favor my destin'd urn, 20  
And as he passes turn, And

—but honor, virtue's meed,  
Doth bear the fairest flow'r in  
honorable feed.

15. *Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,*] He means Hippocrené, a fountain consecrated to the Muses on mount Helicon, on the side of which was an altar of Heliconian Jupiter, as Hesiod says in the invocation for his poem on the generation of the Gods.

Μουσῶν Ἑλικωνιάδων ἀρχυμῶν  
αἰδέειν,  
Αἰδ' Ἑλικωνῶν ἔχυσιν ὀφ' ἡμεῶν  
τε ζαθέοις,  
Καὶ τε περὶ κρήνην ἰοῦντα ποσσ'  
ἀπαλοῖσιν  
ὀρχησύναι, καὶ βωμόν ἐρισθῆναι  
Κρονίων.

Begin we from the Muses still to sing,

That haunt high Helicon, and the  
pure spring,  
And altar of great Jove, with  
printless feet  
Dancing surround—

This altar Milton calls the *seat* of Jupiter in imitation of the Ancients. So Virgil calls the temple of Venus Erycina on the summit of mount Eryx in Sicily, her *seat*, *Æn.* V. 759.

Tum vicina astris Erycino in  
vertice sedes  
Fundatur Veneri —

As he says *well* for *fountain*, using the old Anglo-Saxon word, which is often used in Chaucer and Spenser. *Richardson.*

21. *And as he passes turn,*] He for the *Muse* seems extraordinary. See Mr. Jortin's note on ver. 973. of *Samson Agonistes*, where this change of the gender is consider'd.

22. *And*

And bid fair peace be to my fable shroud.  
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
 We drove a field, and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

Oft

22. *And bid*] So alter'd in the Manuscript from *To bid* &c.

23. *For we were nurst* &c.] This is allign'd as a reason for what he had said before,

Hence with denial vain, and coy  
 excuse :

and a very good reason it is for discharging this last duty to his friend, and such as would not easily admit any excuse.

26. — *the opening eye-lids of the morn,*] This personizing every thing that is the subject of imagination is a great part of the merit of ancient poetry. The present place is from Job, the most poetical of all books. Job curses the day in which he was born. *Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark, let it look for light but have none, neither let it see the dawning of the day.* The Hebrew (that Milton always follows) hath *neither let it see the eye-lids of the morning.* III. 9.

Richardson.

*The opening eye-lids* was alter'd in the Manuscript from *the glimmering eye-lids.*

28. *What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,*] By the *gray-fly* in this place is meant no doubt a brownish kind of beetle powder'd with a little white commonly known by the name of the cock-chaffer or dor-fly. These in the hot summer months lie quiet all the day feeding upon the leaves of the oaks and willows, but about sunset fly about with just such a sort of noise as answers the poet's description. The author could not possibly have chosen a circumstance more proper and natural for a shepherd to describe a summer's evening by, nor have express'd it in a more poetical manner. *Thyer.* I remember Shakespear has an image of the same kind in his *Macbeth*, but he has express'd it with greater horror suitable to the occasion. Act 3. Sc. 3.

— ere

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII. 189

Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright, 30  
Tow'ard Heav'n's descent had stop'd his west'ring  
wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,  
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35  
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But

— ere to black Hecat's fum-  
mons  
The shard-born beetle with his  
drousy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal,  
&c.

30. *Oft till the star &c*] These  
two lines were thus in the Manu-  
script before Milton alter'd them,

Oft till the *ev'n-star* bright  
Toward Heav'n's descent had  
stop'd his *burnish'd* wheel.

31.—*his west'ring wheel*] Draw-  
ing toward the west. A word that  
occurs in Chaucer. Troilus and  
Creseide, B. 2. ver. 905.

— the sonne  
Gan *westrin* fast, and downward  
for to wrie.

53. *Temper'd to th' oaten flute,*]  
Boethius III. Metr. 12.

Illic blanda sonantibus  
Chordis carmina temperans.

Richardson.

34. *Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns*  
&c.] The like effects ascribed to  
Silenus his singing. Virg. Ec!.  
VI. 27.

Tum vero in numerum Faunos-  
que ferasque videres  
Ludere —

To this Mr. Thyer adds another  
instance.

Ye sylvans, Fauns, and Satyrs,  
that emong  
These thickets oft have daunc'd  
after his pipe; &c.  
Past. Ecl. on the death of Sir. P.  
Sidney.

36. *And old Damætas lov'd to*  
*hear our song.*] He means pro-  
bably Dr. William Chappel, who  
had been tutor to them both at  
Cambridge, and was afterwards  
Bishop of Cork and Ross in Ire-  
land.

40. *With*



190 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes mourn.

41

The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen,  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the canker to the rose,

45

Or

40. *With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,*] The common imagery under which the vine is represented is her marriage to her husband, elm; so that the poet represents her luxuriance, and leaving him to ramble after other supports, as *gadding abroad*.

Warburton.

47. *Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,*] Milton had first written — *their gay buttons wear*; but corrected it in the Manuscript.

50. *Where were ye, Nymphs, &c.*] He imitates Virgil. Ecl. X. 9.

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus  
habuere puellæ

Naiades, indigno cum Gallus a-  
more periret ?

Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga,  
nam neque Pindi

Ulla moram fecere, neque Ao-  
nia Aganippe.

as Virgil had before imitated Theocritus. Idyl. I. 66.

Πα ποτ' ἀρ' ἦσθ' ὄνα Δαφνὶς στα-  
κίτο; κα ποτα νυμφαί;

Ἡ κατὰ Πηνειῷ κατὰ τρυπταί, ἡ  
κατὰ Πινδῷ;

Οὐ γὰρ δὴ ποταμοῖο μέγαν ῥοὴν  
εἶχετ' Ἀναπν.

Οὐδ' Ἀντιάς σπονδίας, οὐδ' Ἀνιδέ-  
ιστος ὕδωρ.

52.

— the sleep,

*Where your old Bards, the famous  
Druids, lie, &c.*] Mr. Richard-  
son's conjecture upon this passage,  
I think, is the best I have seen,  
that this *sleep*, where the *Druids* lie,  
is a place called *Kerig y Drudion* in  
the mountains of Denbighshire, or  
*Druids stones*, because of the stone-  
chests or coffins, and other monu-  
ments there in abundance, suppos-  
ed to have been of the *Druids*.  
See Camden. *Mona* is the ile of  
*Anglesey*,

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII. 191

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
When first the white-thorn blows;  
Such Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 51  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor

*Anglesey, or the shaggy island as it was called by the ancient Britons. And Deva is the river Dee, the meaning of which word Deva is by some supposed to be God's water or divine water. See Camden's Cheshire. And for the same reason that it is here called wisard stream, it has the name of ancient ballow'd Dee in our author's Vacation Exercise; and Spenser thus introduces it among his rivers, Faery Queen, B. 4. Cant. 11. St. 39.*

— And Dee, which Britons long  
ygone  
Did call *divine*, that doth by  
Chester tend.

And Drayton in his Polyolbion.  
Song X.

A brooke it was, suppos'd much  
bus'ness to have seen,  
Which had an ancient bound  
'twixt Wales and England been,

And noted was by both to be an  
*ominous flood,*  
That changing of his foards, the  
future ill or good  
Of either country told, of either's  
war or peace,  
The sickness or the health, the  
dearth or the increase &c.

These places all look toward Ireland, and were famous for the residence of the *Bards* and *Druids*, who are distinguish'd by most authors, but Milton speaks of them as the same, and probably as *priests* they were *Druids*, and as *poets* they were *Bards*. For Cæsar, who has given us the best and most authentic account of the ancient Druids, says that among other things they learn a great number of verses. *Magnum ibi numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur. De Bel. Gall. Lib. 6. c. 13.*

192 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream: 55  
 Ay me! I fondly dream  
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament, 60  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?  
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65  
 And

56. *Ay me! I fondly dream*  
*Had ye been there, for what could*  
*that have done?*] We have  
 here follow'd the pointing of Mil-  
 ton's manuscript in preference to  
 all the editions: and the meaning  
 plainly is, I fondly dream of your  
 having been there, for what would  
 that have signified? Mr. Thyer  
 conjectur'd that the passage should  
 be so pointed, and Milton has so  
 pointed it, tho' he does not often  
 observe the stops in his Manuscript.  
 Mr. Jortin likewise perceiv'd this  
 to be the sense, and asks whether  
 this transposition would not be bet-  
 ter than the common reading.

Had ye been there — Ay me, I  
 fondly dream  
 For what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse &c.

58. *What could the Muse &c.]*  
 Milton had first written thus,

What could the golden hair'd  
 Calliope  
 For her enchanting son!  
 When she beheld (the Gods far-  
 sighted be)  
 His goary scalp roll down the  
 Thracian lee:

but in his Manuscript he alter'd  
 these lines with judgment. And af-  
 terwards *his goary visage* was a cor-  
 rection from *his divine visage*.

66. *And strictly meditate the thank-*  
*less Muse?] Meditate the Muse,*  
 Virg. Ecl. l. 2. *Musam meditaris.*  
*The thankless Muse,* that earns no  
 thanks, is not thank'd by the un-  
 grateful world: as *ingratus* in Latin



And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spi'rit doth raise 70  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75  
 And flits the thin spun life. But not the praise,

Phœbus

is used in a passive as well as active signification. Sallust. Cat. XXXVIII. — *otium ingratis labori prætulera*. Virg. *Æn.* VII. 425.

I nunc, *ingratis* offer te, irrise, periclis.

68. *To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,*

*Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?* ] *Amaryllis*, a country lass in Theocritus and Virgil. *Neæra*, *Ægon's* mistress in Virgil's third Eclogue. Peck.

69. *Or with the tangles &c* ] So corrected in the Manuscript from *Hid in the tangles &c.*

70. *Fame is the spur &c* ] The reader may see the same sentiment enlarg'd upon in the beginning of  
 VOL. II.

the third book of *Paradise Regain'd*, and confirm'd by numerous quotations from the Heathen philosophers in a note by Mr. Jortin.

73. *But the fair guerdon* ] Prize, reward, recompense. A word from the French, often used by our old writers, and particularly Spenser. *Faery Queen.* B. 1. Cant. 7. St. 15.

To gain so goodly guerdon —  
 Cant. 10. St. 59.

That glory does to them for guerdon grant.

75. *Comes the blind Fury &c* ] Of the three fatal sisters, the first prepar'd the flax upon the distaff, the flamen of human life; the second spun it; and the third cut it off with her shears, when the destin'd hour

Q

Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears ;  
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glist'ring foil  
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies, 80  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood, 85  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :  
 But now my oat proceeds,

And

hour was come. These were distinct from the Furies, but Milton calls the last a *blind Fury* in his indignation for her cutting his friend's untimely and undeserved. *Richardson*. Milton here has made the *Fates* the same with the *Furies* ; which is not quite destitute of authority, for so Orpheus in his hymns, two of which are addressed to these Goddesses, stiles them,

Αλλα σται μοιραι οφιοπλοκαμοι  
 πολυμορφοι, *Symphon.*

77. Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd  
 my trembling ears ;] *Virgil Ecl.*

VI. 3.

— *Cynthia aurem.*  
*Vellit et admonuit.*

It would have been better, if the rime had not oblig'd Milton to say ears.

79. *Nor in the glist'ring foil*] As much as to say, It is not leaf-gold, it is true sterling. *Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 1. Cant. 4. St. 4.*

*And golden foil all over them display'd.*

*B. 4. Cant. 5. St. 15.*

As guileful goldsmith that by secret skill

With golden foil doth finely over-spread

Some baser metal &c.

85. *O fountain Arethuse, &c.]* Now Phœbus, whose strain was of a higher mood, has done speaking,

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS XVII. 195

And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea ; 90  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellow winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory ;  
 They knew not of his story, 95  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100

Built

ing, he invokes the fountain *Arethuse* of Sicily the country of Theocritus, and *Mincius*, the river of Mantua, Virgil's country, which river he calls *honor'd flood* to show his respect to that poet, and describes much in the same manner as Virgil himself has done Georg. III. 14.

— tardis ingens ubi flexibus  
 errat  
 Mincius, et tenera prætexit arundine ripas.

It was the more necessary for him to call to mind these two famous pastoral poets, as now his own *oaten pipe* proceeds.

85. — and thou honor'd flood,

*Smooth-sliding Mincius*,] It was at first,

— and thou *smooth flood*,  
*Soft-sliding Mincius* ;

and then *smooth* was alter'd to *sam'd*, and then to *honor'd* in the Manuscript; as *soft-sliding* was to *smooth-sliding*.

89. — the herald of the sea &c.] Triton. *Hippotades*, Æolus the son of Hippotas, called *sage* from foreknowing the weather. *Panope*, a sea-nymph: the word itself signifies that pure calm and tranquillity that gives an unbounded prospect over the smooth and level brine; therefore *sleek Panope*.

Richardson.  
 101. Built



196 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend fire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105  
Like to that sanguin flow'r inscrib'd with woe.  
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?  
Last came, and last did go,

The

101. *Built in th' eclipse, &c.*] Horace speaks much in the same spirit concerning the tree by whose fall he was in danger of being kill'd. *Od. II. XIII. 1.*

*Ille et nefasto te posuit die &c.*  
To this ship may be justly applied that which Horace says of another. *Epod. X. 1.*

*Mala soluta navis exit alite.*  
And the misfortune is ascribed to the ship according to the Latin inscription at the beginning of the poem, — *navi in scopulum allisa, et rimis et ictu fatiscente* —

103. *Next Camus, reverend fire, &c.*] The river *Cam* is fitly introduc'd upon this occasion, and is called *reverend fire*, as both Mr. King and Milton were educated at Cambridge; and is described according to the nature of that river. *Went footing slow*, as it is a gentle winding stream, according to Cam-

den, who says the British word *Cam* signifies crooked. It abounds too with reeds and sedge, for which reason *his mantle is hairy, and his bonnet sedge*, which as a testimony of his grief and mourning was *inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge like to a hyacinth, that sanguin flow'r* as it sprung according to the poets from the blood of the boy Hyacinthus or of Ajax, *inscrib'd with woe* as the leaves were imagin'd to be mark'd with the mournful letters *A. A.* For these particulars you may consult the poets, and especially Ovid, who thus describes the form of the flower. *Met. X. 210.*

*Ecce cruor, qui fusus humi signaverat herbam,  
Definit esse cruor; Tyrioque nientior ostro  
Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia, si non  
Purpureus color huic, argenteus esset in illis.*

Non

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII. 197

The pilot of the Galilean lake,  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)  
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,  
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such as for their bellies fake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115  
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
 Than

Non satis hoc Phœbo est; is enim  
 fuit auctor honoris;  
 Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit;  
 et Ai Ai  
 Flos habet inscriptum; funesta-  
 que littera ducta est.

105. *Inwrought with figures dim,*] In the Manuscript it was first written *Scrawl'd o'er*: *Inwrought* is the marginal reading there.

107. — *my dearest pledge?*] My dearest child, as children were simply call'd by the Latins *pignora*, pledges. *Richardson.*

109. *The pilot of the Galilean lake,* &c.] Milton finely raises the character of St. Peter by making him the pilot of the lake of Genesareth in Galilee. See how artfully he takes this hint from Luke V. The *two keys* (which he hath likewise painted poetically) Christ himself gave him. Mat. XVI. 19. But the *miter*, which has so fine an effect in this picture, Milton would not

have allow'd him a very few years afterwards. See his treatise of Prelatical Episcopacy. *Richardson.* It seems somewhat extraordinary to introduce St. Peter after Apollo, Triton &c, a Christian bishop among Heathen deities; but here Milton's imagination was dazzled, his taste corrupted, and his judgment perverted by reading the Italian poets.

112. *He shook his miter'd locks,*] It is much that this inveterate enemy of prelacy would allow Peter to be a bishop. But the whole circumstance is taken from the Italian satirists. Besides I suppose he thought it sharpen'd his satire to have the prelacy condemn'd by one of their own order. *Warburton.*

114. *Enow of such &c*] As Milton has frequently imitated his master Spenser in this poem, so in this place particularly he has had an eye to Spenser's invectives against the corruptions of the clergy in his fifth, seventh, and ninth Eclogues.

198 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how  
to hold

119

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least  
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!  
What recks it them! What need they? They are sped;  
And

119. *Blind mouths! that scarce  
themselves know how to hold  
A sheep-hook, &c.]* See instances  
of the like construction in *Paradise  
Lost*, V. 711. and the note there.  
I will here add another from Ho-  
race, Sat. II. II. 39.

*Porrectum magno magnum spec-  
tare catino  
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna  
rapacibus.*

123. *And when they list, their lean  
and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of  
wretched straw;]* No sound  
of words can be more expressive  
of the sense: and how finely has  
he imitated, or rather improv'd  
that passage in Virgil! *Ecl. III.*  
26.

— non tu in triviis, indocte,  
solebas  
*Stridenti miserum stipula disper-  
dere carmen?*

I remember not to have seen the  
word *scrannel* in any other author,  
nor can I find it in any dictionary

or glossary that I have consulted;  
but I presume it answers to the  
*stridenti* of Virgil.

128. *Besides what the grim wolf  
&c.]* We offer'd some explication  
of this difficult passage in the *Life*  
of Milton, that the poet meant to  
accuse Archbishop Laud of privily  
introducing popery, and therefore  
in his zeal threatened him with the  
loss of his head; which notion  
was suggested to me by Dr. Pearce,  
the Lord Bishop of Bangor. We  
exhibited too Mr. Warburton's ex-  
planation of this passage in the  
notes on the sixth book of *Para-  
dise Lost*. But if neither of these  
accounts seem satisfactory to the  
reader, we will lay before him an-  
other, in which we have the con-  
currence of Mr. Thyer and Mr. Ri-  
chardson. *Besides what the grim  
wolf &c.* Besides what the popish  
priests privately pervert to their  
religion: and Spenser in his 9th  
Eclogue describes them under the  
same image of wolves, and com-  
plains much in the same manner.

Yes



And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scannell pipes of wretched straw;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125  
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they  
draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw

Daily

Yes but they gang in more secret  
wife,  
And with sheeps clothing doen  
hem disguise.  
They talk not widely as they  
were wont,  
For fear of raungers and the  
great hoont:  
But privily prolling to and fro,  
Enaunter they mought be inly  
know.

*And nothing said*, this agrees very well with the popular clamors of that age against the suppos'd connivance of the court at the propagation of popery. In Milton's Manuscript *nothing* is blotted out, and it is corrected by his own hand — *and little said*, which is juster and better. *But that two banded engin &c.*, that is, the ax of reformation is upon the point of smiting once for all. It is an allusion to Mat. III. 10. Luke III. 9. *And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees.* An ax is properly a two-banded engin. *At the door*, that is, this reformation is now ripe, and

at hand; *near, even at the doors*, Mat. XXIV. 33. *Behold the judge standeth before the door*, James V. 9. And it was to be a thorough and effectual reformation, *Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more*, in allusion to the language of Scripture, 1 Sam. XXVI. 8. *Let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear, even to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time.* This explication is the more probable, as it agrees so well with Milton's sentiments and expressions in other parts of his works. His head was full of these thoughts, and he was in expectation of some mighty alteration in religion, as appears from the earliest of his prose-works, which were publish'd not four years after this poem. In the second book of his treatise of Reformation in England, he employs the same metaphor of *the ax of God's reformation, hewing at the old and hollow trunk of papacy*, and prefaces the time of the bishops to be but short, and compares them to a wen that is going to be cut off.

200 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

Daily devours apace, and nothing said,  
But that two-handed engin at the door 130  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells, and flourets of a thousand hues. 135  
Ye

Vol. 1. p. 17, 18. Edit. 1738. And in his Animadversions upon the Remonstrants Defense, addressing himself to the Son of God he says — *but thy kingdom is now at hand, and thou standing at the door. Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the kings of the earth, — for now the voice of thy bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh to be renew'd.* p. 91. The reading of these treatises of Milton will sufficiently make appear what his meaning must be, and how much about this time he thought of lopping off prelatical episcopacy.

132. *Return Alpheus, &c*] As he had before distinguish'd the voice of Apollo, so here he far more exalts that dread one of St. Peter, that quite *shrinks* up the stream of Alpheus. Now this is *past*, return Sicilian Muse, Sicelides Musæ. Virg. Ecl. IV. 1. Now comes pastoral poetry again, and calls the vales to cast their flowers on Lycidas his herse, according to the custom of the Ancients. *Richardson.*

136. — *where the mild whispers use*] The word *use* is employ'd in the same sense by Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 6. St. 2.

Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well  
In these strange ways, where never foot did *use*,  
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse.

138. *On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,*] The *swart star* is the dog-star, Sirius ardens, burning and drying up things, and making them look black and swarthy. But he *sparsely looks* on these valleys, as he approaches not Horace's fountain of Blandusia, Od. III. XII. 9.

*Te flagrantis atrox hora caniculæ  
Nescit tangere. —*

In the Manuscript it was first *sparsely*, then alter'd to *stintly*, and then to *sparsely* again; and in the next line *Throw hither* was at first *Bring hither &c.*

142. *Bring*

Ye Valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes, 139  
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,

The

142. *Bring the rathe primrose &c*] The primrose, being an early flower, is at first very acceptable, and being a lasting flower, it continues till it is put out of countenance by those which are more beautiful, and so *dies forsaken* and neglected. *Jortin*. The flowers here selected are either peculiar to mourning, or early flowers, suited to the age of Lycidas. The *rathe primrose* is the early primrose, as the word is used in Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 3. Cant. 3. St. 28.

*Too rathe* cut off by practice criminal :

December Shepherd's Cal.

Thus is my harvest hasten'd all  
*too rathe*.

The *rather* lambs in February are the *earlier* lambs.

The *rather* lambs been starved with cold.

And we still use *rather* for *sooner*.  
*That forsaken dies*, this is imitated

from Shakespear, as Mr. Warburton observ'd with me. The Winter's Tale, Act 4. Sc. 5.

— pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, &c.

And it appears by Milton's Manuscript, that he had at first written *unwedded* instead of *forsaken*. The whole was thus

— that *unwedded* dies  
*Coloring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love ;*

which was a closer copy of his original in Shakespear,

— pale primroses  
That die unmarried, e'er they  
can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a  
malady  
Most incident to maids.

And then follow'd these lines in Milton's Manuscript,

And that sad flow'r that strove  
To write his own woes on the  
vermeil grain ;

Next



202 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeffamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,  
 The glowing violet, 145  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :  
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150  
 To

Next add Narcissus that still  
 weeps in vain,  
 The woodbine, and the pansy  
 freakt with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The cowslip wan that hangs his  
 pensive head,  
 And every bud that sorrow's li-  
 very wears.  
 Let daffadillies fill their cups  
 with tears,  
 Bid amarantus all his beauty  
 shed &c.

But he alter'd them in the Manu-  
 script, as they now stand in the  
 printed copies ; and for *the garish*  
*solumbine* he substituted *the well-at-*  
*tir'd woodbine* ; and for *sad escutcheon*  
*wears, sad embroidery wears.*

143. *The tufted crow-toe,*] This  
 is the hyacinth, *that sanguin flow'r*  
*inscrib'd with woe,* as above.

Richardson.

144 — *and the pansy freakt with*  
*jet*] Mr. Meadowcourt pro-  
 poses to read *freakt with jet*, which

is a more usual word : but *freakt*  
 is the word in Milton's Manuscript  
 as well as in all the editions, and  
 I suppose he meant the same as  
*freckled* or spotted.

152. *For so to interpose a little*  
*ease,*

*Let our frail thoughts dally with*  
*false surmise.*] This is extreme-  
 ly tender and natural. He had  
 said,

— the laureat herse where *Lycid*  
*lies.*

For so, says he, let us endeavor for  
 a moment to deceive ourselves, and  
 fancy that at least his *corps* is pre-  
 sent.

*Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores,*  
*and sounding seas*  
*Wash far away &c.*

— *jacet ipse procul, qua mixta*  
*supremum*  
*Ismenon primi mutant confinia*  
*ponti,*

says

To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
 Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;

Or

says Statius of young Crenæus kill'd  
 fighting in the river Ismenos, IX.  
 358. *Richardson.*

153. *Let our frail thoughts]* Alter'd in the Manuscript from *Let our sad thoughts.*

154. *Whilst thee the shores,]* Alter'd in the Manuscript from *floods.* But Mr. Jortin says *shores* is improper, and fancies it should be *shoals*, the shallow waters, *brevia*. In the *Mask* 115, *The sounds and seas* — the sounds, *freta*. If Milton wrote *shores*, he perhaps had in his mind this passage of Virgil, *Æn.* VI. 362. where *Palinurus*, who, like *Lycidas*, had perished in the sea, says,

*Nunc me fluctus habet, versantque  
 in litore venti.*

On which line *Pierius* observes, *Litus non tam de ficto, quàm de asperginibus et extrema maris ora, intelligitur.* But yet, though a dead body may be said to be washed on the shore by the returning tides,

the shore can hardly be said to wash the body ; and the expression is harsh and uncouth.

— whilst thee the sounding seas  
 Wash far away, &c.

*Far away*, that is, in some remote place, whatsoever it be. He seems rather to mean *in* some place, than *to* some place.

156. *Whether beyond &c]* Whether thy body is carried northwards or southwards.

*Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,*  
 the western ilands of Scotland,

*Where thou perhaps under the  
 whelming tide,*

it is *humming tide* in Milton's Manuscript.

*Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous  
 world.*

Virgil *Æn.* VI. 729.

*Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra  
 sub æquore pontus.*

So

Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks tow'ard Namancos and Bayona's hold ;  
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth :  
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep

So classical is Milton in every part of this poem.

160. *Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, &c.*] Milton doubting which way the waves might carry the body of Lycidas, drowned in the Irish sea, imagines it was either driven northward beyond the Hebrides, or else so far southward as to lie sleeping near the fable, or fabulous mansions of old Bellerus, where the great vision of the guarded mount looks towards the coast of Spain. But where can we find the place which is thus obscurely described in the language of poetry and fiction? The place here meant is probably a promontory in Cornwall, known at present by the name of the Land's End, and called by Diodorus Siculus *Belarium promontorium*, perhaps from *Bellerus* one of the Cornish giants, with which that country and the poems of old British bards were once filled. A watch-tower and light-house formerly stood on this promontory, and looked, as Orosius says, towards another high tower at Brigantia in Gallicia, and

consequently toward *Bayona's hold*. See Orosius and Camden, who concludes his account of this part of Cornwall with saying, that no other place in this island looks directly to Spain. *Meadowcourt*. It may be farther observed, that Milton in his Manuscript had written *Corineus*, and afterwards changed it for *Bellerus*. *Corineus* came into this island with Brute, and had that part of the country assign'd for his share, which after him was named *Cornwal*. "To *Corineus*," says Milton in the first book of "his History of England, Cornwall, as we now call it, fell by lot; the rather by him lik'd, for that the hugest giants in rocks and caves were said to lurk still there; which kind of monsters to deal with was his old exercise." Of this race of giants, we may suppose, was *Bellerus*: but whoever he was, the alteration in Milton's Manuscript was certainly for the better, to take a person from whom that particular promontory was denominated, rather than one who gave name to the county at large. *The fable*



Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, 166  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore  
 Flames

*fable of Bellerus and the vision of the guarded mount is plainly taken from some of our old romances, but we may perceive what place is intended, the Land's End, and St. Michael's mount in Cornwall.*

163. *Look homeward Angel now,]*  
 So the Pastoral Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney.

Philisides is dead. O happy  
 Sprite,  
 That now in Heav'n with blessed  
 souls dost bide,  
 Look down awhile from where  
 thou sittst above &c. *Tbyer.*

163. — *and melt with ruth:]*  
 With pity. Spenser Faery Queen,  
 B. 1. Cant. 6. St. 12.

Are won with pity and unwonted  
*ruth.*

Fairfax, Cant. 2. St. 11.

All *ruth*, compassion, mercy he  
 forgot.

164. *And, O ye Dolphins, waft  
 the hapless youth.]* Alluding to  
 what Pausanias says of Palæmon  
 toward the end of his Attics, "that

"a dolphin took him up, and laid  
 "his body on the shore at Corinth  
 "where he was deified."

*Richardson.*

165. *Weep no more, &c.]* Milton  
 in this sudden and beautiful transi-  
 tion from the gloomy and mourn-  
 ful strain into that of hope and  
 comfort seems pretty plainly to imi-  
 tate Spenser in his 11th Eclogue,  
 where bewailing the death of some  
 maiden of great blood, whom he  
 calleth Dido, in terms of the utmost  
 grief and dejection, he breaks out  
 all at once in the same manner.

*Tbyer.*

168. *So sinks the day-star]* The  
 thought of a star's being wash'd in  
 the ocean, and thence shining  
 brighter, is frequent among the an-  
 cient poets: and at the first read-  
 ing I conceiv'd that Milton meant  
 the morning star alluding to Virgil,  
*Æn. VIII. 589.*

*Qualis ubi oceani perfusus Luci-  
 fer unda &c:*

but upon farther consideration I  
 rather think that he means the sun,  
 whom in the same manner he calls  
 the

206 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: 171  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the  
     waves,  
 Where other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There

the diurnal star in the Paradise  
 Lost, X. 1069: and Homer, if  
 the hymn to Apollo be his, com-  
 pares Apollo to a star in mid day.  
 ver 441.

Ἀστὴρ ἡδὸς μὲν ἡμεῶν ἡμεῶν —

174. *Where other groves and other  
 streams along,*] Virgil *Æn.*  
 VI. 641.

—solemque suum, sua fidera  
 norunt.

And as Mr. Richardson adds, Ari-  
 otto when he brings Astolfo to the  
 moon, to look for Orlando's wit,  
 that was lost. Cant. 34. St. 72.

There other rivers stream, smile  
 other fields  
 Than here with us, and other  
 plains are stretch'd,  
 Sink other valleys, other moun-  
 tains rise. &c.

175. *With nectar pure his oozy  
 locks he laves,*] Like Apollo in  
 Horace, Od. III. IV. 61.

Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit  
 Crines solutos.

176. *And hears the unexpressive  
 nuptial song,*] In the Manu-  
 script it was at first *Listening the un-*  
*expressive &c.* This is the song  
 in the Revelation, *which no man*  
*could learn but they who were not*  
*defiled with women, and were vir-*  
*gins*: Rev. XIV. 3, 4. The author  
 had used the word *unexpressive* in  
 the same manner before in his  
 Hymn on the Nativity, St. 11.

Harping in loud and solemn quire  
 With *unexpressive* notes to heav'n's  
 new-born heir.

Nor are parallel instances wanting  
 in Shakespear. As you like it, Act 3.  
 Sc. 2.

The fair, the chaste, and *unex-*  
*pressive* she.

And in like manner *insuppressive* is  
 used for *not to be suppress'd*. Julius  
 Cæsar, Act 2. Sc. 2.

Not

There entertain him all the Saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus

Nor th' *insuppressible* mettle of  
 our spirits.

I have several times had the pleasure of making the same remarks and observations as Mr. Thyer, and here we had both mark'd these instances from Shakespear.

177. *In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.*] That is in the blest kingdoms of meek joy and love; a transposition of the adjective, which we meet with also in the *Paradise Lost*, IX. 318.

So spake domestic Adam in his care,

in which verse *domestic* is without doubt to be join'd to *care*, and not to *Adam* as the common opinion is. So also in the same book, ver. 225.

—and th' hour of *supper* comes  
*unearn'd.* Thyer,

183. *Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,*] This is said in allusion to the story of Melicerta or Palæmon, who with his mother Ino was drown'd, and became a sea-deity propitious to mariners. Ovid, Met. IV. Fast. VI. Virgil Georg. I. 436.

Votaque servati solvent in littore  
 nautæ

Glauco, et Panopææ, & Inoo  
 Melicertæ.

And as Mr. Jortin observes it is pleasant to see how the most anti-papistical poets are inclined to canonize and then to invoke their friends as saints. See the poem on the fair Infant. St. 10.

184. — *and shalt be good &c*] The same compliment that Virgil pays to his Daphnis. Ecl. V. 64.

—Deus, deus ille, Menalca.  
 Sis bonus ô felixque tuis! &c.

Thyer.

189. *With*



208 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVII.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,  
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190  
And now was dropt into the western bay;  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:  
To morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

189. *With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :*] He calls it *Doric lay*, because it imitates Theocritus and other pastoral poets, who wrote in the *Doric* dialect. Tho' Milton calls himself as yet *uncouth*, he *warbles with eager thought his Doric lay*; earnest of the poet he was to be, at least; as he promises in the motto to these juvenile poems of edit. 1645.

— baccare frontem  
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

This looks very modest, but see what he insinuates. The first part of Virgil's verse is,

*Aut si ultra placitum laudavit baccare frontem &c.* Richardson.

190. *And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,*] He had no doubt Virgil in his eye. Ecl. I. 83.

*Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,*

*Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.*

Virgil's is an admirable description of a rural evening, but I know not whether Milton's is not better, as it represents the sun setting so by degrees,

And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay:

though it must be said that the image of the smoke ascending from the village-chimnies, which Milton has omitted, is very natural and beautiful.

193. *To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.*] Theocritus. Idyll. I. 145.

Χαίρει· ἔγω δ' ὑμῶν καὶ ἐν ὑστερον ἄδιον ἄσσω. Jortin.

Mr. Richardson conceives that by this last verse the poet says (pastorally) that he is hastening to, and

POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XVI. 209

and eager on new works: but I rather believe that it was said in allusion to his travels into Italy, which he was now meditating, and on which he set out the spring following. I will conclude my remarks upon this poem with the just observation of Mr. Thyer. The particular beauties of this charming pastoral are too striking to need much descanting upon;

but what gives the greatest grace to the whole is that natural and agreeable wildness and irregularity which runs quite through it, than which nothing could be better suited to express the warm affection which Milton had for his friend, and the extreme grief he was in for the loss of him. Grief is eloquent, but not formal.

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## XVIII.

The Fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, rendred almost  
word for word without rime, according to the Latin  
measure, as near as the language will permit.

**W**HAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odors  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou  
In wreaths thy golden hair,  
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he 5  
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas  
Rough with black winds and storms  
Unwonted shall admire!  
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
Who always vacant always amiable 10  
Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
Unmindful. Hapless they  
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung  
My dank and dropping weeds 15  
To the stern God of sea.

This Ode was first added in the second edition of the author's poems  
in 1673.

Ad



Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio  
enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse  
miseros.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?

Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis ? heu quoties fidem

5

Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera

Nigris æquora ventis

Emirabitur insolens !

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,

Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem

10

Sperat, nescius auræ

Fallacis. Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula facer

Votiva paries indicat uvida

Suspendisse potenti

15

Vestimenta maris Deo.

## XIX.

On the new forcers of conscience under the Long  
PARLIAMENT.

**B**ECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate  
Lord,  
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,  
To seise the widow'd whore Plurality  
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,  
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword

5  
To

This copy of verses also was first added in the second edition of the author's poems in 1673, and I suppose was made, when the Directory was establish'd, and disputes ran high between the Presbyterians and Independents in the year 1645, the latter pleading for a toleration, and the former against it. And in the Manuscript it is not in Milton's own hand, but in another, the same that wrote some of the Sonnets.

3. — *the widow'd whore*] In the Manuscript it was at first

— *the vacant whore.*

7. — *with a classic hierarchy*] In the Presbyterian form of government there were congregatio-

nal, classical, provincial, and national assemblies. See what the author says in his Observations on the Irish peace, p. 356. Vol. 1. Edit. 1738. "Their next impeachment is, *that we oppose the Presbyterian government, the hedge and bulwark of religion.* Which all the land knows to be a most impudent falsehood, having establish'd it with all freedom, wherever it hath been desired. Nevertheless, as we perceive it aspiring to be a compulsive power upon all without exception in parochial, classical, and provincial hierarchies, or to require the fleshly arm of magistracy in the execution of a spiritual discipline, to punish and amerce by any corporal infliction

To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy  
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?  
 Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent 9  
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,  
 Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics  
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:  
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,  
 That so the Parliament  
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears 16  
 Clip

"tion those whose consciences  
 "cannot be edify'd by what au-  
 "thority they are compell'd, we  
 "hold it no more to be *the*  
 "hedge and bulwark of religion,  
 "than the Popish and Prelatical  
 "courts, or the Spanish Inquisi-  
 "tion."

8. — *by mere A. S. and Rother-  
 ford?*] I know not who is  
 ment by A. S. Some book might  
 have been publish'd sign'd by those  
 letters, and perhaps an equivoque  
 might also be intended. *Sam. Ro-  
 therford* was one of the commis-  
 sioners of the church of Scotland.

12. *By shallow Edwards &c]* In  
 the Manuscript it was at first *bare-  
 brain'd Edwards*. He wrote the

*Gangræna*, a book in which the  
 errors, heresies, blasphemies, and  
 lewd practice, which broke out in  
 the last four years (1642, 1643,  
 1644, 1645,) are recited: See  
 Collier's Ecclesiastical History, Vol.  
 2. p. 855. Mr. Thyer gives this  
 account of it, that it was publish'd  
 in 1646, and dedicated to the Par-  
 lament by Thomas Edwards mi-  
 nister of the Gospel, and was in-  
 titled *Gangræna, or a Catalogue and  
 Discovery of many of the errors, he-  
 resies, blasphemies, and pernicious  
 practices of the Sectaries of this  
 time, vented and acted in England  
 in these four last years. Scotch what  
 d'ye call* might be perhaps the fa-  
 mous *Alexander Henderson*, or as  
 that expression implies some hard  
 name, *George Gillespie*, a Scotch  
 minister



214 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS. XIX.

Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,  
 And succour our just fears,  
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

minister and commissioner at Westminster, called *Galaspe* in Whitlock, and *Galasp* in one of our author's Sonnets: and nothing could be express'd with greater contempt.

17. *Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,*] So we read as it is corrected in the table of Errata in the edition of 1673: in all the editions it is falsely printed *bank your ears*. This line in the Manuscript was thus at first,

Crop ye as close as marginal  
 P—s ears.

He means *Prynne* who had been sentenc'd to lose his ears, and afterwards was sentenc'd to lose the remainder of them, so that he was *cropt close* indeed: and the reason of his calling him *marginal* is ex-

press'd in his treatise of *the likeliest Means to remove bishoppings out of the church*. "And yet a late hot Querist for tithes, whom ye may know by his wit's lying ever beside him in the *margin*, to be ever beside his wits in the text; a fierce reformer once, now rankled with a contrary heat, &c." Vol. 1. p. 569. Edit. 1738.

20. *New Presbyter is but Old Priest*] He expresses the same sentiment in other parts of his works. *Bishops and Presbyters are the same to us both name and thing*. &c. See his Speech for the liberty of unlicenc'd printing. Vol. 1. p. 153. and the conclusion of his treatise intitled *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*.

SONNETS.

## S O N N E T S.

## I.

## To the NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray  
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, 5  
 First

The Sonnet is a species of poetry of Italian extraction, and the famous Petrarch hath gained the reputation of being the first author and inventor of it. He wrote a great number in commendation of his mistress Laura, with whom he was in love for twenty years together, and whose death he lamented with the same zeal for ten years afterwards: and for the tenderness and delicacy of his passion, as well as for the beauty and elegance of his sentiments and language, he is esteemed the great master of love-poetry among the Moderns, and his Sonnets are universally allow'd to be the standard and perfection of that kind of writing. The Sonnet, I think, consists generally of one thought, and that always turn'd in fourteen verses of the length of our heroics,

two stanza's or measures of four verses each, and two of three, the first eight verses having no more than two rimes: and herein it differs from the Canzone, which is not confin'd to any number of stanza's or verses. It is certainly one of the most difficult of all the lesser kinds of poetry, such simplicity and such correctness being requir'd in the composition: And I have often wonder'd that the quaintness and exactness of the rimes alone did not deter Milton from attempting it, but he was carried on by his love of the Italians and Italian poetry: and other celebrated writers have been equally fond of copying Petrarch, as Bellay, Ronsard, Malherb &c. among the French; Sidney, Spenser, Shakespear &c. among the English; but none of them have  
 con.

First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will  
 Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,  
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh; 10  
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,  
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco  
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuori 5  
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
 E i don', che son d'amor faette ed arco,  
 La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.

Quando

conformed so exactly to the Italian model as Milton: and he is the last who excell'd in this species of poetry, which was almost extinct among us, till it was reviv'd of late with good success by an ingenious Gentleman in Dodgley's Miscellanies.

We have observed elsewhere how fond our poet was of the Nightingale, and this address to her is founded upon the same notion or tradition as Chaucer's verses of the Cuckoo and the Nightingale.

But



Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno 10  
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

## III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella  
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera, 5  
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella  
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto, dal mio buon popol not inteso  
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno, 10  
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso

Seppi

But as I lay this other night wak-  
 ing,  
 I thought howe lovirs had a to-  
 kining,  
 And amonge 'hem it was a  
 commune tale,  
 That it were gode to here the  
 nightingale,

Moche rathir than the leudè cuc-  
 coo sing &c.  
 6. First heard before] Virgil Æn.  
 IV. 24.  
 Sed mihi vel tellus obtem prius  
 ima dehiscat,  
 Ante pudor quam te violo, aut  
 tua jura resolvo. See Cerda.  
 Richardsfag.

Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.

Deh! fofs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno

A chi pianta dal ciel fi buon terreno.

Canzone.

**R** Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi  
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,

Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana

Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?

Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,

5

E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi ;

Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi

Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde

Nelle cui verdi sponde

Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma

10

L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi

Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?

Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi

Dice mia Donna, e' l suo dir, é il mio cuore

Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

15

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,

Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar soléa

E

E de fuoi lacci speffo mi ridéa  
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia 5  
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una, 10  
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
 E degli occhi fuoi auventa sì gran fuoco  
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

## V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia  
 Effer non puo che non fian lo mio sole  
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria) 5  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si fia:  
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco 10

Quivi



Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovole  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

## VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
 Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante  
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;

5

Quando

\* This Sonnet was made in 1631, and was sent in a letter to a friend, who had importun'd the author to take orders ; of which letter there are two draughts in his own Manuscript, and the former runs thus.

S I R,

" Besides that in sundry respects  
 " I must acknowledge me to pro-  
 " fit by you whenever we meet,  
 " you are often to me, and were  
 " yesterday especially, as a good  
 " watch-man to admonish that the  
 " hours of the night pass on (for  
 " so I call my life as yet obscure  
 " and unserviceable to mankind)  
 " and that the day is at hand,  
 " wherein Christ commands all to  
 " labor while there is light : which

" because I am persuaded you do  
 " to no other purpose than out  
 " of a true desire that God should  
 " be honor'd in every one, I am  
 " ever ready, you know, when  
 " occasion is, to give you account,  
 " as I ought, though unask'd, of  
 " my tardy moving according to  
 " the precept of my conscience,  
 " which I firmly trust is not with-  
 " out God. Yet now I will not  
 " strain for any set apology, but  
 " only refer myself to what my  
 " mind shall have at any time to  
 " declare herself at her best ease.  
 " Yet if you think, as you said,  
 " that too much love of learning  
 " is in fault, and that I have given  
 " up myself to dream away my  
 " years in the arms of studious re-  
 " tirement, like Endymion with  
 " the

Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
 S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante,  
 Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use 10  
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,  
 E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

## VII.

\* On his being arriv'd to the age of 23.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,

Stoln

“ the moon on Latmus hill; yet  
 “ consider, that if it were no more  
 “ but this, to overcome this, there  
 “ is on the other side both ill  
 “ more bewitchful to entice away,  
 “ and natural years more sway-  
 “ ing, and good more available  
 “ to withdraw to that which you  
 “ wish me; as first all the fond  
 “ hopes which forward youth and  
 “ vanity are fledged with, none of  
 “ which can sort with this Pluto's  
 “ helmet, as Homer calls it, of  
 “ obscurity, and would soon cause  
 “ me to throw it off, if there  
 “ were nothing else in't but an  
 “ affected and fruitless curiosity of  
 “ knowing; and then a natural  
 “ desire of honor and renown,  
 “ which I think possesses the breast  
 “ of every scholar, as well of him

“ that shall, as of him that never  
 “ shall obtain it (if this be altoge-  
 “ ther bad) which would quickly  
 “ overstay this flegm and melan-  
 “ choly of bashfulness, or that  
 “ other humor, and prevail with  
 “ me to prefer a life, that had at  
 “ least some credit in it, some  
 “ place given it, before a manner  
 “ of living much disregarded and  
 “ discountenanc'd. There is be-  
 “ sides this, as all well know, a-  
 “ bout this time of a man's life,  
 “ a strong inclination, be it good  
 “ or no, to build up a house and  
 “ family of his own in the best  
 “ manner he may; to which no-  
 “ thing is more helpful than the  
 “ early entering into some credible  
 “ employment, and nothing more  
 “ cross than my way, which my  
 “ wasting

Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!  
 My hasting days fly on with full carreer,  
 But my late spring no bud or bloffom shew'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5  
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.

Yet

“wasting youth would presently  
 “bethink her of, and kill one love  
 “with another, if that were all.  
 “But what delight or what pecu-  
 “liar conceit, may you in charity  
 “think, could hold out against  
 “the long knowledge of a contrary  
 “command from above, and the  
 “terrible seisure of him that hid his  
 “talent? Therefore commit grace  
 “to grace, or nature to nature,  
 “there will be found on the other  
 “way more obvious temptations  
 “to bad, as gain, preferment, am-  
 “bition, more winning present-  
 “ments of good, and more prone  
 “affections of nature to incline and  
 “dispose, not counting outward  
 “causes, as expectations and mur-  
 “murs of friends, scandals taken,  
 “and such like, than the bare love  
 “of notions could resist. So that  
 “if it be that which you suppose,  
 “it had by this been round about  
 “begirt and overmaster'd, whe-  
 “ther it had proceeded from vir-  
 “tue, vice, or nature in me. Yet  
 “that you may see that I am some  
 “time suspicious of myself, and do  
 “take notice of a certain belated-

“ness in me, I am the bolder to  
 “send you some of my nightward  
 “thoughts some while since, since  
 “they come in fitly, in a Petrar-  
 “chian stanza.

“How soon hath Time &c.

The latter draught is as follows.

S I R,

“Besides that in sundry other  
 “respects I must acknowledge me  
 “to profit by you whenever we  
 “meet, you are often to me, and  
 “were yesterday especially, as a  
 “good watchman to admonish that  
 “the hours of the night pass on  
 “(for so I call my life as yet ob-  
 “scure and unserviceable to man-  
 “kind) and that the day with me  
 “is at hand, wherein Christ com-  
 “mands all to labor while there is  
 “light: which because I am per-  
 “suaded you do to no other pur-  
 “pose, than out of a true desire  
 “that God should be honor'd in  
 “every one, I therefore think my-  
 “self bound, though unask'd, to  
 “give you account, as oft as oc-  
 “casion



Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of  
 Heaven ;  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

When

“ cation is, of this my tardy mov-  
 “ ing, according to the precept of  
 “ my conscience, which I firmly  
 “ trust is not without God. Yet  
 “ now I will not strain for any set  
 “ apology, but only refer myself  
 “ to what my mind shall have at  
 “ any time to declare herself at her  
 “ best ease. But if you think, as  
 “ you said, that too much love of  
 “ learning is in fault, and that I  
 “ have given up myself to dream  
 “ away my years in the arms of  
 “ studious retirement, like Endy-  
 “ mion with the moon as the tale  
 “ of Latmus goes ; yet consider  
 “ that if it were no more but the  
 “ mere love of learning, whether  
 “ it proceed from a principle bad,  
 “ good, or natural, it could not  
 “ have held out thus long against  
 “ so strong opposition on the other  
 “ side of every kind ; for if it be  
 “ bad, why should not all the fond  
 “ hopes that forward youth and  
 “ vanity are sledge with, together  
 “ with gain, pride, and ambition,  
 “ call me forward more power-  
 “ fully, than a poor regardless and  
 “ unprofitable sin of curiosity  
 “ should be able to withhold me,  
 “ whereby a man cuts himself off  
 “ from all action, and becomes the  
 “ most helpless, pusillanimous, and  
 “ unweapon'd creature in the  
 “ world, the most unfit and unable  
 “ to do that which all mortals most  
 “ aspire to, either to be useful to  
 “ his friends, or to offend his ene-  
 “ mies. Or if it be to be thought  
 “ a natural proneness, there is a-  
 “ gainst that a much more potent  
 “ inclination inbred, which about  
 “ this time of life solicits most, the  
 “ desire of house and family of his  
 “ own, to which nothing is esteem-  
 “ ed more helpful than the early  
 “ entering into credible employ-  
 “ ment, and nothing more hinder-  
 “ ing than this affected solitariness.  
 “ And though this were enough,  
 “ yet there is to this another act, if  
 “ not of pure, yet of refin'd na-  
 “ ture no less available to dissuade  
 “ prolonged obscurity, a desire of  
 “ honor and repute and immortal  
 “ fame seated in the breast of every  
 “ true scholar, which all make  
 “ haste

## VIII.

\* When the assault was intended to the City.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,

Whose chance on these defenseless doors may seize,

If deed of honor did thee ever please,

Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He

“ haste to by the readiest ways of  
 “ publishing and divulging con-  
 “ ceived merits, as well those that  
 “ shall, as those that never shall  
 “ obtain it. Nature therefore  
 “ would presently work the more  
 “ prevalent way, if there were  
 “ nothing but this inferior bent of  
 “ herself to restrain her. Lastly  
 “ the love of learning, as it is the  
 “ pursuit of something good, it  
 “ would sooner follow the more  
 “ excellent and supreme good  
 “ known and presented, and so be  
 “ quickly diverted from the empty  
 “ and fantastic chase of shadows  
 “ and notions to the solid good  
 “ flowing from due and timely  
 “ obedience to that command in  
 “ the Gospel set out by the terrible  
 “ seizing of him that hid the talent.  
 “ It is more probable therefore  
 “ that not the endless delight of  
 “ speculation, but this very confi-  
 “ deration of that great command-  
 “ ment, does not press forward, as  
 “ soon as many do, to undergo,  
 “ but keeps off with a sacred reve-  
 “ rence and religious advisement

“ how best to undergo ; not taking  
 “ thought of being late, so it give  
 “ advantage to be more fit ; for  
 “ those that were latest lost no-  
 “ thing, when the master of the  
 “ vineyard came to give each one  
 “ his hire. And here I am come to  
 “ a stream-head copious enough to  
 “ disburthen itself like Nilus at se-  
 “ ven mouths into an ocean ; but  
 “ then I should also run into a re-  
 “ ciprocal contradiction of ebbing  
 “ and flowing at once, and do that  
 “ which I excuse myself for not do-  
 “ ing, preach and not preach. Yet  
 “ that you may see that I am some-  
 “ thing suspicious of myself, and  
 “ do take notice of a certain be-  
 “ latedness in me, I am the bolder  
 “ to send you some of my night-  
 “ ward thoughts some while since,  
 “ because they come in not altoge-  
 “ ther unfitly, made up in a Pe-  
 “ trarchian stanza, which I told  
 “ you of.

“ How soon hath Time &c.

“ By this I believe you may well  
 “ repent of having made mention  
 “ at

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses bow'r :  
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 13  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tow'r  
 Went

" at all of this matter, for if I have  
 " not all this while won you to  
 " this, I have certainly wearied  
 " you of it. This therefore alone  
 " may be a sufficient reason for me  
 " to keep me as I am, left having  
 " thus tired you singly, I should  
 " deal worse with a whole congre-  
 " gation, and spoil all the patience  
 " of a parish: for I myself do not  
 " only see my own tediousness, but  
 " now grow offended with it, that  
 " has hinder'd me thus long from  
 " coming to the last and best pe-  
 " riod of my letter, and that which  
 " must now chiefly work my par-  
 " don, that I am

Your true and unfeigned friend."

\* To this sonnet we have pre-  
 fixed the title, which the author  
 himself has in the Manuscript. In  
 the Manuscript this sonnet was  
 written by another hand, and had  
 this title *On his door when the City*  
*expected an assault*: but this he  
 scratched out, and wrote with his  
 own hand *When the assault was in-*

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*tended to the City.* The date was  
 also added 1642, but blotted out  
 again: and it was in November  
 1642 that the King marched with  
 his army as near as Brentford, and  
 put the city in great consternation.  
 Milton was then in his 34th year.

3. *If deed of honor did thee ever*  
*please,*] So this verse is printed  
 in the second edition in the year  
 1673. In the first edition of 1645,  
 and in the Manuscript it stands  
 thus,

*If ever deed of honor did thee*  
*please.*

10. *The great Emathian conqueror*  
 &c] When Alexander the great  
 took Thebes, and entirely ras'd the  
 rest of the city, he order'd the  
 house of Pindar to be preserved out  
 of regard to his memory: and the  
 ruins of Pindar's house were to be  
 seen at Thebes, in Pausanias's  
 time, who lived under Antoninus  
 the philosopher. See Pausan. Boeot.  
 cap. 25. Edit. Kuhnii.

Q

12. — And



Went to the ground : and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r  
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## IX.

To a virtuous young Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labor up the hill of heav'nly truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
 Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,

5

No

12. — *And the repeated air &c]*  
 I suppose this refers to a passage in  
 Plutarch's Life of Lyfander. When  
 that general had taken Athens, he  
 proposed to change the govern-  
 ment. Some say he moved in  
 council that the Athenians might  
 be reduced to slavery, when at the  
 same time Erianthus the Theban  
 proposed wholly to destroy the city,  
 and leave the country desolate :  
 but a little afterwards at an en-  
 tertainment of the captains, one  
 of them repeated some verses out  
 of Euripides's Electra, beginning  
 thus,

Your absence the forsaken groves  
 And desert palace seem to mourn.

This struck them, and gave them  
 occasion to reflect, how barbarous  
 it would appear to lay that city in  
 ruin, which had been renown'd for  
 the birth and education of so many  
 famous men. *εἶτα μὲν τοὶ συνεισίας  
 γενομένης τῶν ἡγεμόνων παρὰ πο-  
 τὸν, καὶ τινὲς Φωκίως ἀσπίλῃ ἐκ  
 τῆς Εὐριπίδου Ἠλεκτρᾶς τὴν παροδὸν,  
 ἧς ἡ ἀρχή,*

*Ἀγαμέμνων· ὦ κόρα, ἡλυθὸν Ἠ-  
 λεκτρά*

*Ποτὶ σὰν ἀγροτεῖραν αὐλάν*

Electra, Oh unhappy queen,  
 Whither wou'd you fly ? return ;

*Πάντας ἐπιπλασθῆναι, καὶ φανταί  
 σχετλίον ἔργον, τὴν ὅτως εὐχλα καὶ  
 τοιμ-*

No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.  
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

## X.

\* To the Lady Margaret Ley.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President  
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,  
 Who liv'd in both unstain'd with gold or fee,

And

τιμωτος αυδρας φημισαν αυλειον και  
 διαγασσασθαι τιν πολιν. Vol. 1.  
 p. 441. Edit. Paris. 1624.

5. — *with Mary and with Ruth*] So it is in Milton's Manuscript, and in the edition of 1673. In the first edition of 1645 it was falsely printed

— with Mary and *the* Ruth.

7. *And at thy growing virtues*] In the Manuscript it was at first,

And at thy *blooming* virtue or *prospering*.

8. — *but pity' and ruth*.] Here *Ruth* and *ruth* are made to rime to each other, and it may perhaps offend the niceness of modern ears

that the same word should rime to itself though in different senses: but our old poets were not so very delicate, and the reader may see parallel instances in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. 1. Cant. 6. St. 39. and B. 7. Cant. 6. St. 38.

13. *Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,*] Instead of this line he had written at first,

*Opens the door of blifs that hour of night:*

but he rightly alter'd it, the better to accommodate it to the parable to which he is alluding. See *Mat. XXV.*

\* We have given the title which is in Milton's Manuscript, *To the Lady*  
 Q. 2

And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament 5  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honor'd Margaret.

On

*Lady Margaret Ley.* She was the daughter of Sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law, till he came to be made Earl of Marlborough, and Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. He died in an advanced age, and Milton attributes his death to the breaking of the parliament; and it is true that the parliament was dissolved the 10th of March 1628-9, and he died on the 14th of the same month. He left several sons and daughters; and the Lady Margaret was married to Captain Hobson of the Ile of Wight. It appears from the accounts of Milton's life, that in the year 1643 he used frequently

to visit this lady and her husband, and about that time we may suppose that this sonnet was compos'd.

6. — *as that dishonest victory &c]* This victory was gain'd by Philip of Macedon over the Athenians and their allies; and the news being brought to Athens, *that old man eloquent*, Isocrates, who was near a hundred years old, died within a few days, being determin'd not to survive the liberties of his country. — επιλευτα τον βιον επι Χαιρωνιδæ αρχοντος, ολιγαις ημεραις υστερον της εν Χαιρωνεια μαχης, δυοιν διουτα βεβαιως εκατον ετη, γωμη χρησασμενος, αμα τοις αγαθοις της πολως συγκαταλυσαι τον ιαυτε



## XI.

\* On the detraction which followed upon my  
writing certain treatises.

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,  
And woven close, both matter, form and stile;  
The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,  
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.  
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on 5  
A title page is this! and some in file  
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,  
Colkitto,

*iaure βιω.* Dionysius Halicarnass. de Isocrate Vol. 2. p. 150. Edit. Hudson. Plutarch says that he abstain'd from food for four days, and so put a period to his life, having lived 98, or as some say 100 years. See Plutarch's Lives of the ten Orators. Vol. 2. p. 837. Edit. Paris. 1624.

\* When Milton publish'd his books of Divorce, he was greatly condemn'd by the Presbyterian clergy, whose advocate and champion he had been before. He publish'd his Tetrachordon or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture, which treat of marriage or nullities in marriage, in 1645; and soon after we may suppose he compos'd these two

sonnets, which were first printed in the edition of 1673, and to which we have prefixed the title that he himself has in the Manuscript.

1. *A book was writ of late &c*] In the Manuscript he had written at first,

*I writ a book of late call'd Tetrachordon,  
And weav'd in close, both matter, form and stile;  
It went off well about the town a while,  
Numb'ring good wits, but now is seldom por'd on.*

The reader will readily agree, that it was alter'd for the better.

Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

9

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,

Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,

When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward  
Greek.

## XII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs

By the known rules of ancient liberty,

When strait a barbarous noise environs me

Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs:

As

9. *Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?*] We may suppose that these were persons of note and eminence amongst the Scotch ministers who were for pressing and enforcing the Covenant. *Galasp* we know was one of the Scotch ministers and commissioners from the Kirk to the Parliament. See the verses on the forcers of conscience.

10. *Those rugged names*] He had written at first *barbarous*, and then *rough born*, and then *rugged*.

12. *Sir John Cheek*] Or *Cheke*. He was the first Professor of the Greek tongue in the university of

Cambridge, and was highly instrumental in bringing that language into repute, and restoring the original pronunciation of it, though with great opposition from the patrons of ignorance and popery, and especially from Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, and chancellor of the university. He was afterwards made one of the tutors to Edward VI. See his life by Strype, or in *Biographia Britannica*.

4. *Of owls and cuckoos,*] In Milton's Manuscript it stands,

Of owls and buzzards —

5, 43

As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs 5  
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood, 9  
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

## XIII.

\* To Mr. H. LAWES on his *Airs*.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd song

First

5. *As when those hinds &c*] The fable of the Lycian clowns changed into frogs is related by Ovid, Met. VI. Fab. 4. and the poet in saying

Which after held the sun and moon in fee,

intimates the good hopes which he had of himself, and his expectations of making a considerable figure in the world.

8. — *by casting pearl to hogs*;) Mat. VII. 6. *neither cast ye your pearl before swine.*

10. *And still revolt &c*] He had written at first,

*And hate the truth whereby they should be free.*

\* This sonnet was also first added in the edition of 1673, and in Milton's Manuscript it is dated Febr. 9. 1645. and said to be wrote to Mr. Lawes, *on the publishing of his airs.* This Mr. Henry Lawes was a gentleman of his Majesty's chapel, and one of his band of music, and an intimate friend of Milton, as appears by his first publishing the *Mask* in 1637, the *airs* of which he set to music, and probably too those of his *Arcades*. He was educated under Signor Coperario,



First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas ears, committing short and long ;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for envy to look wan ; 6  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,  
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our  
 tongue.

Thou honor'st verse, and verse must lend her wing  
 To honor thee, the priest of Phœbus quire, 10  
 That

Coperario, and introduc'd a softer  
 mixture of Italian airs, than had  
 been practic'd before in our na-  
 tion ; as Mr. Fenton says in his  
 notes upon Waller, who has also  
 honor'd him with a copy of verses  
 inscribed *To Mr. Henry Lawes who*  
*had then newly set a song of mine in*  
*the year 1635.*

3. *Words with just note &c ]*  
 These two lines were once thus in  
 the Manuscript,

Words with just notes, which till  
 then us'd to scan or  
 — when most were us'd to scan  
 With Midas ears, misjoining short  
 and long.

But committing, as Mr. Richardson  
 remarks, conveys with it the idea  
 of offending against quantity and  
 harmony.

5.—*exempts thee from the throng ]*  
 Horace Od. I. I. 32.

Secernunt populo — Richardson.

6. *With praise enough &c ]* Instead  
 of this line was the following at  
 first in the Manuscript,

And gives thee praise above the  
 pipe of Pan.

7. — *thou shalt be writ the man,*  
 &c ] This too in the stile of Ho-  
 race, Od. I. VI. 1.

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium  
 Victor.

And in the Manuscript it was thus  
 at first,

— thou shalt be writ a man  
 That didst reform thy art, the chief  
 among.

9. — and

That tun'ft their happieft lines in hymn, or ftory.  
Dante fhall give fame leave to fet thee higher  
Than his Cafella, whom he woo'd to fmg  
Met in the milder fhades of purgatory.

## XIV.

\* On the religious memory of Mrs. Catharine  
Thomfon, my chriftian friend, deceas'd  
16 Decem. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,  
Had ripen'd thy juft foul to dwell with God,

Meekly

9. ——— and *verfe muft lend her wing*] There are three manu-  
fcript copies of this fonnet, two by  
Milton, the fecond corrected, and  
the third by another hand; and in  
all of them we read *muft lend her  
wing*, which we prefer to *muft fend  
her wing*, as it is in the printed  
copies.

12. *Dante fhall give &c*] Thefe  
verfes were thus at firft,

Fame by the Tufcan's leave fhall  
fet thee higher  
Than his Cafelle, whom Dante  
woo'd to fmg &c.

13. *Than his Cafella, whom he  
woo'd to fmg &c*] This refers  
to the fecond Canto of Dante's  
Purgatorio, where the poet relates  
his meeting with Cafella in purga-

tory, and wooing him to fmg in  
thele terms,

— *fe nuoua legge non ti toglie  
Memoria, o ufo à l'amorofa  
canto,  
Che mi folea quetar tutte mie  
voglie;  
Di ciò ti piaccia confolar al-  
quanto  
L'anima mia ——— Thyer.*

\* To this fonnet, which was firft  
printed in the edition of 1673, we  
have added the title which is in  
Milton's Manuscript. Who this  
Mrs. Thomfon was, we cannot be  
certain; but I find in the accounts  
of Milton's life, that when he was  
firft made Latin fecretary, he lodg-  
ed at one Thomfon's next door  
to the Bull-head tavern at Cha-  
ring-Crofs. This Mrs. Thomfon  
was

Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load  
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.  
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavor 5  
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
 But as faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and blifs for ever.  
 Love led them on, and faith who knew them best  
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest, 11  
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes

Before

was in all probability one of that family.

3. *Meekly thou didst resign &c*] In the Manuscript these lines were thus at first,

Meekly thou didst resign this  
 earthy *clod*  
 Of *flesh and sin*, which *man from*  
*Heav'n* doth sever.

6. *Stay'd not behind, &c*] Instead of these lines were the following at first in the Manuscript,

Strait follow'd thee the path that  
 saints have trod,  
 Still as they journey'd from this  
 dark abode  
 Up to the realm of peace and  
 joy for ever.  
 Faith show'd the way, and she who  
 saw them best  
 Thy hand-maids &c.

12. *And spake the truth*] There are also three manuscript copies of this sonnet, two by Milton, the second corrected, and the third by another hand; and in all of them we read *And spake the truth*, which is more agreeable to syntax, and better than *And speak the truth*, as it is in the printed copies.

\* This and the two following sonnets are not found in the edition of Milton's poems in 1673, and the reason of omitting them in the reign of Charles II. is too obvious to need explaining. They were first printed at the end of Phillips's life of Milton, prefixed to the English translation of his state-letters, in 1694, which was twenty years after his death; they were afterwards cited by Toland in his life of Milton 1698; and as far as



Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

## XV.

\* To the Lord General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze  
And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,  
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
Victory home, though new rebellions raise

5

Their

I can perceive, they were not inserted among his other poems till the fifth edition in 1713. But the printed copies, probably being taken at first from memory, are wonderfully incorrect; whole verses are omitted, and the beauty of these sonnets is in great measure defac'd and destroy'd. It is therefore a singular piece of good fortune, that they are still extant in Milton's Manuscript, the first in his own hand-writing, and the others by another hand, as he had then lost his sight: and having such an authentic copy, we shall make it our standard, and thereby restore these sonnets to their original beauty. This to the Lord General Fairfax appears from the Manuscript to have been address'd to him at the siege of Colchester, which was carried on in the summer of 1648.

2. *Filling each mouth*] In the printed copies it is,

And fills all mouths &c:

but it is better to avoid the beginning of so many lines together with *and*.

4. — *that daunt remotest kings,*] How much better is this than most of the printed copies,

— which daunt remotest things!

5. *Thy firm unshaken virtue*] In the printed copies it is,

Thy firm unshaken valor —  
but *valor* occurs again in the sonnet.

6. — *though new rebellions raise* &c] At this time there were several insurrections of the royalists, and the Scotch army was marching into England under the command  
of

Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand, 9  
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,  
 While avarice and rapin share the land.

## XVI.

\* To the Lord General CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
 Not

of Duke Hamilton. In the printed copies we have

— *while new rebellions raise &c.*

8. *Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.*] In the printed copies it is

— to imp *her* serpent wings:

but *serpent wings* refers to the same as *Hydra heads*; and the insurrections in England were to have been supported by the Scotch army marching into it at the same time. I know an ingenious person who proposes to read

*Her broking league* —

as if the whole intent of the solemn league and covenant had been to get money.

10. *For what can war, &c]*

These lines are thus in the printed copies,

*For what can war, but acts of war still breed,*

*Till injur'd truth from violence be freed,*

*And public faith be rescued from the brand &c.*

\* In the Manuscript was this Inscription, but blotted out again, I know not for what reason. *To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652, On the proposals of certain ministers at the committee for propagation of the gospel.*

1. — *who through a cloud &c]*  
 In the printed copies it stands thus,

— *that through a crowd*

*Not of war only, but distractions rude:*

but

Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,  
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud 5  
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains  
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories 10  
 No less renown'd than war: new foes arise  
 Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains:

Help

but a *cloud of war* is a classical expression, and we have *nubem belli* in Virgil *Æn.* X. 809.

4. *To peace and truth*] With an allusion perhaps to some of the silver coins of the Commonwealth, which have this inscription round the edges, *Truth and peace.* 1651.

5. *And on the neck of crowned fortune proud*

*Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,*] Instead of these two glorious lines there is this single one in the printed copies,

*And fought God's battels, and his works pursued:*

and this defect in the number of verses utterly spoils the harmony of the stanza.

7. *While Darwen stream &c*] In the printed copies it is

*While Darwent streams &c*

The *Darwen* or *Derwen* is a small river near Preston in Lancashire, mentioned by Camden; and there Cromwell routed the Scotch army under Duke Hamilton in August 1648. The battels of *Dunbar* and *Worcester* are too well known to be particulariz'd, both fought on the memorable 3d of September, the one in 1650, and the other in 1651.

9. *And Worcester's laureat wreath.*] It was so corrected, very much for the better, from what was before, in the Manuscript,

*And twenty battels more —*

10. — *peace hath her victories*  
 140



Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

## XVII.

\* TO SIR HENRY VANE the younger.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms re-  
pell'd  
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,

Whether

*No less renown'd than war:]* In  
the printed copies it is

— peace has her victories  
No less than those of war:

and afterwards in secular chains for  
with secular chains.

\* There is no knowing for certain when this sonnet was compos'd; but we follow the order wherein they stand and are number'd in Milton's Manuscript, and probably it was compos'd soon after the foregoing one to Cromwell, and upon the same occasion of the ministers proposals relating, I suppose, to their maintenance, which was then under consideration.

1. ——— *but in sage counsel old,]*  
This is much better than the printed copies

— in sage councils old,

7. *Then to advise &c]* In the Manuscript there was at first *And* instead of *Then*: but afterwards it was corrected as it stands in the printed copies. But in the remainder of these two verses, as they stand in the printed copies, the meter is spoil'd in one, and the sense in the other.

Then to advise how war may be  
best upheld,  
Mann'd by her two main nerves,  
iron and gold.

*Move by* was at first in the Manuscript *Move on* her two main &c.

9. ——— *besides*

Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5  
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,  
 Then to advise how war may best upheld  
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage: besides to know 9  
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,  
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few  
 have done:

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:  
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

On

9. — *besides to know &c]* In the printed editions this third stanza wants one whole line, and gives us another line so much corrupted as to be utter nonsense:

— besides to know

*What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done.*

The Manuscript supplies the one, and corrects the other. In the Manuscript it was originally thus,

— besides to know

What pow'r the Church, and what the Civil means,  
 Thou teachest best, which few have ever done.

Afterwards thus

— besides to know

Both spiritual pow'r and civil,  
 what each means  
 Thou hast learn'd well, a praise  
 which few have won.

At last it was corrected, as we have caused it to be printed.

13. *Therefore on thy firm hand &c]* These two lines are infinitely better in the Manuscript than in the printed editions;

Therefore on thy *right* hand religion leans,  
 And reckons thee *in chief* her eldest son.

It was at first in the Manuscript *right hand*, but alter'd to *firm hand*.

Among

## XVIII.

\* On the late massacre in Piemont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,  
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans      5  
 Who

\* Among our author's state-letters there are several in Cromwell's name address'd to the Duke of Savoy, and other potentates and states, complaining of this persecution of the protestants. His letter to the Duke of Savoy begins thus. " Redditæ sunt nobis Genevâ &c. Letters have been sent us from Geneva, as also from the Dauphinate, and many other places bordering upon your territories, wherein we are given to understand, that such of your Royal Highness's subjects as profess the reform'd religion, are commanded by your edict and by your authority, within three days after the promulgation of your edict, to depart their native seats and habitations, upon pain of capital punishment, and forfeiture of all their fortunes and estates, unless they will give security to relinquish their religion within 20 days, and embrace the Roman catholic faith. And that when

" they apply'd themselves to your  
 " Royal Highness in a most suppliant manner, imploring a revocation of the said edict, and that being receiv'd into pristin favor, they might be restored to the liberty granted them by your predecessors, a part of your army fell upon them, most cruelly slew several, put others in chains, and compell'd the rest to fly into desert places and to the mountains cover'd with snow, where some hundreds of families are reduced to such distress, that it is greatly to be feared, they will in a short time all miserably perish, thro' cold and hunger, &c." These letters are dated in May 1655, and about the same time it is probable this sonnet was compos'd, which was added in the edition of 1673.

1. *Avenge, O Lord, &c*] Nor was this prayer in behalf of the persecuted protestants entirely without effect. For Cromwell exerted himself



Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they 9  
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow

A

himself in their favor, and his behaviour in this whole transaction is greatly to his honor, even as it is related by an historian, who was far from being partial to his memory. "Nor would the Protector be backward in such a work, which might give the world a particular opinion of his piety and zeal for the protestant religion; but he proclaim'd a solemn fast, and caused large contributions to be gather'd for them throughout the kingdom of England and Wales. Nor did he rest here, but sent his agents to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and the next year so engag'd the Cardinal of France, and even terrify'd the Pope himself, without so much as doing any favor to the English Roman catholics, that that Duke thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and renew'd all those privileges they had for-

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"merly enjoy'd. So great was the terror of his name; nothing being more usual than his saying, that *his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome.*" See Echard Vol. 2.

3. *Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old, &c.*] And so in his letter to the States of the United Provinces he calls them *Alpinos incolas orthodoxam religionem antiquitus professantes*, the inhabitants at the feet of the Alps, ancient professors of the orthodox faith; and afterwards in the same letter, *apud quos nostra religio vel ab ipsis Evangelii primis doctoribus tradita per manus & incorrupte servata, vel multo ante quam apud ceteras gentes sinceritati pristinae restituta est*, among whom our religion was either disseminated by the first doctors of the Gospel, and preserved from the defilement of superstition, or else restor'd to its pristine sincerity long before

R

A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## XIX.

On his blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me uselefs, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5  
My true account, lest he returning chide ;  
Doth God exact day-labor, light deny'd,  
I fondly ask : But patience to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best 10  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state  
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,

And

before other nations obtain'd that felicity.

14. — *the Babylonian woe.*] The woes denounc'd against Rome, under the name of Babylon, in Scripture.

3. *And that one talent which is death to hide,*] He speaks here with allusion to the parable of the

talents, Mat. XXV. and he speaks with great modesty of himself, as if he had not five, or two, but only one talent.

\* This Mr. Lawrence was the son of the President of Cromwell's council : and this sonnet was also in the edition of 1673.

6. *Fa-*

And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

## XX.

\* TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
From the hard season gaining? time will run 5  
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
The lilly' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10  
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice  
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?

He

6. *Favonius*] The same as Zephyrus, or the western wind that blows in the spring. Plin. Lib. 16. Sect. 39. Hic est genitalis spiritus mundi, a fovendo dictus, ut quidam existimavere. Flat ab occasu æquinoctiali, ver inchoans. And so Lucretius l. 10.

Nam simul ac species patefacta  
est verna diei,  
Et referata viget genitabilis aura  
Favoni.

8.—*that neither sow'd nor spun.*  
Alluding to Mat. VI. 26, 28. *they  
sow not, neither do they spin.*

R 2

Cyriac



He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XXI.

† To CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, whose grandfire on the royal bench  
Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,  
'Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5  
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;  
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,  
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.  
To

† Cyriac Skinner was the son of William Skinner Esq; and grandson of Sir Vincent Skinner, and his mother was Bridget, one of the daughters of the famous Sir Edward Coke Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Mr. Wood informs us that he was one of Harrington's political club, and sometimes held the chair; and farther adds, that he was a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman, and scholar to John Milton. *Athen. Ox.* Vol. 2. p. 591. No wonder then that Milton was so intimate with him, and has address'd two sonnets to him, this first of which was printed in the edition of 1673.

8. *And what the Swede intends,*] We have printed it as it is in the Manuscript. In the first edition it was *And what the Swede intend*, which in others is alter'd to *And what the Swedes intend*. Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, was at this time waging war with Poland, and the French with the Spaniards in the Netherlands: and what Milton says is somewhat in the spirit and manner of Horace. *Od.* II. XI. 1.

*Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et  
Scythes  
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Hadria  
Divisus objecto, remittas  
Quærere: &c.*

The

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way; 10  
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

## XXII.

\* To the same.

Cyric, this three years day these eyes, though clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of

\* The two sonnets to Cyriac Skinner we have printed in the same order as they are number'd in the Manuscript. This latter was never printed in Milton's lifetime, but was first publish'd several years after his death at the same time and in the same manner with the foregoing ones to General Fairfax, Cromwell, and Sir Henry Vane: and tho' the person, to whom it is address'd, was not so obnoxious as any of those before mention'd, yet it might not have been safe for Milton to have publish'd such a commendation of his Defense of the people, which the government had order'd to be burnt by the hands of the common hang-

man. In the printed editions this sonnet likewise is very incorrect, but we shall restore it by the assistance of the Manuscript.

3. *Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,*] In the printed copies it is absurdly,

Bereft of *sight* their seeing have forgot.

4. *Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear*  
*Of sun, or moon, &c.*] In the printed editions it is,

Nor to their idle orbs doth *day* appear,

Or sun, or moon, &c.

R 3

7. *Against*

Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year, 5  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them overply'd  
 In liberty's defense, my noble task, 11  
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me through the world's  
 vain mask  
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

## XXIII.

\* On his deceased W I F E.

Methought I saw my late espoused faint

Brought

7. *Against Heav'n's hand &c*] It was at first in the Manuscript *God's hand*: and *one jot* in the printed copies is *a jot* in the Manuscript.

8. — *but still bear up and steer Right onward.*] In the Manuscript it was at first,

—*but still attend to steer Uphillward.*

12. *Of which all Europe talks from side to side, &c*] In the printed copies these lines are thus,

*Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.*

*This thought might lead me through this world's vain mask*

*Content though blind, had I no other guide.*

The Manuscript has the advantage over the printed editions, unless *rings* may be thought better than *talks from side to side*. There is something very pleasing, as well as very noble, in this conscious virtue and magnanimity of a great poet: and



Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband gave,  
Reſcued from death by force, though pale and  
faint.

Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint 5  
Purification in the old Law did ſave,  
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have  
Full fight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,  
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind :  
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied fight 10  
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But O as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,  
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my  
night.

## PSALMS.

and for the ſame reaſon no part of Mr. Pope's works affords greater pleaſure than what he ſays of himſelf and his writings, eſpecially in his imitation of the firſt Satire of Horace, and in his Satires intitled from the year 1738.

\* This was his ſecond wife, Catharine the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney, who lived with him not above a year after their marriage, and died in child-bed of a daughter.

2.— *like Alceſtis from the grave,* &c.] Alceſtis was the wife of Admetus king of Theſſaly, who being dangerously ill obtain'd by the means of Apollo, that he ſhould recover, if any body elſe would die in his ſtead. His wife voluntarily offer'd herſelf, but Hercules intervening reſcued her from death, and brought her back again to her huſband. Our author borrows the alluſion from a play of Euripides called *Alceſtis*.

R 4

## P S A L M S.

P S A L M I. Done into verse, 1653.

**B**less'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way  
 Of finners hath not stood, and in the seat  
 Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great  
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight, 5  
 And in his law he studies day and night.  
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
 By watry streams, and in his season knows  
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10  
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
 Nor finners in th' assembly of just men.  
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, 15  
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

P S A L. II. Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.

**W**H Y do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand  
 With pow'r, and princes in their congregations  
 Lay deep their plots together through each land  
 Against

Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ? 5  
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
Their twisted cords : He who in Heav'n doth  
dwell

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10

And fierce ire trouble them ; but I, saith he,  
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree  
I will declare ; the Lord to me hath said  
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15

This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made ;  
As thy possession I on thee bestow  
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full  
low

With iron scepter bruis'd, and them disperse 20  
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.

And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,  
Be taught ye Judges of the earth ; with fear  
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse

With trembling ; kiss the Son lest he appear 25  
In



In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.  
 Happy all those who have him in their stay.

P s A L. III. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Abfalom.

**L**ORD how many are my foes!  
 How many those  
 That in arms against me rise!  
 Many are they  
 That of my life distrustfully thus say, 5  
 No help for him in God there lies.  
 But thou Lord art my shield, my glory  
 Thee through my story  
 Th' exalter of my head I count;  
 Aloud I cry'd 10  
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,  
 For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions 15  
 The populous rout  
 I fear not, though incamping round about  
 5 They

They pitch against me their pavilions.  
Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou

Hast smote ere now

20

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorr'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;  
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

P S A L. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.

**A**Nswer me when I call,  
God of my righteousness,

In straits and in distress

Thou didst me disenthral

And set at large ; now spare,

5

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.

Great ones how long will ye

My glory have in scorn,

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,

To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?

Yet know the Lord hath chose,

Chose to himself apart,

The

The good and meek of heart 15  
(For whom to choose he knows)

Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,

Speak to your hearts alone, 20

Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say 25

Who yet will show us good ?

Talking like this world's brood ;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light

Lift up the favor of thy count'nance bright. 30

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds 35

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In



In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep,  
 For thou alone dost keep,  
 Me safe where'er I lie;  
 As in a rocky cell  
 Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

40

P S A L. V. Aug. 12. 1653

**J**Ehovah to my words give ear,  
 My meditation weigh,  
 The voice of my complaining hear  
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.  
 Jehovah thou my early voice  
 Shalt in the morning hear,  
 I'th' morning I to thee with choice  
 Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.  
 For thou art not a God that takes  
 In wickedness delight,  
 Evil with thee no biding makes,  
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy fight.  
 All workers of iniquity  
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly;  
 The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But

5

10

15

But I will in thy mercies dear  
Thy numerous mercies go  
Into thy house; I in thy fear  
Will tow'rd's thy holy temple worship low. 20  
Lord lead me in thy righteousness,  
Lead me because of those  
That do observe if I transgress,  
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
For in his faltring mouth unstable 25  
No word is firm or sooth;  
Their infide, troubles miserable;  
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.  
God, find them guilty, let them fall  
By their own counsels quell'd; 30  
Push them in their rebellions all  
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.  
Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
Their joy, while thou from blame  
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing 35  
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
For thou Jehovah wilt be found  
To bless the just man still,  
As with a shield thou wilt surround 39  
Him with thy lasting favour and good will. P S A L.

P S A L. VI. Aug. 13. 1653.

**L**ORD in thine anger do not reprehend me,  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject;  
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:  
 For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ake, 5  
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled fore,  
 And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore  
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10  
 Wearied I am with fighting out my days,  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15  
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping  
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my  
 pray'r,  
 My supplication with acceptance fair  
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20

Mine



Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd  
 With much confusion; then grown red with shame,  
 They shall return in haste the way they came,  
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against  
 him.

**L**ORD my God to thee I fly,  
 Save me and secure me under  
 Thy protection while I cry,  
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)  
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

5

Lord my God if I have thought  
 Or done this, if wickedness  
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought  
 Ill to him that meant me peace,  
 Or to him have render'd less,  
 And not free'd my foe for nought;

10

Let th' enemy pursue my soul  
 And overtake it, let him tread

My

My life down to the earth, and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust and there out-spread  
Lodge it with dishonor foul.

15

Rise Jehovah in thine ire,  
Rouse thyself amidst the rage  
Of my foes that urge like fire ;  
And wake for me, their fury' affwage ;  
Judgment here thou didst engage  
And command which I desire.

20

So th' assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right,  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high and in their fight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation.

25

30

Judge me Lord, be judge in this  
According to my righteousness,  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me : cause at length to cease

Of evil men the wickedness 35  
And their pow'r that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defense, and in him lies, 40  
In him who both just and wise  
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended;  
If the unjust will not forbear, 45  
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute.) Behold 50  
He travels big with vanity,  
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old  
As in a womb, and from that mold  
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He



P S A L M S. VIII.

259

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made ;  
His mischief that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
Of violence will undelay'd  
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

55

60

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise,  
And sing the Name and Deity  
Of Jehovah the most high.

P S A L. VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.

**O** Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth !  
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set  
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,  
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,  
That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers art, 9  
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set  
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot  
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?  
Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot, 15  
With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,  
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,  
All beasts that in the field or forest meet, 20

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet  
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.  
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April.

April. 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into meter, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original.

## P S A L. LXXX.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*  
     Give ear *in time of need,*  
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep  
     *Thy loved Joseph's seed,*  
 That sitt between the Cherubs *bright,* 5  
     *Between their wings out-spread,*  
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*  
     *And on our foes thy dread.*

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
     And in Manasse's fight, 10  
 Awake \* thy strength, come, and *be seen* \* *Gnorer.*  
     *To save us by thy might.*

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*  
     *To us O God vouchsafe ;*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine, 15  
     And then we shall be safe.



4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare

Thy \* smoking wrath, *and angry brow* \* *Gnasbanta*,  
Against thy people's prayer ! 20

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,  
Their bread with tears they eat,

And mak'st them \* largely drink the tears \* *Sbalish*.  
*Wherewith their cheeks are wet.*

6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey* 25  
To every neighbour foe,

Among themselves they \* laugh, they \* play,  
And \* flouts at us they throw. \* *Jilgnagu*.

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*  
O God of Hosts *vouchsafe*, 30

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine*,

And drov'st out nations, *proud and haughty*, 35  
To plant this lovely vine.

9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,  
And root it deep and fast,

That it *began to grow apace*, 39  
*And fill'd the land at last.* With

- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all*,  
 The hills were *over-spread*,  
 Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall  
*Advanc'd their lofty head.*
- 11 Her branches *on the western side* 45  
 Down to the sea she sent,  
 And *upward* to that river *wide*  
 Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
 And broken down her fence, 50  
 That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood  
 Up turns it by the roots,  
 Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food 55  
*Her grapes and tender shoots.*
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
 From Heav'n, thy seat divine,  
 Behold *us, but without a frown,*  
 And visit this *thy* vine. 60
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
 Hath set, and planted *long,*  
 And the young branch, that for thyself  
 Thou hast made firm and strong. But

16 But now it is consum'd with fire, 65

And cut *with axes* down,

They perish at thy dreadful ire,

At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the man of thy right hand

Let thy *good* hand be *laid*, 70

Upon the son of man, whom thou

Strong for thyself hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee

*To ways of sin and shame,*

Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we 75

Shall call upon thy Name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*

Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe*,

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe. 80

P S A L. LXXXI.

1 **T**O God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*

Sing loud to God *our King*,

To Jacob's God, *that all may bear,*

Loud acclamations' ring.

Prepare



2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,

The timbrel hither bring,

The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,

And harp *with* pleasant *string*.

3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon

With trumpets *lofty sound*,

10

Th' appointed time, the day whereon

Our solemn feast *comes round*.

4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*

For Israel *to observe*,

A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,

15

*From whence they might not swerve*.

5 This he a testimony ordain'd

In Joseph, *not to change*,

When as he pass'd through Egypt land ;

The tongue I heard was strange.

20

6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*

I set his shoulder free :

His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,

Deliver'd were *by me*.

7 When trouble did thee sore assail,

25

*On me then* didst thou call,

And I to free thee *did not fail*,

*And led thee out of thrall*.

I

I answer'd thee in \*thunder deep \* *Be Sether regnam.*

With clouds incompas'd round ; 30

I try'd thee at the water *sleep*

Of Meriba *renown'd.*

8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well,*

I testify to thee,

*Thou ancient flock of Israel,* 35

If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode

No alien God shall be,

Nor shalt thou to a foreign God

In honour bend thy knee. 40

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought

Thee out of Egypt land ;

Ask large enough, and I, *befought,*

Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *bear,* 45

*Nor* hearken to my voice ;

And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear,*

Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,

And to their wand'ring mind ; 50

Their own conceits they follow'd still,

Their own devices blind. O

13 O that my people would *be wise,*

*To serve me all their days,*

And O that Israel would *advise*

*To walk my righteous ways.*

55

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,

*That now so proudly rise,*

And turn my hand against *all those*

*That are their enemies.*

60

15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*

*To bow to him and bend,*

But *they, his people, should remain,*

*Their time should have no end.*

16 And he would feed them *from the shock*

*With flow'r of finest wheat,*

And satisfy them from the rock

*With honey for their meat.*

65

## P S A L. LXXXII.

1 **G**OD in the \* great \* assembly stands  
*Of kings and lordly states,*

† Among the Gods, † on both his hands † *Bekerev.*

He judges and debates.

\* *Bagnadatb-el.*

How



- 2 How long will ye \* pervert the right \* *Tisbphetu gnavel.*  
 With \* judgment false and wrong, 6  
 Favoring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*
- 3 \* Regard the \* weak and fatherless, \* *Sbipbtu-dal.*  
 \* Dispatch the \* poor man's cause, 10  
 And † raise the man in deep distress † *Hatzdiku.*  
 By † just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
 And rescue from the hands  
 Of wicked men the low estate 15  
 Of him *that help demands.*
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,  
 In darkness they walk on,  
 The earth's foundations all are \* mov'd,  
 And \* out of order gone. \* *Jimmotu.*
- 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all 21  
 The sons of God most high ;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
 As other princes *die.*
- 8 Rise God, \* judge thou the earth *in might,* 25  
 This *wicked* earth \* redress, \* *Sbipbta.*  
 For thou art he who shalt by right  
 The nations all possess. PSAL.

## P S A L. LXXXIII.

I **B**E not thou silent *now at length*,  
 O God hold not thy peace,  
 Sit thou not still O God of *strength*,  
*We cry, and do not cease.*

2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* \* swell, 5  
 And \* storm outrageously, \* *Jebemajun.*

And they that hate thee *proud and fell*  
 Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy people they † contrive † *Jagnarimu.*  
 † Their plots and counsels deep, † *Sod.* 10

\* Them to insnare they chiefly strive,  
 \* *firthjagnatsu gnal.*

\* Whom thou dost hide and keep. \* *Tsepbuneca.*

4 Come let us cut them off, say they,  
 Till they no nation be,

That Israel's name for ever may 15  
 Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult \* with all their might,  
 And all as one in mind \* *Lev jachdau.*

Themselves against thee they unite,  
 And in firm union bind. 20

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of *scornful* Ishmael,

Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
*That in the desert dwell,*

7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*  
And *bateful* Amalec,

25

The Philistins, and they of Tyre,  
*Whose bounds the Sea doth check.*

8 With them *great* Ashur also bands  
*And doth confirm the knot :*

30

*All these have lent their armed hands*  
To aid the sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*  
*That wasted all the coast,*

To Sisera, and as *is told*  
*Thou didst to Jabin's host,*

35

*When at the brook of Kishon old*  
*They were repuls'd and slain,*

10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
As dung upon the plain.

40

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
So let their princes speed,

As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled,*  
So let their princes *bleed.*

For



12 *For they amidst their pride have said,* 45

By right now shall we seize

God's houses, and *will now invade*

\* Their stately palaces. \* *Neoth Elobim bears both.*

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,

*No quiet let them find,*

50

Giddy and restless let them reel

Like stubble from the wind.

14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire

*Which on a sudden strays,*

The greedy flame runs higher and higher

55

Till all the mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,

And with thy tempest chase;

16 \* And till they \* yield thee honor due ;

59

Lord fill with shame their face.

\* *They seek thy Name.* Heb.

17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,

Troubled, and sham'd for ever,

Ever confounded, and so die

With shame, *and scape it never.*

Then

18 Then shall they know that thou whose name 65  
 Jehovah is alone,  
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*  
 O'er all the earth *art one.*

## P S A L. LXXXIV.

1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair !  
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear

The *pleasant* tabernacles are,  
*Where thou dost dwell so near !*

2 My soul doth long and almost die 5  
 Thy courts O Lord to see,

My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
 O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong*  
 Hath found a house of *rest,* 10

The swallow there, to lay her young  
 Hath built her *brooding* nest,

Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
*They find their safe abode,*

*And home they fly from round the coasts* 15  
*Toward thee, my King, my God.*

Happy,

- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
Where thee they ever praise,  
5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
And in their hearts thy ways. 20  
6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,  
*That dry and barren ground,*  
As through a fruitful watry dale  
Where springs and show'rs abound.  
7 They journey on from strength to strength 25  
*With joy and gladfome cheer,*  
Till all before our God at *length*  
In Sion do appear.  
8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer,  
O Jacob's God give ear, 30  
9 Thou God our shield look on the face  
Of thy anointed *dear*.  
10 For one day in thy courts *to be*  
Is better, *and more blest,*  
Than *in the joys of vanity* 35  
A thousand days *at best*.  
I in the temple of my God  
Had rather keep a door,  
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*  
With sin *for evermore*. 40



11 For God the Lord both sun and shield  
 Gives grace and glory *bright*,  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.

12 Lord God of Hosts *that reign'st on high*, 45  
 That man is *truly* blest,  
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
 And in thee only rest.

## P S A L. LXXXV.

1 **T**HY land to favor graciously  
 Thou hast not Lord been slack,  
 Thou hast from *bard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.

2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive 5  
*That wrought* thy people woe,  
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve*,  
 Hast hid *where none shall know*.

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,  
 And *calmly* didst return 10  
 From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd  
 Far worse than fire to burn.

† Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

God

- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore,  
 Thine indignation cause to cease 15  
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus,  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us? 20
- 6 Wilt thou not \* turn, and *bear our voice,*  
 And us again \* revive, \* Heb. *turn to quicken us.*  
 That so thy people may rejoice  
 By thee preserv'd alive.
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord, 25  
 To us thy mercy shew,  
 Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew.*
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,  
 I will go *strait* and hear, 30  
 For to his people he speaks peace,  
 And to his saints *full dear,*  
 To his dear saints he will speak peace,  
 But let them never more  
 Return to folly, *but surcease* 35  
*To trespass as before.*

9 Surely to such as do him fear

Salvation is at hand,

And glory shall ere long appear

To dwell within our land.

40

10 Mercy and Truth that long were miss'd

Now joyfully are met,

Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,

And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth, like to a flow'r,

45

Shall bud and blossom then,

And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r

Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow

Whatever thing is good,

50

Our land shall forth in plenty throw

Her fruits to be our food.

13 Before him Righteousness shall go

His royal harbinger,

Then \* will he come, and not be slow,

55

His footsteps cannot err.

\* Heb. He will set his steps to the way.



## P S A L. LXXXVI.

1 **T**HY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,  
O hear me *I thee pray*,

For I am poor, and almost pine

With need, *and sad decay*.

2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod

5

Thy ways, and love the just,

Save thou thy servant, O my God,

Who *still* in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee

I call; 4. O make rejoice

10

Thy servant's soul; for Lord to thee

I lift my soul *and voice*.

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone

To pardon, thou to all

Art full of mercy, thou *alone*

15

To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,

Give ear, and to the cry

Of my *incessant* pray'rs afford

Thy hearing graciously.

20

† Heb. *I am good, loving a doer of good and holy things.*

- 7 I in the day of my distress  
Will call on thee *for aid*;  
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,  
*And answer what I pray'd.*
- 8 Like thee among the Gods is none, 25  
O Lord, nor any works  
*Of all that other Gods have done*  
Like to thy *glorious works.*
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, *and all shall frame* 30  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done,  
Thou *in thy everlasting seat* 35  
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,  
I in thy truth will bide,  
To fear thy name my heart unite,  
*So shall it never slide.* 40
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honor and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore. For

13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,

45

And thou hast free'd my soul,

Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,

*From deepest darkness foul.*

14 O God the proud against me rise,

And violent men are met

50

To seek my life, and in their eyes

No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,

Readiest thy grace to shew,

Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*

55

Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*

And me have mercy on,

Unto thy servant give thy strength,

And save thy handmaid's son.

60

17 Some sign of good to me afford,

And let my foes *then* see,

And be asham'd, because thou Lord

Dost help and comfort me.



## P S A L. LXXXVII.

1 **A**MONG the holy mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast,

*There seated is his sanctuary,*

*His temple there is plac'd.*

2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more 5

Than all the dwellings *fair*

Of Jacob's *land*, though there be *store*,

*And all within his care.*

3 City of God, most glorious things

Of thee *abroad* are spoke; 10

4 I mention Egypt, where proud kings

*Did our forefathers yoke.*

I mention Babel to my friends,

*Philistia full of scorn,*

And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends*, 15

Lo this man there was born :

5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*

Be said of Sion *last*,

This and this man was born in her,

High God shall fix her fast. 20

The

- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll  
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,  
 When he the nations doth inroll,  
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 25  
*With sacred songs are there,*  
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*  
*And all my fountains clear.*

## P S A L. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD God that dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry ;  
 And all night long before thee *weep,*  
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my pray'r 5  
*With sighs devout ascend,*  
 And to my cries that *ceaseless are,*  
 Thine ear with favor bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store  
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie, 10  
 My life *at death's unbearful door*  
 Unto the grave draws nigh.

Reckon'd

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass  
 Down to the *dismal* pit,  
 I am a \* man, but weak alas,  
 And for that name unfit.

15

\* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite  
 Among the dead to *sleep*,  
 And like the slain in *bloody* fight  
 That in the grave lie *deep*.

20

Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard,  
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er  
*Death's hideous house bath barr'd.*

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,

25

Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
 In horrid deeps to *mourn*.

7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,  
 Full sore doth press on me;

30

\* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
 \* And all thy waves break me.

\* *The Hebr. bears both.*

Thou



8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,

And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, *for they change,*

35

And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,

Mine eye grows dim and dead,

Lord, all the day I thee intreat,

My hands to thee I spread.

40

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,

Shall the deceas'd arise

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*

*With pale and hollow eyes?*

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell

45

On whom the grave *batb bold,*

Or they who in perdition *dwell,*

Thy faithfulness *unfold?*

12 In darkness can thy mighty *band*

Or wondrous acts be known,

50

Thy justice in the *gloomy land*

Of *dark oblivion?*

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,

*Ere yet my life be spent,*

And *up to thee* my pray'r *dotb lie,*

55

Each morn, and thee prevent,

Why

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
And hide thy face from me ?

15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake  
With terror sent from thee ?

60

† Heb. *Præ Concussione.*

Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,

65

Thy threatnings cut me through :

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,

And sever'd from me far :

70

They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

A

## A Paraphrase on P S A L. CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the  
Author at fifteen years old.

**W**HEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son  
After long toil their liberty had won,  
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown, 5  
His praise and glory was in Israel known.  
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil. 10  
The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams  
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.  
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the moun-  
tains?  
Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?  
Shake Earth, and at the presence be aghast 15  
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,  
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.



## P S A L. CXXXVI.

**L**ET us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
 For his mercies ay indure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
 For of Gods he is the God ;  
 For his &c.

5

O let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.  
 For his &c.

10

Who with his miracles doth make  
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.  
 For his &c.

15

Who by his wisdom did create  
 The painted Heav'ns so full of state.  
 For his &c.

20

Who did the solid earth ordain  
 To rise above the watry plain.  
 For his &c.

Who by his all-commanding might  
 Did fill the new-made world with light.  
 For his &c.

25

And

And caus'd the golden-tress'd sun,  
All the day long his course to run.

30

For his &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his &c.

35

He with his thunder-clasping hand  
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.

For his &c.

40

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel.

For his &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythræan main.

45

For his &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass.

50

For his &c.

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power.

For his &c.

55

5

His

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his &c.

60

In bloody battel he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,  
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.

For his &c.

65

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his &c.

70

And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his &c.

75

He hath with a piteous eye  
Beheld us in our misery.

For his &c.

80

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy.

For his &c.

All



P S A L M S. CXXXVI.

289

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need.

85

For his &c.

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth.

90

For his &c.

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay indure,

95

Ever faithful, ever sure.

---



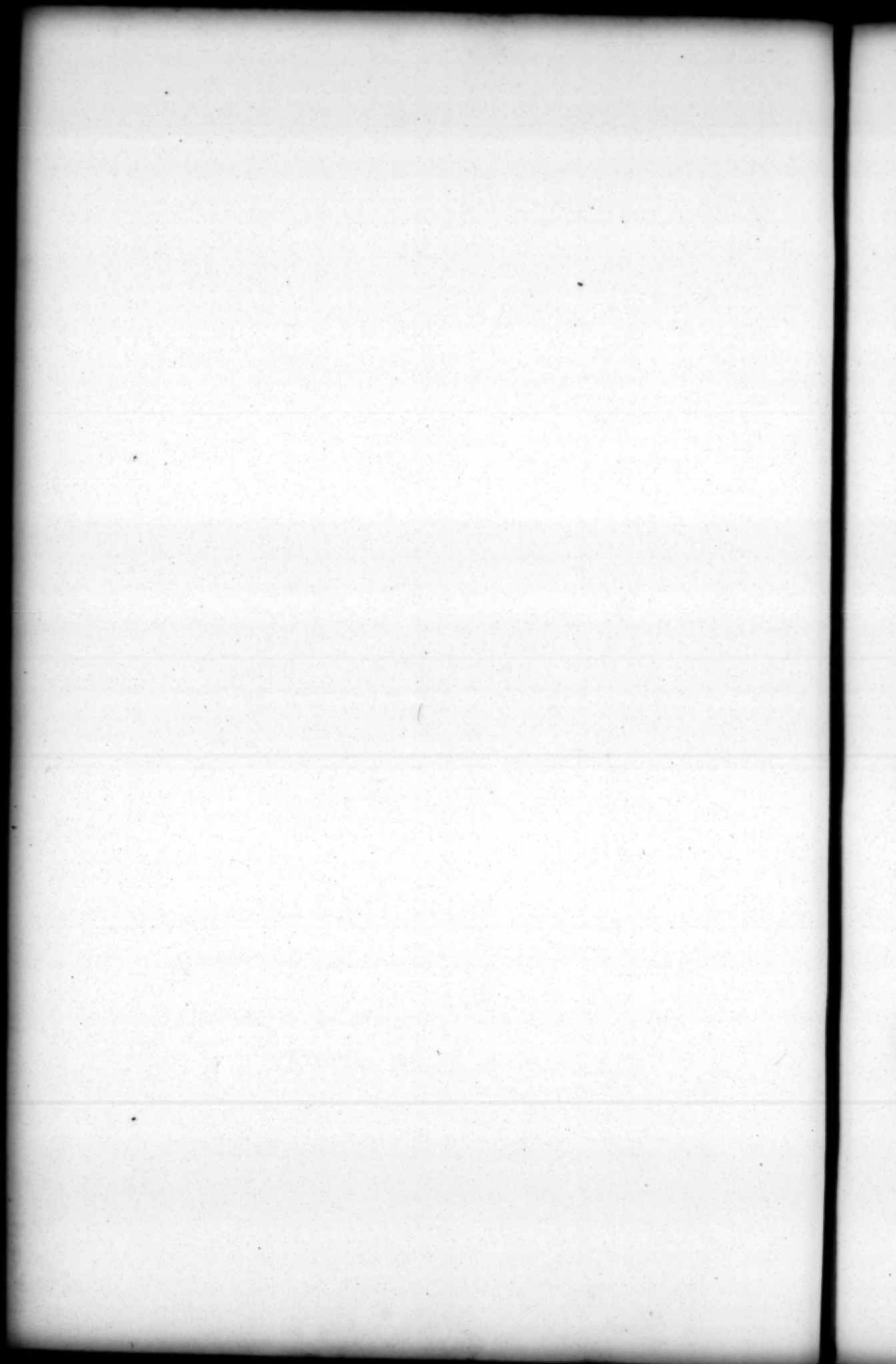
JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMAT A.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis  
Vigefimum conscripfit.





**H**ÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

**U**T mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salfilli Romani.

**C**EDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;  
Sebetus Taffum definat usque loqui;  
At Thamefis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,  
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

**G**Ræcia Mæonidem, jactet fibi Roma Maronem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

**E**RGIMI all' Etra ò Clio  
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona  
Non più del Biondo Dio  
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,  
Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,  
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace  
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore  
Non puo l'oblio rapace  
Furar dalle memorie eccelfo onore,  
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del



Del Ocean profondo  
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede  
Separata dal mondo,  
Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede :  
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,  
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita  
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,  
Quella gli è sol gradita,  
Perche in lei fan trovar gioia, e diletto ;  
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto  
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido  
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama ;  
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido  
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,  
E per poterla effigiare al paro  
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'Ape Ingegnosa  
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato

Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;  
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,  
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta  
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti  
Le peregrine piante  
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;  
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quasi divino  
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero  
Vide in ogni confino  
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;  
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea  
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora  
O in lei del parlar Tosco apprefer l' arte,  
La cui memoria onora  
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,

Volesti

Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle  
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
Che per varie favelle  
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:  
Ch' Ode citr' all Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma  
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani  
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani  
Tropo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,  
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,  
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,  
Che di virtù immortale  
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;  
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia  
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi



Dammi tua dolce Cetra  
 Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,  
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
 Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,  
 Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso  
 Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permessò.

I o che in riva del Arno  
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro  
 So che fatico indarno,  
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;  
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del fig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo  
 Fiorentino.

# JOANNI MILTONI

## LONDINENSI,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

**V**IRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda ; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt ; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed \* venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis ; in intellectu sapientia ; in voluntate ardor gloriæ ; in ore eloquentia ; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti ; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legenti ;

legenti ; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum ?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis fatis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

E L E-



## E L E G I A R U M

## L I B E R P R I M U S.

Elegia prima ad CAROLUM DEODATUM.

**T** Andem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
 Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas ;  
 Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ  
 Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.  
 Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas 5  
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
 Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.  
 Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamefis alluit undâ,  
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10  
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,  
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
 Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !  
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri 15  
 Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
 Si fit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,  
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,

Non

Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,  
 Lætus & exilii conditione fruor. 20  
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;  
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.  
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis, 25  
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.  
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest, 30  
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro ;  
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores 35  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum  
 Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
 Et dolet, & spectro, juvat & spectasse dolendo,  
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest : 40

Seu

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit

Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,

Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor

Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,

Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili, 45

Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.

Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,

Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,

Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50

Sæpius hic blandas spirantia fidera flammæ

Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.

Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ

Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas, 55

Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;

Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,

Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,

Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor; 60

Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina sordet

Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!

Cedite



Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,  
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.  
 Cedite Achæmeniaë turritâ fronte puellæ, 65  
 Et quot Sufa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.  
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ,  
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.  
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musâ columnas  
 Jactet, & Aufoniis plena theatra stolis. 70  
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.  
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis  
 Turrigerum latè cõspicienda caput,  
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis 75  
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno  
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,  
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ  
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80  
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
 Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
 Huic Paphon, & roseam post habitura Cypron.

Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci, 85

Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro ;  
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes  
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.

Stat quoque juncosâs Cami remeare paludes,  
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ. 90  
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

**T**E, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,

Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva  
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.

Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis 5

Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,  
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,  
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,

Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis  
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea. 10

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,

Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula  
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.  
 Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei 15  
 Rettulit Atridæ iussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni  
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis. 20  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,  
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,  
 Personet & totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum \* Præfulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,  
 Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,  
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;  
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,  
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face; 6

\* Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept 21. 1626.



Pulsavitque aturo gravidos & jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis : 10  
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxi dignissime Præsul,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ ;  
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar, 15  
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,  
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,  
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa, 20  
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?  
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo  
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis, 25  
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas ;  
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?

Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ ? 30  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiaco submerferat æquore currum  
 Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.  
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili, 35  
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos :  
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,  
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent. 40  
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.  
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos, 45  
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.  
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,  
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50

**Ipsæ**

Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,  
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos, 55  
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,  
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. 60  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos ;  
 Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,  
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.  
 Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ, 65  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,  
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.



## ELEGIA QUARTA, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

**C**URRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,  
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros ;  
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obftet eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos 5  
 Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos,

Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Veſta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri ; 10

Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras  
 Gratus Eleuſinâ miſſus ab urbe puer.

Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiſo quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ, 15  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dediffe neci.

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præſul Chriſticolas pſcere doctus oves ;

Ille

Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20  
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !  
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium  
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;  
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno, 25  
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.  
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.  
 Primus Ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30  
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,  
 Castalio sparfi læta ter ora mero.  
 Flammeus at fignum ter viderat arietis Æthon,  
 Induxitque auro lanæ terga novo,  
 Bisque novo terram sparfisti Chlōri senilem 35  
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse fonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,  
 Quàm fit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40

Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,  
 Forſitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum  
 Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei,  
 Cæleſtine animas ſaturantem rore tenellas, 45  
 Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque ſolet, multam ſit dicere cura ſalutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, ſi modo adeſſet, herum.  
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modeſtos  
 Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui : 50  
 Hæc tibi, ſi teneris vacat inter prælia Muſis,  
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.  
 Accipe ſinceram, quamvis ſit ſera, ſalutem ;  
 Fiat & hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.  
 Sera quidem, ſed vera fuit, quam caſta recepit 55  
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.  
 Aſt ego quid volui manuſtum tollere crimen,  
 Ipſe quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?  
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,  
 Et pudet officium deſerviffe ſuum. 60  
 Tu modò da veniam ſaſſo, veniamque roganti,  
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, ſolent.

Non



Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes

Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.

Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis

65

Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.

Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,

Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.

Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,

Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.

70

Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !

In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,

Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,

Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.

Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,

75

Et fata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat;

Germanisq; suum concessit Thracia Martem,

Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos;

Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,

Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,

80

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo

Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.

Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,

Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;

Et,

Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates, 85  
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.  
 Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis  
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90  
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?  
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris, 95  
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
 Preffit inaffueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertaſque Arabum falebras, dum regis Achabi  
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100  
 Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.  
 Piſcoſæque ipſum Gergeſſæ civis Iëſum  
 Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.  
 At tu ſume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis, 105  
 Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.

Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obfitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,  
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;  
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
 Affyrios fudit nocte silente viros  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras 115  
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,  
 Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis, 125  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.



## ELEGIA QUINTA, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

**I**N se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;  
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.  
 Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 5  
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo  
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10  
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
 Et furor, & sonitus me facer intus agit.  
 Delius ipse venit, video Penēide lauro  
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.  
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli, 15  
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;  
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,  
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;  
 Intuiturque animus tuto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20

Quid

Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?

Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;

Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis 25

Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus:

Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores

Veris, & hoc subeat Musa \* perennis opus. 30

Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,

Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes 35

Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto

Excubias agitant fidera rara polo.

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,

Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40

Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,

Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,

\* quotannis. Edit. 1645.

Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ  
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.  
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit 45  
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,  
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur  
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.  
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,  
 Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro? 50  
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,  
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.  
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
 Et matutinos ocius urget equos.  
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam, 55  
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;  
 Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,  
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto  
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis! 60  
 Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;  
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
 Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.



Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos 65  
 Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.  
 Cinnamêa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,  
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.

Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt 75

Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.

Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
 In verspertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80

Cur te, inquit, cursu lauguentem Phœbe diurno  
 Hesperius recipit Cærule mater aquis?

Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,  
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora fallo?

Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ, 85  
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

Mollior

Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,  
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans  
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,  
 Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;  
 Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores; 95  
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo. 100  
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,  
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes, 105  
 Littus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.  
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,  
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.

Egre-

Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris 109

Virgineos auro cincta puella finus. [unum,

Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus

Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.

Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,

Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.

Navita nocturno placat sua fidera cantu, 115

Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.

Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympto,

Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.

Nunc etiam Satyri cum fera crepuscula surgunt,

Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120

Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,

Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.

Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis

Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan, 125

Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;

Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,

Consult in trepidos dum sibi nympa pedes,

Jamque latet, latitanque cupit male tecta videri,

Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130



Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,

Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.

Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,

Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.

Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris

135

Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?

Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales

Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant;

Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,

Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo

140

#### ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripisset, & sua carmina  
excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod  
inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud  
satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat,  
hoc habuit responsum.

**M**ITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.

At tua quid nostram proleat Musa camœnam,

Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?

Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,

Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.

6

Nam

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,  
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum, 10  
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,  
 Hauſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos!  
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poeſin?  
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos, 15  
 Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.  
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucæ  
 Miſta Thyoneo turba novena choro.  
 Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:  
 Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat. 20  
 Quid niſi vina, roſasque racemiſerumque Lyæum  
 Cantavit brevibus Tēia Muſa modis?  
 Pindaricoſque inflat numeros Teumefius Euan,  
 Et redolet ſumptum pagina quæque merum;  
 Dum gravis everſo curruſ crepat axe ſupinus, 25  
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuſcuſ eques.  
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanuſ Iaccho  
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30  
 Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,  
 Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.  
 Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum  
 Corda, favent uni Bæchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te 35  
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque Threſſia tibi cælato barbitos auro  
 Inſonat argutâ molliter iſta manu;  
 Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40  
 Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,  
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
 Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,  
 Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum, 45  
 Quale repentinus permeat offa calor,  
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem  
 Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia finus.  
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum eſt,  
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos; 50



Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,

Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.

Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,

Sæpius & veteri commaduiffe mero.

At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cœlum, 55

Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,

Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,

Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,

Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri

Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60

Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,

Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.

Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,

Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.

Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis 65

Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.

Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem

Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,

Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque

Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris; 70

Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus

Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,

Et per monstificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,  
 Et vada scēmineis infidiosa sonis,  
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro 75  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
 Dīs etenim sacer est vates, divūmque sacerdos,  
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.  
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80  
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,  
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,  
 Vagitumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto  
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,  
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,  
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos. 86  
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,  
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris. 90

## ELEGIA SEPTIMA, Anno Ætatis 19.

L **N**ondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen Amor.

Tu

Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas, 5  
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.  
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,  
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros. 10  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
 Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:  
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem, 15  
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.  
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,  
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:  
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit. 20  
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;  
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas  
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.  
 Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares, 25  
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.



Et miser exemplo sapiiffes tutiùs, inquit,  
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30  
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;  
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
 Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.  
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum, 35  
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:  
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40  
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.  
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ, 45  
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.  
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille finus.

At

At mihi risuro tonuit ferox ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50  
 Et modò quàm nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, facièque fimillima turba deorum  
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat, 55  
 Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.  
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
 Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.  
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia mihi,  
 Neve oculos potui continuissè meos. 60  
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.  
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, 65  
 Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.  
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.  
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
 Infilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis : 70

Et

Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.  
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat, 75  
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.  
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
 Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,  
 Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat. 80  
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,  
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.  
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.  
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus? amores 85  
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
 Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui;  
 Forfitan & duro non est adamante creata,  
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces. 90  
 Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitè arsit,  
 Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.



Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,

Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus, 95

Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,

Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,

Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans : 100

Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,

Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

**H**ÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino

Nequitiae posui vana trophæa meæ.

Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, 105

Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.

Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos

Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.

Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,

Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu. 110

Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,

Et Diomedéam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In

## In Proditionem Bombardicam.

**C**UM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos  
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,  
 Fallor ? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus ?  
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli, 5  
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.  
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis  
 Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

## In eandem.

**S**iccine tentasti cœlo donâsse Iacobum  
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates ?  
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
 Parce precor donis infidiosa tuis.  
 Ille quidem fine te consortia ferus adivit 5  
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
 Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,  
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,  
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
 Crede mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter. 10

In

In eandem.

**P**Urgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,  
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.

Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,  
Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne, 5  
Supplicium spreta religione dabis.

Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.

O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis! 10

Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni  
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

**Q**UEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque sinu,  
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem bombardæ.

**I**Apetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,  
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;  
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad



Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

**A**ngelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)  
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.

Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,

Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.

Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli

5

Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;

Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda

Sensim immortalis affuescere posse sono.

Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,

In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

10

Ad eandem.

**A**ltera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.

Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo

Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!

Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem

5

Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,

Quamvis Dirceò torfisset lumina Pentheo

Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,

Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus

Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;

10

Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem

Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad

Ad eandem.

**C** Redula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,  
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,

Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ

Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?

Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tîbridis undâ 5

Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.

Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,

Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

\* Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

**R**usticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino :

Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus

Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.

Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo, 5

Mota solo assueto, protenûs aret iners.

Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,

Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.

Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni

(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo? 10

Possẽm ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem :

Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipse parens.

Elegiarum Finis.

S Y L-

\* Added in the Edit. of 1673.

## SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In obitum \* Procancellarii medici.

**P** Arere fati discite legibus,  
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,  
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
 Iâpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro

5

Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ

Tentantur incassum dolique;

Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera

Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules

10

Nessi venenatus cruore

Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ

Vidisset occisum Ilion Hæctora, aut

Quem larva Pelidis peremit

15

Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

\* Dr. John Goslyn, Master of Caius college, and the King's Professor of physic, who died when he was a second time Vice-Chancellor in October 1626. So that the date of Milton's age is wrong.

Si



Si triste fatum verba Hecatœia  
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
 Vixisset infamis, potentique  
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

20

Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
 Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,  
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

Læfisset & nec te Philyreie  
 Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,  
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum  
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

25

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,  
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,  
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,

30

Et mediis Helicon in undis,  
 Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi  
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,  
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis  
 Horribiles barathri recessus.

35

At fila rupit Persephone tua  
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus  
 Succoque pollenti tot atris  
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

40

Colende Præses, membra precor tua  
 Molli quiescant cespitem, & ex tuo  
     Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,  
     Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,  
     Interque felices perennis  
     Elysio spatium campo.

45

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

**J**AM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto  
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque potentia regna  
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus  
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :  
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat  
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis :  
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,  
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernaſque fideles,  
 Participes regni post funera mœſta futuros ;  
 Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,  
 Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,

5

10

Armat

Armata & invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;  
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace, 15  
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,  
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes  
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris 20  
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
 Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris.  
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes  
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
 Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva 25  
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem  
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,  
 Ante expugnataæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ. 30

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam  
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur ; 35  
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna



Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphœus.  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, iſtaque cuspide cuspis.  
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40  
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
 Contemtrixque jugi, noſtraque potentior arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt,  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.  
 Haſtenus ; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis ; 45  
 Quà volat, adverſi præcuſſant agmine venti,  
 Denſantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruiſoſas velox ſuperaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Auſoniæ fines, à parte finiſtra  
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſciſque Sabini, 50  
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Heſtruria, nec non  
 Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oſcula dantem ;  
 Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem, 55  
 Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum  
 Evehitur, præeunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum ;  
 Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,

Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60

Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis

(Vesper erat facer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum

Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.

Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,

Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 65

Dum tremat attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,

Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,

Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,

Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello, 70

Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,

Atque Acherontæo progeneratam patre Siopen

Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres

Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter 75

Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)

At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,

Cum niger umbrarum dominus rectorque silentum,

Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus

Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80

Barba finis promissa tegit, cineracea longo

Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus

Vertice de raſo, & ne quicquam deſit ad artes,  
 Cannabeo lumbos conſtrixit fune ſalaces,  
 Tarda fenestratis figens veſtigia calceis. 85

Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,  
 Sylveſtriſque tulit genti pia verba ſalutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicoſque leones.

Subdoluſ at tali Serpens velatuſ amiſctu 90  
 Solvit in haſ fallax ora execrantia voceſ ;  
 Dormiſ nate ? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artuſ ?  
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum !  
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex  
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe, 95  
 Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni :  
 Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latiuſ quem Cæſar adorat,  
 Cui referata patet convexi janua cœli,  
 Turgentes animoſ, & faſtuſ frange procaceſ,  
 Sacrilegiquę ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit, 100  
 Et quid Apoſtolicę poſſit cuſtodia claviſ ;  
 Et memor Heſperię diſjectam ulciſcere claſſem,  
 Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctoꝝque cruci tot corpora fixa probolę,  
 Thermodoonteſ nuper regnante puella. 105

At



At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
 Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle :  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis, 111  
 Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.  
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceſſes,  
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,  
 Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt ; 115  
 Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de ſtirpe creatos,  
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canis que verendos ;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, ſub imis.  
 Protinus ipſe igitur quoscuque habet Anglia fidos  
 Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquâ mne tuorum  
 Audebit ſummi non jūſſa faceſſere Papæ ?  
 Percuſſosque metu ſubito, caſûque ſtupentes 125  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.

Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis. 130  
 Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;  
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135  
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis ;  
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,  
 Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata \* revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,  
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140  
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,  
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,  
 Offa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro ;  
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, 145  
 Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,  
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes  
 Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat, 150

\* forsan — resolvens.

Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque ſequentē per  
     antrum,

Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris  
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt ;

Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles      155  
 Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor

Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit

Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo :

Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite grefſu,      160

Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras

Et rex & pariter ſatrapæ, ſclerata propago,

Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ

Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.

Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.      165

Interea longo ſelectens curvamine cœlos

Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,

Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,

Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.

Effle ſerunt ſpatium, quâ diſtat ab Afide terra      170

Fertilis Europe, & ſpectat Mareotidas undas ;

Hic turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ

Ærea,



Ærea, lata,<sup>1</sup> sonans, rutilus vicinior astris  
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,  
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros : 176  
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;  
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen. 180  
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,  
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ 185  
 Ifidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.  
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli : 190  
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis  
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.  
 Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195  
 Nobis

Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit

Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli

Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.

76 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,

Fulmine præmissō alloquitur, terrâque tremente :

Fama files ? an te latet impia Papistarum 201

Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,

80 Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iacobo ?

Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,

Et fatis ante fugax stridentes induit alas, 205

Induit & pariis exilia corpora plumis ;

Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.

85 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,

Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,

Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit : 210

Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes

Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,

90 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat

Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,

Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis 215

Infidiis loca structa filet ; stupuere relatis,

Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,

95 Effœtique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ

Sensus

Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220

Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis

Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres ;

At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores ;

Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;

Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris

Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno. 226

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum \* Præfulis Eliensis.

**A** Dhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,

Et ficca nondum lumina

Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant falis,

Quem nuper effudi pius,

Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo 5

Wintoniensis Præfulis.

Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali

Cladisque vera nuntia)

Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,

Populosque Neptuno fatos, 10

Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus

Te generis humani decus,

\* Nicholas Felton who died October 5. 1626.



Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ

Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.

Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus

15

Ebulliebat fervidâ,

Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :

Nec vota Naso in Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore,

Graiusque vates parcius

20

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,

Sponsamque Neobolen suam.

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,

Et imprecor neci necem,

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos

25

Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :

Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream

Bilemque & irritas minas,

Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,

Subitoque ad iras percita ?

30

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,

Mors atra Noctis filia,

Erebóve patre creta, five Erinnye,

Vastove nata sub Chao :

Aft

Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei	35
Messēs ubique colligit ;	
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas	
In lucem & auras evocat ;	
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem	
Themidos Jovisque filiæ ;	40
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;	
At justa raptat impios	
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,	
Sedesque subterraneas.	
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audiui, cito	45
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,	
Volatilesque faustus inter milites	
Ad astra sublimis feror :	
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex	
Auriga currus ignei.	50
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi	
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut	
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,	
Non ensis Orion tuus.	
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,	55
Longéque sub pedibus deam	

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos  
Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum fiderum per ordines,

Per lacteas vehor plagas,

60

Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,

Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, & regiam cryftallinam, &

Stratum smaragdis atrium.

Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat

65

Oriundus humano patre

Amœnitates illius loci? mihi

Sat est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

**H**E U quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immerfa  
profundis

Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!

Quæ vefana fuis metiri facta deorum

Audet, & incifas leges adamante perenni

5

Affimilare fuis, nulloque folubile fæclo

Confilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergóne marcescet fulcantibus obfita rugis

Naturæ



Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilefcet ab ævo ? 10  
 Et se faffa senem malè certis paffibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput ? num tetra vetuftas  
 Annorumque æterna fames, fqualorque fitusque  
 Sidera vexabunt ? an & infatiabile Tempus  
 Efuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem ? 15  
 Heu, potuitne fuas imprudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra muniffe nefas, & Temporis ifto  
 Exemiffe malo, gyrosque dediffe perennes ?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque fono dilapfa tremendo  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obuius icfu 20  
 Stridat uterque polus, fuperaque ut Olympius aulâ  
 Decidat, horribilifque relectâ Gorgone Pallas ;  
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata fagro cecidit de limine cœli ?  
 Tu quoque Phœbe tui cafus imitabere natj 25  
 Præcipiti curru, fubitâque ferere ruinâ  
 Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,  
 Et dabit attonito feralia fibila ponto.  
 Tunc etiam aërei divulfis fedibus Hæmi  
 Diffultabit apex, imoque allifa barathro 30  
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,

In

In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris  
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo 35  
 Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.

Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno ;  
 Raptat & ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.

Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim  
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40

Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,  
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
 Devexo temone Deus ; sed semper amicâ  
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.

Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis 45

Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo  
 Mane vocans, & serus agens in pascua cœli,  
 Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.

Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50

Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore  
 Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.

Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
 Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos

Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volut.  
55

Utque solet, Siculi deverberat ima Pelori  
Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ  
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.

Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 60  
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem  
Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim  
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum, 66  
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli;  
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

**D**Icite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,  
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,

Monumenta



Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis, 5  
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,  
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
 Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei? 10  
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
 Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibet natura fit communior,  
 Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci; 15  
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimùmve terris incolit lunæ globum:  
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas: 20  
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
 Atlante major portitore siderum.  
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit 25  
 Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos

Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini, 30  
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Ofiridem.  
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut fit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit Ifidis cultoribus.  
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus 35  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)  
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

## Ad Patrem.

**N**UNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;  
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis. 5  
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen  
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi  
 Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis  
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
 Respondere

Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis 10  
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro, 15  
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cœli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ. 20  
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.  
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ; 25  
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,  
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;  
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consultit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,  
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi, 31  
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,



Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
 Spiritus & rapidos qui circumdat igneus orbes, 35  
 Nunc quoque fidereis intercinat ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen ;  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit fibila serpens,  
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion ;  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.  
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates  
 Æsculæâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines, 45  
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,  
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,  
 Reptantesque deos, & alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit, 50  
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis ?  
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures  
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo  
 Compulit in lacrymas ; habet has à carmine laudes. 55  
 Nec

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Mufas,  
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram  
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres. 60  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam  
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti  
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?  
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti, 65  
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut fimules teneras odiffe Camœnas,  
 Non odiffe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,  
 Certaue condendi fulget spes aurea nummi : 70  
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaue gentis  
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
 Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ 75  
 Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.  
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,  
 Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu

Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,  
 Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant 80  
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
 Addere suafissi quos jactat Gallia flores,  
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates. 85

Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo  
 Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,  
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,  
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.  
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube, 90  
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas  
 Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.  
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse 95  
 Jupiter, excepto, donâisset ut omnia, cœlo?  
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato  
 Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,  
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100

Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ

Victrices



Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,  
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertī,  
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ, 105  
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,  
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;  
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus  
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu. 110

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus, 115  
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, fero servabitis ævo. 120

## P S A L. CXIV.

**Ι**σραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φυλ' Ἰακώβ  
 Ἐγύπτῳ λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαρόφωνον,  
 Δὴ τότε μόνον ἦν ὅσιον γένος υἱὲς Ἰούδα.  
 Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.  
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπιάδην φύγαδ' ἐρῶνσε θάλασσα  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ, ὃδ' ἂρ' ἐσυφελίχθη  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.  
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόνων ἐντραφεῶν ἐν ἀλώῃ.  
 Βαιοτέραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,  
 Ὅϊα παρὰ σύριγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.  
 Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλῳ φύγαδ' ἐρῶνσας  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθης  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;  
 Τίπτε ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέσθαι  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόνων ἐντραφεῶν ἐν ἀλώῃ;  
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἂρ' ὑμεῖς ἀνασκίρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,  
 Ὅϊα παρὰ σύριγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;  
 Σείεο γαῖα τρεῖς Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα  
 Γαῖα Θεὸν τρεῖς ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,  
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμῶν χέε μορμύροντας,  
 Κρήνηντ' ἀνασον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

5

10

15

20

Phi-

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui cum ignotum  
 & infontem inter reos forte captum inscius dam-  
 naverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενῃ hęc subito  
 misit.

ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, ὃδὲ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντά, σοφώτατον ἴσθι πάρεχον  
 Ρηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕψερρον αὖθι νοήσεις,  
 \* Μαιψιδίως δ' ἂρ ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,  
 Τοιοῦν δ' ἐκ πόλεως περιώνυμον ἄλλακ' ὀλέσσεις.

† In effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χεὶρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα  
 Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδ' αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.  
 Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπτὸν ἐκ ἐπιγυῖτες φίλοι  
 Γελάτε φαύλῃ δυσμίμημα ζωγράφῃ.

Ad Salfillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

S C A Z O N T E S.

○ Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dēiope furas

\* Μαιψ αὐτῷ δ' ἂρ ἔπειτα χρόνῳ μάλα πολλὸν ὀδυρῇ,  
 Τοιοῦν δ' ἐκ πόλεως ————— Edit. 1645.

† Added in the Edition of 1673.

Alternat



Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum, 5  
 Aedesdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salfillo  
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.  
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum 10  
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis  
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)  
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ 15  
 Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,  
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salfille,  
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum ;  
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
 Præcordiisſque fixa damnosum spirat. 20  
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano  
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
 O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes  
 Germana ! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror  
 Pythone cæſo, five tu magis Pæan 25  
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso

Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
 Lævamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30  
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis  
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans. 35  
 Tumidusque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus  
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obseffum reges  
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro :  
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum, 40  
 Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

## M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum studio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi  
Risplende il Manso —

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentiam prosecutus est, multaue ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

**H**ÆC quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina  
laudi

Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus  
honore,

Post Galli cineres, & Mecenatis Hetrusci.

Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ, 5  
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.



Te pridem magno felix concordia Tassio  
 Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.  
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
 Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum, 10  
 Dum canit Affyrios divûm prolixus amores ;  
 Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.  
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
 Offa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.  
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici, 15  
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.  
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant  
 Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,  
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges :  
 Amborum genus, & varia sub sorte peractam 20  
 Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ ;  
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
 Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi,  
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum 25  
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,  
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto  
 Imprudens Italâs ausa est volitare per urbes.

Nos

Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos 30  
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
 Quà Thamefis late puris argenteus urnis  
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.  
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.  
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,  
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione 36  
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo  
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,  
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40  
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ 45  
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,  
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.  
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem  
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque viro-  
 rum, Et

Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.

Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates

Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas : 55

At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit

Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo ;

Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;

Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,

Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60

Irriguos inter saltus frondosæque tecta

Peneium prope rivum : ibi sæpe sub illice nigrâ

Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici

Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo 65

Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,

Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvas,

Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,

Mulcenturque novo maculæsi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet 70

Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,

Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu

Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.

Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus

Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos, 75



Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
 Ingeniumque vicens, & adultum mentis acumen.  
 O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum  
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,  
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80  
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem ;  
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ  
 Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adfit)  
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.  
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ, 85  
 Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,  
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
 Astanti fat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ ;  
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos  
 Curaret parva componi molliter urna. 90  
 Forfitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.  
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,  
 Ipse ego coelicolûm semotus in æthera divûm, 95  
 Quo labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,  
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo  
 (Quantum Fata finunt) & tota mente serenûm

Ridens

Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

## EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

### ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse \* comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

**H**imerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,

Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)

Dicite Sicelicum Thamefina per oppida carmen:

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis, 5

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam

\* comperiens Edit. Fenton.

Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.  
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,  
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10  
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicet illum  
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.  
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo, 15  
 Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,  
 Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,  
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon ! 20  
 Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
 Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?  
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,  
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium. 25

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,  
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
 Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo 30

Solvere



Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes  
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit :  
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piúmque,  
Palladiásque artes, fociúmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 35  
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,  
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus  
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,  
Aut rapido sub sole, fiti morientibus herbis? 40  
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,  
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam not vacat, agni.  
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit 45  
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm fibilat igni  
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus  
auster

Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe, 51  
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,

Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus, 55  
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,  
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus 60  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
 Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo, 65  
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ  
 Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,  
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas, 70  
 Hic gelidi fontes, hinc illita gramina musco,  
 Hic Zephyri, hinc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;  
 Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat, 75  
 (Et

(Et callebat avium linguas, & fidera Mopsus)  
 Thyrsi quid hoc ? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis ?  
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,  
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo. 80

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est ?  
 Quid tibi vis ? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ  
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,  
 Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem 85  
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui ferus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle  
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,  
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti ; 90  
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,  
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales, 95  
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri ;



Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus  
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum 100  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,  
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu. 105  
 Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis  
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,  
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ 110  
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam, 115  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes! 120  
 Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,

Et

Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni.  
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,  
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus, 126  
Hic Charis, atque Lepos ; & Thuscus tu quoque  
Damon,

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,  
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos, 131  
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.  
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum  
Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra  
Fiscellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ, 135  
Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo  
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna, 140  
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.  
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,  
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,

Vimina

Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod fit in usus !  
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura | 145  
 Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,  
 Heus bone numquid agis ? nisi te quid forte retardat,  
 Imus ? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,  
 Aud at aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni ?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, 150  
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hya-  
 cynthi,  
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.  
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.  
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte, 156  
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,  
 Diffiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite sylvæ. 160  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
 Brennûmque Arvigarumque duces, priscumque Be-  
 linum,

Et



Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos; 165

Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,

Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,

Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,

Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu

Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170

Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni

Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi fatis ampla

Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum

Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)

Si me flava comas legat Usa, & potor Alauni, 175

Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Tre-  
antæ,

Et Thamefis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis

Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180

Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,

Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,

Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,

Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:

In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver, 185

Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama sylvæ,

Has

Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris

Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis

Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.

Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus, 190

Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube  
pharetræ,

Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo ;

Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi

Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens

Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes 195

Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,

Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,

Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret

Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus ?

Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisse sub orco, 201

Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,

Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,

Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;

Heroùmque animas inter, divósque perennes, 205

Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat

Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta

Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,

Seu

Seu tu noster eris Damon, five æquior audis  
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210  
 Coelicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.  
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus  
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;  
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona, 215  
 Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ  
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;  
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia thyrsò.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad JOANNEM ROUSIUM Oxoniensis Academiæ  
Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo  
mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Biblio-  
theca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

**G** Emelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronde licet geminâ,  
 Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,  
 Quam manus attulit  
 Juvenilis olim,  
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;

5  
Dum



Dum vagus Aufonias nunc per umbras,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit  
 Infons populi, barbitóque devius  
 Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10  
 Longinquum intonuit melos  
 Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede ;

## Antistrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus  
 Subduxit reliquis dolo ?  
 Cum tu missus ab urbe, 15  
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,  
 Lilustre tendebas iter  
 Thamefis ad incunabula  
 Cærulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi 20  
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,  
 Celeberque futurus in ævum ;

## Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo 25  
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem  
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,

Mollique

Mollique luxu degener otium)  
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus, 30  
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm ;  
 Immundasque volucres  
 Unguibus imminentes  
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ, 35  
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ  
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus, 40  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili  
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,  
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam 45  
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roûsius fui  
 Optat peculi, numeróque justo  
 Sibi

Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta 50  
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ :  
 Téque adytis etiam sacris  
 Voluit reponi, quibus & ipse præfidet  
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris, 55  
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön  
 Clarus Erechtheides  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis  
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
 Ion Aëteâ genitus Creusâ. 60

## Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos  
 Musarum ibis amœnos,  
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,  
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit  
 Delo posthabitâ, 65  
 Bifidòque Parnassi jugo :  
 Ibis honestus,  
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amiei.  
 Illic legéris inter alta nomina 70

Authorum



Authorum, Graeae simul & Latinae  
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

## Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo 75  
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas  
Quas bonus Hermes  
Et tutela dabit solers Roûsi,  
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè  
Turba legentum prava faceffet ; 80  
At ultimi nepotes,  
Et cordatior ætas  
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
Adhibebit integro sinu.  
Tum livore sepulto,  
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet  
Roûsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-  
phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes  
nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè  
respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi  
potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem

spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχίσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

\* Ad CHRISTINAM Suecorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli.

**B**ellipotens Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,  
 Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli,  
 Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,  
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;  
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor, 5  
 Exequor et populi fortia iussa manu.  
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;  
 Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

\* These verses were sent to Christina Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by some ascribed to Andrew Marvel, as by others to Milton: but I should rather think they were Milton's, being more within his province as Latin Secretary.

An INDEX of the less common words occasionally explained and illustrated in the Notes.

P. R. stands for Paradise Regain'd, S. A. for Samson Agonistes, P. for the Poems, and S. for the Sonnets. The Letters I. II. &c. denote the books, poems, or sonnets; the figures 1, 2, &c. the verses.

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